

The October

OCTO 1958.

Leatherneck

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

15c



More Parker 51's are coming...

BUT ROCKET FUZES COME FIRST

"Writes dry with wet ink!"



PERHAPS you've recently tried to find a Parker "51" . . . without success. For this condition, our very sincere regrets.

We can only tell you that as soon as possible, more 51's will be available. But their availability depends on another job we have been doing. That is the manufacture of rocket fuzes and other war essentials. A great many "51" pens have had to wait for that job's completion. We think you agree with that order of business.

If the Parker "51" were hastily mass produced, your wait would

be shorter. But we make 51's with the same precision craftsmanship we have applied to rocket fuzes. And the result is a pen that handles sweetly, starts instantly, writes smoothly and quietly.

And the "51" has an extra distinction. Only this pen is designed for satisfactory use of Parker "51" Ink that dries as it writes.

One day you will have your "51" . . . and then you will know why it is so truly the world's "most wanted" pen.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANEVILLE, WISCONSIN

PARKER

"51"

SOUND OFF

CREDIT ARMY

Sirs:
I thought *Leatherneck* was a pretty swell magazine until I came across the article, "Guns Before Ormoc," by Sgt. John Conner, in the May issue.

If I've ever seen a fake, that was it. The story tells of a certain Captain Roane and his brave defenders in the battle of Buri airstrip. It's true Capt. Roane was the officer in charge, but simply because he was the superior officer there. He also had four officers from our outfit, Army artillery. It's true, too, that he had some Marines there, but he also had about 76 men from the Army Air Corps, and about 100 from our battalion. We lost a lot of men defending the airstrip, and it detracts from their sacrifice to present such a one-sided article.

As for the night the Japs came from the underbrush and started throwing grenades, it wasn't even on the side of the perimeter where the Marines were stationed, and several of our men received shrapnel wounds from these grenades. It was Army men who shot all three of the Japs.

If *Leatherneck* wishes to keep up its good record, I suggest you retract this whole story and apologize to your readers.

Pvt. R. J. Smith
Pacific

• *Leatherneck's intention was not to discredit Army artillery or air men, but simply to present Marine action in this battle, which would be of greatest interest to the majority of our readers.* —Eds.

812 — ON THE BEAM

Sirs:
Many thanks to you for an excellent article on Marine Transport Squadron 953, the "Puss-in-Boots" squadron.

However, your attention is invited to the record of Marine Training Squadron 812 during the summer of 1944. Having

served in both of the above-named squadrons, I am in a position to know that 812 flew more hours in one month than did 953 in its best month. (The actual figures may not be disclosed for security reasons.) Marine Training Squadron 812, under Major James W. Long, achieved this record with fewer planes than 953 has, with about, one-third as many pilots and with plane which is much more difficult to maintain — the PBJ instead of the R5C. There are also many persons who believe that instructor duty is more strenuous and nerve-wracking than transport duty. I believe that 812 set some sort of record for efficient operation within the Naval Air Operational Training Command.

The purpose of this letter is not to detract one iota from the excellent record of 953, but to bring to light the record of another excellent squadron.

Capt. Robert V. Bodfish
Pacific

• *We are indebted to Captain Bodfish for telling our readers about the outstanding record of this squadron. Its personnel are indeed a credit to Marine aviation.* —Eds.

BED TIME STORY

Sirs:
Can you use the following parody in *The Leatherneck*?
My Sack

This is my sack. There are many like it, but this one is mine. My sack is my "closest" friend. It is big part of my life. I must master it if I want to master my life. My sack without me is useless. Without some sack time I am useless. I must be true to my sack. I must rest comfortably and longer than my enemy who is trying to keep more alert than I. I must out-sleep him before he out-sleeps me. I will! My sack and I know what counts in this war besides the rounds we fire, the drilling and the marches we take. We know that it is the sleep that counts. We will sleep!

TURN PAGE

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VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 10

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OFF. U. S. Marine Corps Photo



Sore Feet?

HERE'S
RELIEF
for Tired,

BURNING FEET

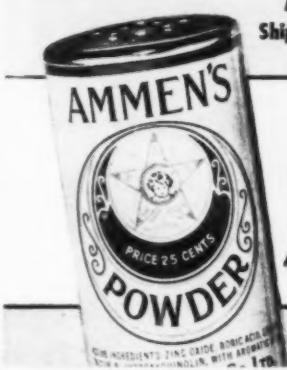
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WAC with a Knack

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Combatfor was Sore

Both his face and his temper
felt burn, 'til I told him
about smooth, snag-free
shaving with COLGATE
LATHER... it's the 2 to 1
choice of barbers for speed and
comfort!



More Pig, Less Brig

I'm savin' dough an' passing
every inspection now, thanks to
COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM
...there's up to 6 whole months
of slick-quick shaves in every
giant tube!

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

My sack is human even as I, because it provides me "life." Thus I will learn how to get the most out of it. I will care for it as brother; I will always know my weakness for it—its strength when there are springs for it to rest on, its parts (and how I hate to part from it), its accessories (though sheets aren't always available), my "blurry sights" when I don't get enough of it, and the times it's left behind. I will ever guard it against the ravages of weather and damage. I will keep my sack clean and ready, even as I am clean and ready. We will become wrapped up in each other. We will! I swear this creed. My sack and I are the defenders of my country. We are the masters of our enemy. It is the savior of my aching back. So be it until victory is America's and I can return to a BED!

PFC Benjamin S. Hartigan
Pacific

LONG AND SHORT OF IT

Sirs:

As an ex-gunny sergeant, I'd like to ask for some statistics on range estimation.

After nearly six years in the Corps, I am now going to college and am having difficulty in making my psychology teacher believe this: I read in one of our manuals that a shorter or smaller man almost invariably underestimates ranges and, conversely, a tall man will overestimate.

This I found in one of these books: Machine Gunners Handbook, BMG manual 23-45, or in the Landing Force Manual.

John L. Sammy
Gary, Ind.

● Paragraph 124, Field Manual 23-5, states in part that: (a) objects seem nearer when the observer is looking downward from a height and (b) objects seem more distant when the observer is looking from low toward higher ground. There is no information in field manuals or official publications to substantiate the statement "that a small man underestimates ranges, and a tall man overestimates ranges." — Eds.

PACIFIC HITCH

Sirs:

I have been overseas for 37 months, and I'd like to know how many men are senior to me in overseas service.

I came over on September 1, 1942, and know a lot of men in other outfits who came over at the same time. I'm not talking about broken time — I mean, all in one hitch. Will you clear this up for me?

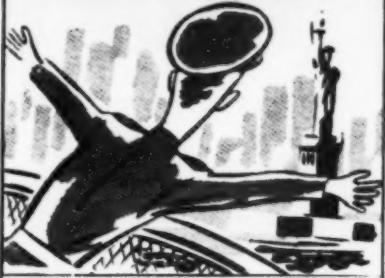
PFC Dennis M. Roach
Pacific

TALL TALE?

Sirs:

What kind of ammunition-wasting, gutless wonders are combat correspondents Acosta and McDermott trying to make us believe the Corps is composed of when they circulate a story that 50 Marines fired rifles and machine guns at close range on a single Japanese pilot armed with only a pistol? Then on top of that they say the Jap ran 30 yards before going down. (July 1 issue, Deep Six).

WHEN YOU SEE THIS...



AND GET BACK TO THIS...



IT'S TIME FOR THIS...



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Other Styles \$5.50
Dovey West
Slightly Higher



The Vendome Last
Tan - Style No. 4570
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It's conceivable that deplorable incidents occur, but how anyone would be so ignoble as to broadcast them is beyond me. I think it's enemy propaganda.

After the two CCs have been boiled in oil, *The Leatherneck* should be burned to the ground for printing such stuff.

Sgt. D. B. Stocks
Pacific

SEABEE FAN

Sirs:

Your May 15 issue just arrived here. That cover is terrific! I have seen many cartoons and articles on the Seabees' "Can Do" reputation, but this is the tops.

Marine-Seabee friendship has been something we have heard about ever since Boot, but it is only since we have come over that we have learned of this comradeship first hand. When my outfit arrived in these islands we caught the tail end of the rainy season and you can just imagine how we were caught. No Japs, but plenty of rain and mud. No gear or supplies, and all we had was ruined. The only outfit that came to our rescue with supplies and clothes was a Marine Air Group. That was my first experience with this friendship I heard so much about and I certainly did appreciate it.

Thanks again to you and all Marines, from a Seabee friend.

Bernard L. Laufbaum, S1c
Pacific

• Sgt. Bill O'Brian really knocked himself out on the May 15 cover. Very glad you like it. — Eds.

FAMILY SPAT

Sirs:

Although we know that the typical lineman doesn't know the difference between bandmen and field musics, we certainly thought that you had more sense than to call TSgt. Otto Geissberger a Field Music (June, *We The Marines*). What a shock it must have been to him!

Musicians, especially bandmen of the Corps, are temperamental and dislike to be called field musics. A field music, by the way, is a poor musician who couldn't make the grade to bandsman, and was put in the field musics to play reveille, chow call and so on.

From now on try to be a little more versed on the straight dope. We've noticed this mistake a number of times in past issues, but it is becoming very annoying to us who play technical instruments instead of a bugle! We appreciate the credit that is given us bandmen, but please don't put us to shame again.

Corp. E. E. Blanchard
Klamath Falls, Ore.

CIVILIAN INSIGNIA

Sirs:

In reference to the item, "Insignia Abuse," on page 30 of the July 15 issue, which deplores the wearing of military insignia by civilians, I have this to ask:

What do you mean by an official insignia? If you mean a patch representing an organization, a ribbon representing good conduct, or a ribbon representing combat achievement, then why does the United States Government permit commercial firms to benefit from the sale of such official insignia?

Until this abuse is abolished, I see no reason why I, as an individual, can't give away any insignia that I may rate.

I believe all official military insignia should be controlled by the United States Government, to be issued only according to

TURN PAGE



What's troublin' you bud...your charm on the blink?

Let this little guy fix you up in a wink:

Get wise to Lux Soap—it's right on the beam...

All shined up and smoothed up you'll sure date a dream!



NO FOOLING! Gals really go for guys with a shined-up, Lux Soap pan. So treat yourself to the soap with Active lather and see what it does for your date rate.

Active lather not only feels good—it does a whiz-bang job on the dirt and grime—brightens the toughest hide. At your P.X. today!

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Dr. Pepper is bottled and distributed by Dr. Pepper Bottling Companies in the States. To order Dr. Pepper fountain syrup refer to Army-Navy Joint Listing.
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SOUND OFF (cont.)

merit, and not be permitted to be sold by commercial firms to be purchased by any Tom, Dick or Harry to wear or give away as he pleases.

PFC Mathew J. Foley
Pacific

• The logic of this argument seems clear. Would anyone else like to air his views on the subject — Eds.

SAILOR'S COMMENTARY

Sirs:

I have been a steady reader of *Leatherneck*, *Yank* and *Our Navy* for the past few years, and it surprises me no little to note the amount of space you allot to the smart-alecky type of Marines who just can't help taking a dig at the other branches of the service.

It's taken for granted that the Marines have performed heroically ever since the war started. Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Iwo Jima, etc., testify to the gallant sacrifices made in the name of the US Marine Corps. It is also granted that in the Pacific, Marines received their baptism of fire before the Army arrived, hence, no doubt, the foundation of numerous wising-offs from over-salty Marines about the green doggie.

Tell me how salty these same wise guys would feel if they had been sent to the European theater to reinforce some outfit of battle-hardened infantrymen who fought their way through Africa, Sicily, Italy, France and Germany, not forgetting D day in France when they stormed the beaches of Normandy without the usual day after day naval bombardment used in the Pacific.

In *Leatherneck* hardly a month goes by without one or two yarns giving the pull-down to some imaginary dog-face. That piece by Sgt. Duane Decker in the *We The Marines* section of the August 1 issue is an example. Decker is the type of Marine about whom I've written this letter. This is to remind Duane that when and if he gets to Tokyo, there were some dog-faces there some time previous. Perhaps there won't be nice neat graves with white crosses, because the kids in the B-29s know there's not much left to bury when you get shot down over Tokyo.

Robert G. Smith, AMM1c
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

SENIOR PFC

Sirs:

In regard to Corporal Daniel J. Kohler's letter (August Stateside and August 15 Pacific editions), I can't compete with his time as a corporal, but as a private first class I have him beaten by a few days.

I made PFC 25 February 1942 — also without GO time or having been demoted.

PFC E. H. Breaux
San Diego, Cal.

PENSACOLA GUMBEATERS

Sirs:

Your certificates of membership into "THE ANCIENT AND MYSTIC SOCIETY OF GUMBEATERS" made an immediate and enthusiastic hit among the Marines of this command.

Since we have so many deserving applicants and so few certificates it would be greatly appreciated by this office if you could mail us an additional 200 copies.

As the only chaplain in the Marine Corps with a khaki field scarf and as an harassed in-

MARINE! Do these bother you?



Read how thousands get quick, soothing relief

• Sun, wind, rain, exposure—all raise havoc with your skin. For your own comfort, take a tip from thousands of other men in the service. Get a jar of Noxzema, the greaseless, medicated skin cream. See how it cools and soothes fiery SUNBURN. When your HANDS get sore, raw and cracked, notice how Noxzema quickly soothes and softens the rough skin and helps heal the angry cracks.

Try Noxzema for these discomforts too!

Try Noxzema for PAINFULLY CHAFED spots. Rub a little on your FEET when they burn at the end of the day. Use Noxzema for minor burns and minor insect bites—in fact, any common externally-caused skin irritation. And, particularly if you have a tough beard or sensitive skin, try Noxzema Specially Prepared for Shaving, either before lathering or as a brushless shave. See if you don't get a grand, cool, more comfortable shave—even with a windburned face . . . even with cold water!



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dividual who has run out of sympathy slips, I want to add my thanks for your splendid job in organizing this much needed fraternity.

1st Lt. Phillips P. Laden
Pensacola, Fla.

AIR CREW BATTLE STARS

Sirs:

Some of us out here would like to get the straight dope on air crew wings with three stars. For what are three stars given? What do you have to do to rate them?

SSgt. W. A. Colburn
Pacific

• Letter of Instruction No. 701 says that: "Individual combat stars will be authorized by unit commanders, in conformance with instructions issued by the Commandant of the Marine Corps, to those members of air crews who 1—Engage enemy aircraft, singly or in formation; 2—Engage enemy vessels with bombs, torpedoes, or machine guns; 3—Engage in bombing or offensive operations against enemy fortified positions; 4—A maximum of three combat stars shall be awarded for display on the air crew insignia; combat action reports in excess of three will be credited only in the record of the individual concerned."—Eds.

OLD FOLKS' LAMENT

Sirs:

What about age in this point system? The GI Bill of Rights favors youth. That's okay—just give us "overage destroyers" out. How about one point for each age year more than 20, and two points for each age year more than 30?

Young men in their teens and early twenties are considered to be the best fighting men. Draft boards no longer want men more than 30. With age comes a decrease in abilities valuable to service life—physical strength, enthusiasm and adaptability, and an increase of abilities valuable in civilian life.

The youngsters get everything: OCS, flight training, post-war benefits. Age only gets older. Let us out please.

From a couple of oldsters tired of being called "Pop" and "Baldy."

TSgt. J. B. White
SSgt. J. J. Reney

Cherry Point, N. C.

MUSTER MASTERS

Sirs:

After reading "Muster Roll Blues" in the July 1 Sound Off, we feel compelled to rise in defense of FMF PAC. For obvious reasons accurate muster rolls are much more important in the field than Stateside. We can't allow any subtle insinuations which might be interpreted that we take our jobs lightly. This is not so!

The Camp Lejeune boys certainly have a good sized muster roll on their hands, but it shouldn't be too much of a job for three non-coms. Wonder if they would like to trade jobs with us? Our rolls have been running from 2500 to 3500 names, usually the latter, with every

TURN PAGE

WORTH HOLDING ON TO



That National Service Life Insurance of yours is worth holding on to. It's good now, and it is going to grow more and more valuable to you in the future. *Like to know why?* A note to the address below will bring you the answer in a pamphlet you can read in 60 seconds. It will be worth your while.

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MORE
BONDS!

Pfc. Horatio Bold was in a "hot spot". Captured by a tribe of headhunters in the South Pacific, he was being prepared for the Chief's dinner. According to tribal custom our hero was granted his last request: a smooth, refreshing FAMOS shave! When the Chief observed the clean, even strokes, he offered Pfc. Bold his freedom and the choice of his most precious jewels for one pack of FAMOS BLADES. You see even the Chief knew the value of FAMOS BLADES!

A carton of single or double edge FAMOS BLADES will be awarded for each of the ten best FAMOS FABLES contributed by men in the armed services.

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Result:
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TO GO AROUND**

We Guarantee However:

R. G. Duns will always be the same famous quality. If your dealer's out today, look again tomorrow.

R.G.DUN

Worth the Trouble!

Cigars

SOUND OFF (cont.)

remark in the book and a lot that aren't in the book. That's the fun of an overseas roll—so many unprecedented situations with resultant headaches. We like it though. Last month we had our smallest roll, only 30 pages, but it was knocked out by one man in four and one-half working days with no overtime. Yes, we cut our eyeteeth on these babies!

It's been so long since we've been in a bar that we would like very much to meet the Lejeune boys in one. We might even indulge in a little muster roll gum beating!

Corp. H. H. Mason
and three others
Pacific

FILL OUT THIS FORM

Sirs:

Regarding the picture of Ann Sheridan which you ran in your July 1 issue — Yes! She is our choice pin-up-girl. But the next time you give us her picture, please give us all or nothing at all.

Referring to shapes, sizes, forms and curves, it was a very flat picture.

W. F. Barnett, S2c
Oakland, Cal.

ECHOES FROM IWO

Sirs:

In your April 15 issue I noted your error in a caption on page 9. (A corpsman was mistaken for a forward observer). I also read Corpman Gantt's letter in your July 1 issue, correcting the error.

However, it seems to us that it is high time a 2nd class petty officer learns the difference between an EMT (Emergency Medical Tag) and a Combat Evacuation Log.

Look again, Corpman Gantt, for the corpsman in the picture is filling out an EMT, and is not "writing out a report in the log kept for records at the evacuation station on the beach." Shame on you!

Leonard A. Hulsebosch, PhM1c
Pacific

- **Corpsman Gantt may now stand in the corner with Leatherneck on this caption deal. — Eds.**

Sirs:

For the benefit of PhM Gantt, or anyone else who may be interested, the picture of the corpsman in the April 15 issue is PhM1c D. E. Vardsveen, and was taken on the front line, not at the evacuation station on the beach.

L. F. Leonard, PhM1c
Pacific

CORPS TO CORPS

Sirs:

In the June issue appeared a poem that really hit home for us of the Hospital Corps. The title was "Corpsmen in Greens," and I wish to thank you for the whole Corps. That poem shut up a lot of boots.

Eugene C. Spies, HA2c
St. Albans, N. Y.

SAND SALT

Sirs:

In the past several Sound Off columns I have been reading with great interest the Navy and Marine pros and cons on Johnston Island. I can't understand why some ex-sand rat from Sand Island hasn't yet put in his bid. I, therefore, must be the first.

Now Sand Island is that coral head some mile or two from Johnston proper. While Johnston is so huge a B-24 can get down on it, Sand Island is cramped quarters for a gooney bird's

"secret"
of the
waterproof
watch
that winds
itself
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BROOKLYN (1) New York
"Where Every Promise Is Kept"

take-off. A certain corporal (then PFC) Larry Kubik spent 21 months on that dune. Luckily for me, the Marshalls invasion shortened my stay there.

I know that the greater share of transients doesn't know Sand Island exists, so I just wanted to let Johnston gumbusters know that their paradise isn't the bleakest and smallest.

PFC Thomas G. Elliott
Pacific

SNYDER TAKE A BOW

Sirs:

What a mag! What a mag! I enjoy every page—so much so that I buy two, one from Ship's Service and one by subscription.

No wonder wounded vets think they're in heaven, waking up to see Miss Betty Snyder ("Angels Have Wings," July 1 issue). Take another look (I did) at this lovely Philadelphia nurse, and in Philly we have a hell-of-a-flock of angels!

Hats off to all nurses, and a hi-ya Betty! Here's hoping you go home very soon at war's end. Good luck, beautiful angel, and thanks Leatherneck!

Herman E. Fredericks, F1c
Pacific

RINGING FOR BELL

Sirs:

I have found 45 personal pictures in an envelope on which was marked, "Bell's pictures of Iceland."

If anyone knows Bell, or can tell me his address, please write me in care of Sound Off.

Corp. Harold Shapiro
Pacific

GREAT MINDS?

Sirs:

In your July issue I read that Seabee Edward E. Bourgault and a Marine had got together and invented the so-called fox-hole radio.

To my knowledge, the foxhole radio was first invented by a lieutenant in the Fifth Army on the beachhead at Anzio in the early part of 1944, and I think credit should be given.

PFC Frank F. DeAngelo
US Army
Atlantic City, N. J.

POETRY PICKLE

Sirs:

How about putting a stop to your department, Gyrene Gyngles. Those corny poems are driving me wild . . .

PFC Homer Baugh, Jr.
Pacific

Sirs:

Being something of a poet myself, I rate your poetry section tops . . .

Pvt. James A. Mitchell
Sea-Going Marine

• Let's get together boys. We aim to please, but it's a bit difficult at times. —Eds.

A TO Z

Sirs:

In reference to the article, "The Boys From Alligator Flats," (July 1 issue), the story is strictly on the beam. Those boys deserve a lot of credit; more than has been thrown their way.

I was at the Canal with the Third Division, and knew Gunny Abramovitz. He is all that his reputation claims for him. But my question is, didn't A-Z come back to the States after Bougainville? I was with an aviation unit at Guam and ran into the 3rd AmTrac there, and I believe Sgt. Major Wright said that the Gunny had not come on the Guam campaign. If that is the

TURN PAGE

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



WARNING SIGNS appear when nature fails to supply enough essential natural scalp oils. Your hair loses its lustre, becomes hard to comb. Loose dandruff appears. You have Dry Scalp. You need the daily help of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

5 drops a day
keep Dry Scalp away



HAPPY ENDING! Five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day check Dry Scalp by supplementing the natural scalp oils. Loose dandruff disappears . . . Your hair looks better . . . your scalp feels better . . . 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic works with nature . . . not against it. It contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before shampooing. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair.

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In tubes
or jars

SOUND OFF (cont.)

right dope, I fail to see how he could have been at Iwo. Can anyone straighten this out for me?

Do any of you guys remember that super mess sergeant known as "Jimmy," who was such a well-guarded possession of the Amtrac outfit? I ran into him at Guam also. He is still going strong, and, for my dough, the best damn mess sergeant in the Corps.

I have passed through Treasure Island three times since the war began, either on my way out or back in, and Sgt. Maj. Bill Coleman has been right there on the ball every time. Most casual companies leave me cold, but it's a downright pleasure to be one of Bill Coleman's temporary guests.

While I'm writing, HOW ABOUT MAKING HASH-MARK A FULL PAGE COMIC?

Sgt. Arthur J. McCartney
Congaree Field, S. C.

TEMPEST IN TEXAS TEAPOT

Sirs:

Your story, "The First Texas Marine," in the July 15 issue of *The Leatherneck*, is not only inaccurate but libelous. The thing that will gall every Texan is the "fiction" that PFC Bustamente O'Brien's family was chased out of town for stealing hogs.

It would have been all right if Tolbert had said they stole horses—but NOT HOGS. Doesn't Tolbert know that hogs run wild in Texas?

Mrs. Ruth J. Murphy
San Antonio, Texas

• We've always wondered what would happen if two Texans got into an argument.—Eds.

EBI A SUCCESS

Sirs:

Please forward to the Ear Bangers Institute (August 1 Sound Off):

Dear Professors Workman & Karpowitz: A good lusty Marine cheer to you both for forming this institute. Please enroll me as a member in the EBI.

Corp. Wilfred E. Brusso
Oceanside, Cal.

Sirs:

To Professors Workman & Karpowitz: After reading of the EBI in Sound Off, we have decided we would like to take advantage of your course on ear banging. We realize it is an art which has not been mastered by even some of the 30-year men.

We would like to get started on the road to success which would bring us the results we desire. Also, we would like information about your point system.

Corp. Zigmund S. Wojcik
Corp. S. E. Shaw
Pacific

• We rejoice to see ear banging assume its rightful place among the other fine arts, and encourage all serious students to enroll in this course at once.—Eds.

GILDING THE LILY

Sirs:

In the July 1 Sound Off an article appeared which dealt with uniform changes ("Woodsman, Spare That Tree"). At the end of this letter you penned a note that you believed changes al-



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YOUR
NEW ADDRESS

ready had been made in our well-known uniform, and asked for opinions on this.

I would say that you are slightly off the beam for sticking your neck out. True, the blues were discontinued for the duration, and we have dropped wearing the fair leather belt, but I doubt very much if you could term that a definite change in our uniform. (We meant minor changes, such as the passing of the campaign hat and the current prevalence of the pointed field scarf. And by the way, the fair leather belt is "in."—Eds.)

As I see it, we have not changed very much and are not likely to. However, in the early '40's a move was on in the States that led most Marines to hope that soon the green uniform would be made into something that was more of a liberty uniform than the way we wear it at present. The idea was that the khaki shirt be changed to a white broadcloth shirt with a brown or green wool tie, and the cap be worn with a patent leather visor because so many men were wearing them already.

Another far fetched rumor was that the blue uniform be changed to match the green, and that a white shirt be worn in lieu of khaki, and a blue tie added.

Anyone who says the Marine Corps uniform couldn't stand a remodeling job is only fooling himself. The officers' uniform probably doesn't need any change. From all I've seen, any officer who isn't a boot looks like a million in his greens, blues and formal whites. The normal person, however, has a difficult job keeping up on the dry cleaning and tailoring of the present uniform issued enlisted men, and if the material and design were changed a little, things would work out much better for all concerned.

Perhaps in the near future our uniforms will be changed considerably, if present trends of thought continue. A recent issue of the Navy Bulletin states that our comrades in arms in the fleet are to have trousers they can wear, and proposes a few other aims of improving the appearance and comfort of the sailor.

Well, we can dream, can't we?

Sgt. Leonard L. Marsack
Pacific

A CIVILIAN'S VIEW

Sirs:

Regarding the item, "Woodsmen, Spare That Tree," in the July issue, I agree with Sergeant Baker that the type of uniform should be governed by territory and climate, and the sort of duties performed by the men. As it is now, when you see a Marine you know he is a member of the American forces. If they want to doll up the Army, okay. But keep the Marine as is.

E. J. Harms.

Chicago, Ill.

END



"The next time you take up with a jeep, perhaps you should examine it more closely."

Here's how to save your personal things from Mildew rot!

Get Mil-Du-Rid—the new liquid that kills mildew instantly!

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Guam Graduation



Graduation Day on Guam! It was a great day in the lives of young Guamanians and the Leathernecks who attended the ceremonies. Here

the graduates of George Washington High School and the junior high school join in a song sung to the accompaniment of a Marine band

First commencement exercises in five years draw Marine crowd



Major General Henry L. Larsen, Island Commander, addressed the graduates and presented diplomas. Here he congratulates lovely Miss Agnes Carbullido

THE song about school days in the dear old Golden Rule days had a poignancy for Marines at recent Guam graduation exercises that can be appreciated merely by looking at these pictures. Who wouldn't like to be back hitting the old books with these Guamanian lovelies as co-educatees?

This is a story about schools on Guam and how they increased after the Japs left. For purposes of illustration, Sergeant John Jolokai, Leatherneck photographer, selected a few subjects at the commencement of Guam's only high school, George Washington. It was a gala affair, attended by Marines and other naval personnel who were understandably awed by the graduation class. All but two were girls and as they moved about in their swishing silk gowns there was a Hollywood atmosphere in the gaily decorated Plaza de Espana. Cameras clicked and flash bulbs flashed.

Guam's public schools were re-opened in the American manner in December, 1944, four months after Marines had conquered the Jap conquerors. For the previous two and one-half years, Guamanian youngsters had been subjected to Japanese "co-prosperity" teachings which, more than anything else, taught them not to take US education for granted.

The interruption only served to inject new life into Guam's educational system. Before the advent of the Japanese it had an enrollment of about 5000 pupils and a faculty of 175 teachers. Today the island's 18 schools are filled with more than 6500 students. Regular teachers are fewer, since many an adult has been claimed by other important civilian jobs. Classes have been arranged to fit a longer day in which some children attend in the morning, others in the afternoon, and high school senior girls have volunteered to instruct.

The Plaza de Espana, one of Guam's chief points of interest, is in the center of the now razed city of Agana. The 1945 commencement, the first for the high school in four years, was held there in accordance with tradition. But this year not only proud parents, relatives and friends were there. The open-air seats were filled with servicemen — most of them Marines. To these Marines the ceremonies were as impressive and important as if they, too, were participants. Said one PFC, wistfully:

"I joined the Marine Corps when I was a senior and never got to attend my own graduation. I feel almost as if this were it."

Said a few others, when the girls filed up to get their diplomas: "Ow-o-o-ooh!"

They said it quietly, of course, and kept their seats. But they weren't sitting around at the commencement dance that followed.

PHOTOS BY
SGT. JOHN JOLOKAI

SGT. STANLEY FINK
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



The ceremonies were over. The grounds were practically cleared, but five Marines waited to congratulate their favorite graduates



Style note for Stateside girls: These two grads wear nylon gowns made out of the defective parachutes surveyed by Marine fliers



Lorraine Bordallo, a high school junior, trips one with a Marine at the graduation dance which followed commencement exercises



Corporal Ben D. Petricka of Tucson, Ariz., feeds Chomorro cake to pretty Soledad Anderson, one of Guam's George Washington High School graduates



MP's attend all enlisted men's dances on Guam. Here is Agnes Carbullido, a graduate, autographing her program for PFC Gilbert Ogle of Marbury, Md.



Journey's Beginning!

Just too darned good to believe! *Home again* in the old room with the pink-rosebud wallpaper and the bright patch-work quilt—and Mom spoiling a fellow all to pieces, with breakfast in bed—bacon and eggs and everything.

Journey's end? Not on your life! Whether he's home for that precious thirty-day furlough—or home for keeps, with Victory behind him—this is *journey's beginning* for Jim and millions like him.

It's *journey's beginning* because his life, from here in, will have a lot to do with travel—travel by highway—much of it in buses like the big Greyhound that brought him all the way from the Army center and dropped him off less than a block from his own front porch last night.

In the lingo of transportation, this is the grandest *Stopover* of all. It was made easier, quicker and more pleasant by that blue-and-white bus. And many of Jim's future trips—to secure congenial employment, to renew friendship with his wartime buddies, to enjoy the Land he fought for—will be made in the finer, faster, more luxurious Greyhound coaches of tomorrow.

Here's to the American fighting men who have made Victory possible.



GREYHOUND



Fighting Preacher

SERGEANT ROSS F. GRAY of West Blocton, Ala., wasn't the movie version of a hero. He was not big and husky. The day he enlisted, his five-foot, 10-inch frame carried 120 pounds. Then, as he gained in military knowledge, he also gained in stature, gradually filling out to 150 pounds.

Some Marines are loud. Gray was shy. Some feel that cursing is a wartime necessity. Gray didn't swear. Others figure that taking a drink once in a while makes being away from home a little less tedious, but Gray didn't drink.

He wasn't a prig. His ways, as if the Marines of the 25th Regiment unconsciously felt his inner spark of greatness, were respected. He probably was the best liked man in his outfit.

Gray had been studying for the ministry. He retained that ambition. On the Marshalls operations he held church services. At night, before retiring, he would read the Bible for half an hour. On Sundays he knew who attended church. He'd drop by their tents, inviting them to go along with him. But no one ever figured he was making their business his.

At the time of the Saipan campaign he was classified as company carpenter. His duties didn't require him to be in the front lines fighting, but when his best buddy, a gunnery sergeant, was killed, Gray became mad for the first time. From then on the front lines were no strangers to the slightly built Alabaman.

Hitting Tinian, he volunteered to man a BAR and go into the assault with a platoon. In that capacity he fought with his unit from one end of the island to the other.

Then came Iwo Jima and Gray's minutes of glory. On D day plus two, the Alabaman was serving as platoon sergeant of a 1st Battalion unit. The spot was the northeastern tip of Motoyama Airfield No. 1. Enemy resistance was strong. A Jap barrage of hand grenades halted the advance.

Gray withdrew his unit out of grenade range. His men safe, he started forward to determine the strength of the enemy.

AHEAD was a strong network of Jap emplacements—connected by covered communication trenches. In front was an anti-personnel mine field. It was the minefield that Gray tackled first. Crawling along under heavy fire, probing and disarming mines, he cleared a path to one of the communication trenches.

There he discovered one of the entrances to the fortification. Crawling back through the cleared lane, Gray reported his findings and asked to lead an attack, requesting three men to cover him.

First he procured 12 satchel charges from the battalion dump. Then, discarding his rifle, he took one of the charges, crawled through the mine field path again under heavy fire, and hurled the charge into the entrance of the fortification, sealing it.

A Jap machine gun, stationed in a second entrance, opened up as Gray crawled through that field of fire back to his platoon. He obtained another charge and destroyed the position.

Again, Gray worked his way back to his platoon. Another emplacement was spotted and again he started out with a satchel charge. The enemy became aware of his approach and showered him with a hail of fire. Hand grenades fell around him.

In spite of the Japs' efforts, he succeeded in sealing the emplacement opening. A fourth time he returned for more charges, returning to blast the enemy . . . a fifth time . . . a sixth time.

Returning from his sixth and final trip, Gray disarmed the remainder of the mines which barred the fortifications.

Just how much damage he did to the Japs remains a secret, because some of the fortifications he closed had only one entrance and it was impossible to count the dead. But in destroying the first two positions, he killed 25 Japs, destroyed a machine gun and a small field piece.

For six more days, Gray and his demolition work was to wreak havoc with the Japs. Then a Jap shell cut short his heroic efforts.

Wounded severely, he took out his book containing the names of the men in his unit. Unable to talk, he indicated where each of his men was by pointing to his name and position. Then he allowed them to evacuate him.

The last his men saw of him was when he was being carried to an aid station. He raised himself up on the stretcher and waved a goodbye. He died of his wounds.

SGT. BILL HENGEN
USMC Combat Correspondent



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Gyrene Gyngles

JOHN BASILONE, USMC

Never knew it to fail — when the need is dire
The Corps comes up with a Basilone, A man with a chestful of godlike fire.
Never knew it to fail — when the need is dire.
A plain man transfigured by one desire —
To see the oppressor overthrown.
Never knew it to fail — when the need is dire.
The Corps comes up with a Basilone.

— MAJOR J. H. CULNAN
Topeka, Kan.

SIXTH MARINE DIVISION

As with The Sword, O mighty men,
With bodies bronzed and steeled,
Clip the rays of the Rising Sun,
And stand abreast revealed
The nation's greatest fighting force
That in her cause took stand,
Division Sixth, US Marines,
Shall conquer Nippon land.

No mountain is too high, O men!
No ocean is too deep!
If by crossing them we can
Keep faith with those who sleep
On South Sea islands and atolls, —
Saipan — Tinian — Tarawa.
Raise high The Sword and give the cry:
"Nippon from Okinawa!"

For Melanesia felt our blows
And Micronesia quickly bent
Beneath the force now taking reign
In Tojo's crumbling Orient:
Fourth Marines and Twenty-Ninth!
Fifteenth and Twenty-Second!
Sixth Jasco and the Pioneers!
Service Troops and Engineers!

Remember Iwo Jima, men!
With bodies bronzed and steeled,
Clip the rays of the Rising Sun
And stand abreast revealed
The nation's bravest fighting force
That in her cause took stand.
Division Sixth, US Marines,
Shall civilize Japan.

— SGT. LOUIS J. MALOOF
Pacific

THE APPOINTMENT

It's strange how a man can go through hell,
Thumb his nose at a whining shell;
Then shiver with fear in an icy sweat
When down in the dentist's chair he's set.

They all slide into the dental chair
With a mournful look and a martyr's air,
While over the heart comes a freezing chill
As they "gallantly" gaze at the near-by drill.

"Open wide!" says the dentist's voice of doom.
Now one last look about the room;
One last shudder — hold on tight.
Let's be brave in this awful plight.

At last it's over, a sweet reprieve.
With a swagger and smile you take your leave.

— PFC SHERMAN S. HAGGERTY
Pacific

MY OWN

She smiled at me — her lips were soft,
Like a rose on a summer night.
Her eyes were dark, with a radiant glow.
Her hair was a lovely sight.

So you think I should've been happy?
You're wrong — I was terribly sad.
For you can't make love to a pretty girl
When she's part of a cigaret ad!

— PFC DAVID MICHAELSON
Pacific

SRBs, CLOSED OUT...

Service Record Books, neatly tied and stacked;
Checked for last details that your pages lacked.
Some with broken bindings, some with covers torn —
Handled, thumbed through, dirty — oh, so battle-worn.
Waiting to be filed within a metal drawer;
One more chapter added to the history of our Corps.
You're lucky, SRBs! You're State-side now for keeps;
No more will you be jostled in planes and trucks and jeeps.
You stuck close by your namesake while he tangled with the foe,
Then you left him back on Iwo in a numbered plot and row.
You've seen enough of fighting, and blood-flecked Navy cots;

Of night bombs glaring brightly as a bulb of ninety watts;
Of stinging lead projectiles that find their fleshly mark,
And 'teen-aged kids who tremble in a foxhole in the dark.
You're more than clips and paper, and hasty scrawls of ink —
You've spun around the floor of a global roller rink.
E'er recording dates and places — change of rank and next of kin,
You're a living, breathing story of the men who fought to win.
Now they've joined a brand new outfit, where their blues are tailor-made,
And they'll stand a tough inspection for a final dress parade —
Right through the streets of Heaven and past their new CO,
To a well-earned, soft assignment, as the guards of Heaven's Row.

— PFC JUNE D. PROBST
Washington, D. C.

WORDS

Just words upon paper,
The thoughts that I write —

The simple confessions
Inscribed in the night.

How do you read them —
With questioning eyes?

And do they appear
Like little white lies?

Or have I revealed
All the heartaches and tears —

The days so unending
That drag like the years —

The hours and minutes
So filled with the themes

Of all of our yesterdays'

Glorious dreams.

Just words upon paper,
This letter of mine.

May love give a meaning
To each stumbling line,

That 'til my return
You will know in your heart

You are always beside me
Though we are apart.

— CAPT. JOHN E. ESTABROOK
Pacific

SONG TO THE EMPEROR

Hail, imperial might!
Rusted and eaten.
Has it come to this,
That you must find eternal glory
In the Kingdom of the Worms?
Find ultimate democracy there,
And look behind at the path over
which you've come.
Under this helmet, crimson with
blood,
Was a man — walking forward into Hell!

This tattered shirt
Once clothed a breathing body.
And now —
Death by the side of the road.
The withering bodies of men in the rotting spring.
The friendless bodies of unburied men.

But tears are done,
For living men do not forever crawl.
Look where they march, O Caesar!
Rank after rank of soldiers,
Man after man;
Flag of the people flying
Soft in the silent night.

— CORP. HERBERT L. SHORE
Pacific

GOING HOME

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS JESSE MUDGETT was thinking of Denver, Colo., as he stood near the starboard bow of the assault transport carrying him toward Iwo Jima. And he was thinking about the day he would be going home, the day when his wartime job would be finished.

The ship's rail was crowded with Marines, but only a few were talking, and they in low tones. Most of the men on deck just stood watching the sunset. Tomorrow would be D day and they would be going ashore at 0900.

The letter Mudgett took from his dungaree pocket was tattered from being read many times. It was the last letter he had received before his ship put to sea, and he knew every word of it by heart. In the long, smooth hand of a girl his name was written across the face of the envelope, "Private First Class Jesse E. Mudgett." The postmark was "Colorado Springs, Colo."

Mudgett had often thought of Colorado Springs

since entering the Marine Corps in November, 1943. If the war had not come along to interrupt, he would be there now as a student at Denver College.

During high school and the summer months he had spent helping on his father's ranch, he had planned for the day he would enter college. His girl had planned to go to school there too, and she was there now. As the sun dropped below the horizon, he wondered if he would ever see Colorado Springs.

That was the evening of February 18, the night before one of the toughest battles in Marine Corps history started. Mudgett, like thousands of other Marines, went ashore at Iwo Jima and was wounded. By mid-July he had recovered sufficiently to be discharged. After being processed by First Separation Company at Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Cal., he was headed for Colorado and a college education with the backing of the GI Bill of Rights.

Though only a trickle of Marines eligible for dis-

charge is being handled by the Separation Company today, the process of mass demobilization is being worked out in preparation for the day when thousands of Leathernecks will become civilians.

At present a Marine about to become a civilian spends three days in the discharge machinery. He turns in his equipment and receives a thorough physical examination. During an interview with Marines trained in rehabilitation procedures he is advised of his rights and benefits as a veteran and given help in meeting any problems he may face in going back to civilian life. Officials of the Veterans Administration and USES are present to aid him in applying for veterans' benefits and in getting a job.

As now planned, the Marine Corps discharge program calls for several separation centers throughout the country. Men from each section of the country will be shipped to centers nearest their homes.

To speed the discharge of Marines in large numbers and to ease the anticipated strain on transpor-

Three days in Corps remain for these Marines as they are met at Separation Company by MTSgt. D. R. Hiscocks, right

STORY AND PHOTOS BY SGT. ROBERT WILTON





GOING HOME (continued)

**Separation Company at
MCB is a test tube
in which demobilization
program is perfected**

tation facilities it is possible that there will be overseas grouping according to geographical Stateside destinations. Each group could be shipped on separate transports to debarkation ports nearest their demobilization center.

Before general demobilization starts, there may be many changes in the process. Screening of men in overseas areas with all but final interviews aboard ship en route home is a possibility.

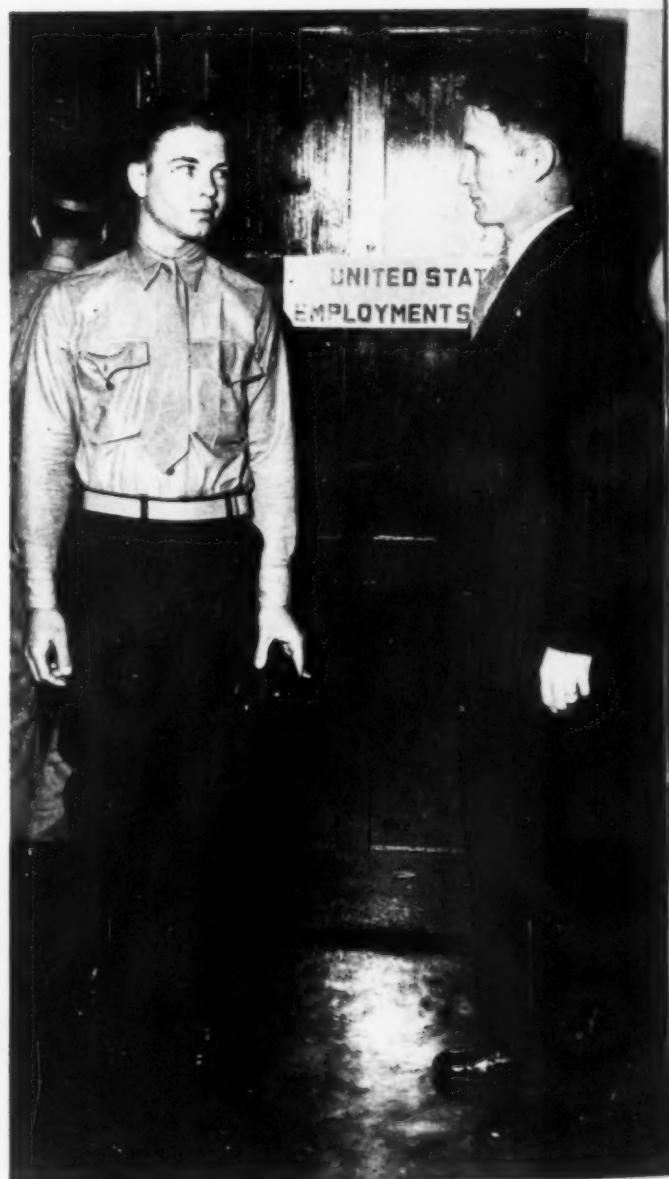
Though the process is far from perfected, improvement is being made every day through experience gained by the First Separation Company in San Diego. That unit is a test tube which will determine the speed with which every Marine returns home after the Japanese wave their white kimonos in Tokyo.

◆ PFC Mudgett, second from right, doesn't grab for chow as his military duty ends



Mudgett and members of his group turn in government issued clothing and equipment except that needed for the trip home when their discharges finally are given to them

The first civilian contacted by discharges is a former Marine, Bruce Howard of the United States Employment Service. He advises Mudgett on opportunities

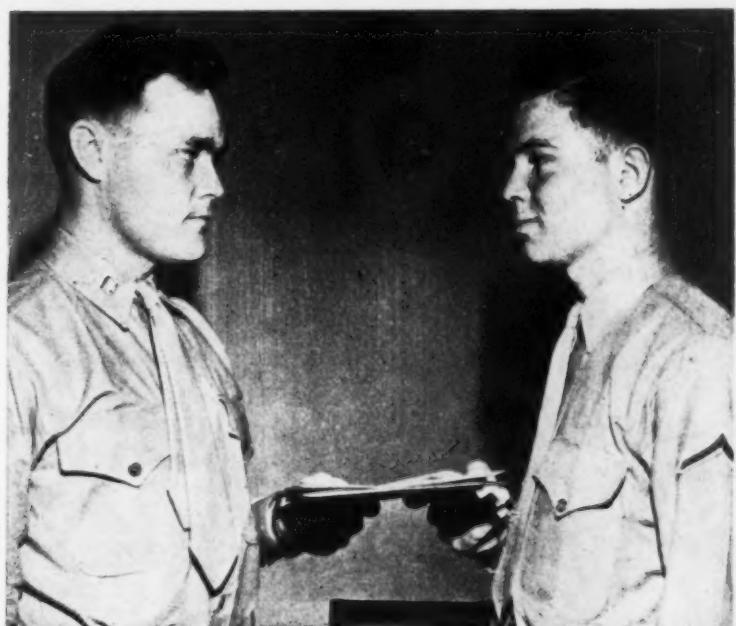




All Marines must be physically fit for return to civilian life. Mudgett discovers, as he reports to the dispensary for a check up. He passed



Dressed in full greens, the dischargees stand their last pay call before leaving Corps. They get first installment of mustering out pay here



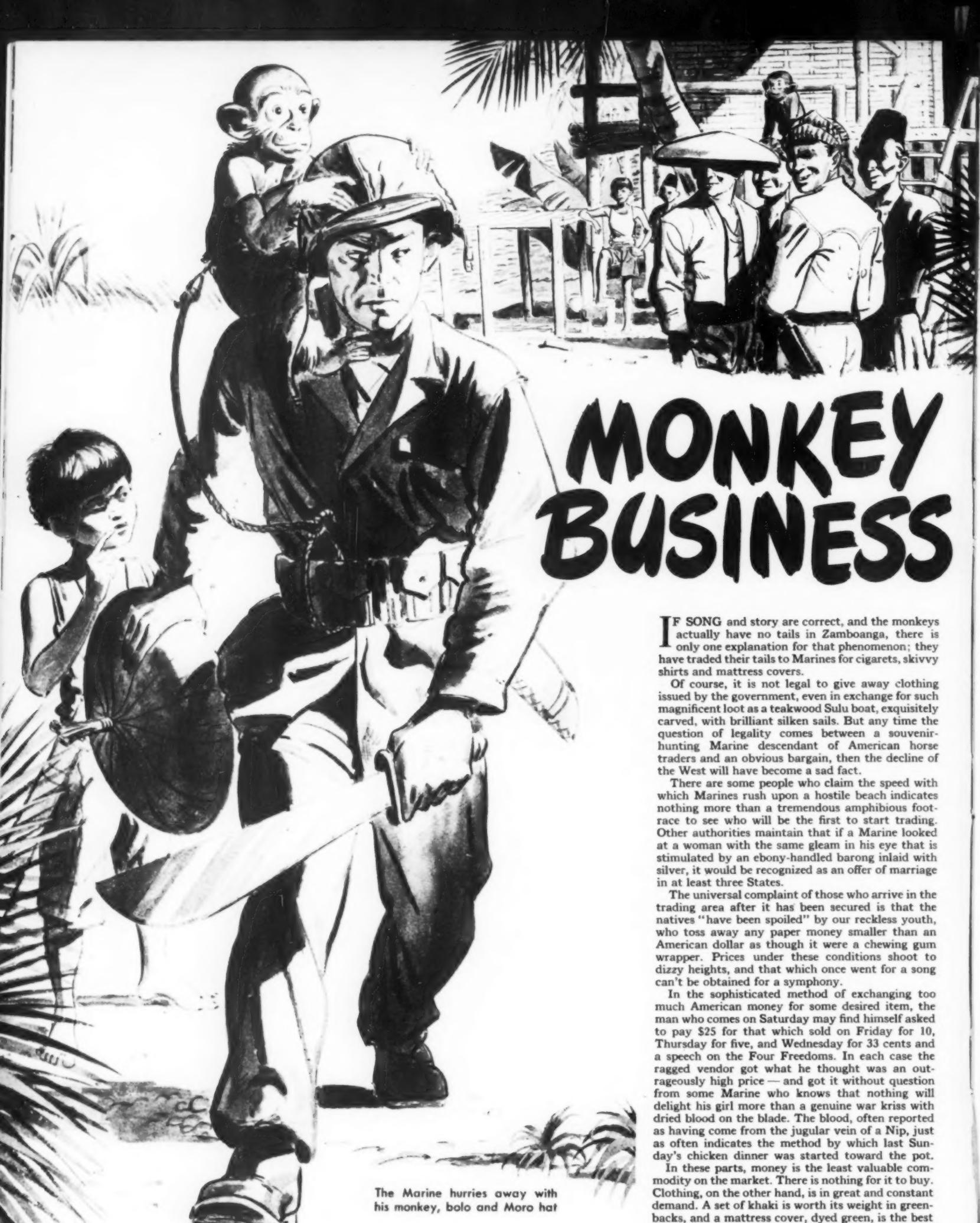
The great moment arrives for Mudgett as he is handed his discharge papers by Captain W. H. Pittman, executive officer of the company



One of Mudgett's final stopoffs on the Base before heading for Colorado to visit his girl is at the tailor shop where a distinguishing discharge emblem is sewn onto his blouse breast



The allegiance of these men has been tested in the country's most critical hour of need



The Marine hurries away with his monkey, bolo and Moro hat

MONKEY BUSINESS

IF SONG and story are correct, and the monkeys actually have no tails in Zamboanga, there is only one explanation for that phenomenon; they have traded their tails to Marines for cigarettes, skivvy shirts and mattress covers.

Of course, it is not legal to give away clothing issued by the government, even in exchange for such magnificent loot as a teakwood Sulu boat, exquisitely carved, with brilliant silken sails. But any time the question of legality comes between a souvenir-hunting Marine descendant of American horse traders and an obvious bargain, then the decline of the West will have become a sad fact.

There are some people who claim the speed with which Marines rush upon a hostile beach indicates nothing more than a tremendous amphibious footrace to see who will be the first to start trading. Other authorities maintain that if a Marine looked at a woman with the same gleam in his eye that is stimulated by an ebony-handled barong inlaid with silver, it would be recognized as an offer of marriage in at least three States.

The universal complaint of those who arrive in the trading area after it has been secured is that the natives "have been spoiled" by our reckless youth, who toss away any paper money smaller than an American dollar as though it were a chewing gum wrapper. Prices under these conditions shoot to dizzy heights, and that which once went for a song can't be obtained for a symphony.

In the sophisticated method of exchanging too much American money for some desired item, the man who comes on Saturday may find himself asked to pay \$25 for that which sold on Friday for 10, Thursday for five, and Wednesday for 33 cents and a speech on the Four Freedoms. In each case the ragged vendor got what he thought was an outrageously high price — and got it without question from some Marine who knows that nothing will delight his girl more than a genuine war kris with dried blood on the blade. The blood, often reported as having come from the jugular vein of a Nip, just as often indicates the method by which last Sunday's chicken dinner was started toward the pot.

In these parts, money is the least valuable commodity on the market. There is nothing for it to buy. Clothing, on the other hand, is in great and constant demand. A set of khaki is worth its weight in greenbacks, and a mattress cover, dyed green, is the best thing a Marine trader can offer. Women use them to make dresses, so when papa or big brother go trading with the Marines they had better return with something for mama to wear at the next bridge party, or

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the SRO sign will be hanging in front of the dog house.

Added to the economic reasons for barter, there is also an undeniable satisfaction in making a good trade that can never be matched by paying your money and taking your choice. The average Moro considers trading the second most pleasurable experience in life, and to isolated Marines it is often the first. It has all the elements of a game of chance, and everybody wins.

The surest way to arouse the contempt of a youthful Moro trader is to offer him a roll of American dollars for his baby monkey when he has his heart set on the cut-down khaki shirt you are wearing. It is not much of an exaggeration to say that the only people you see around a Marine camp who are in full uniforms are the natives who have been trading with the liberating troops.

Among the tent-to-tent salesmen who always are making the rounds are many reliable Moro businessmen. They have a certain standard of exchange, and either you meet it or no business is done. It is not too inflationary, and the articles they have are good.

"Cigaret, Joe." Nod for them to have one, and a lean brown hand closes innocently over the pack . . . or cartoon.

The monkeys they have to trade are clean gray little creatures with bright eyes and a type of cuddly appearance that our boys seem unable to resist. From the number of such monkeys around camp a stranger could be forgiven for thinking that they were part of the regular QM issue.

Those with nothing to trade content themselves with pointing and requesting, almost always certain of getting a cigaret, perhaps a piece of candy, or some bit of discard. They alternate between looking sad and pleading, and being fierce, saying "Jap no good — American compancee" followed by a slicing gesture of the hand across the throat and "Moro cut Jap . . . zzzzzk." Then a gentle hint that perhaps you don't need your shoes.

One lad trying to beg an old pair of shoes pointed to his bare feet as an indication of his extreme poverty. Then he tried to put on the shoes, and fell down during the unfamiliar task. He wanted them to sell to some Filipino, since no Moro lad could be

Fourth Marines



THE Fourth Marine Regiment, which spearheaded the surprise amphibious assault on Oroku Peninsula, is the same unit that twice was cited by its Sixth Marine Division commander, Major General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., during the Okinawa campaign.

Its veterans, tempered at New Georgia, Bougainville and Guam, shattered Jap resistance on Motobu Peninsula in the north, taking Mount Yae-Take by frontal assault. In the south, they took Naha, the island's largest and capital city.

For their skill, efficiency and courage in these two phases of the Okinawa campaign, General Shepherd commended them in separate orders.



They captured Yontan airfield on L Day and helped conquer the mountainous northern end of the island in a grueling campaign of long marches over difficult terrain. Hurried to the south, they stormed bloody Crescent Ridge and then crossed the Asato River into Naha.

The Fourth is living up to its tradition — one of most colorful in the Marine Corps. This is the second Fourth Marines of World War II. The old Fourth's men fought on Bataan and Corregidor. The new Fourth was forged from the four Marine Raider battalions in January, 1944. The term "Raider" was dropped and the men reorganized to form the new Fourth Regiment.

The regiment seized Emirau Island, in the Bismarck Archipelago, without opposition in March, 1944, and in July of the same year hit Guam as a unit of the newly-formed First Provisional Marine Brigade. Recently, the brigade received a Navy Unit Citation for its action on Guam.



Not many of the old Raiders are left. A large number fell on Guam. Others, after from 24 to 39 months overseas, returned to the States on rotation. A high percentage of those remaining have been wounded or killed on Okinawa. The regiment's second battalion, which once was comprised exclusively of Fourth Raiders, has less than 40 of them left.

The prideful spirit of the old Raiders — and of the old Fourth Regiment — has been kept alive, however, and regimental morale among the new men is belligerently high.

From its inception, the new Fourth has been commanded by Colonel Alan Shapley, of South Detroit, Mich., who led the old Second Raider Battalion on Bougainville. The Fourth's executive officer is Lieutenant Colonel Fred D. Beans of Annapolis, Md., commander of the Third Raider Battalion on Bougainville.

Sgt. Ed Meagher
USMC Combat Correspondent

Trade winds blow at a furious rate when

Marines start bartering with the Moros

by Sgt. Henry Felson

Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

They take orders for boats, hats, baskets and bolos, making a tentative exchange price, but insisting you wait until you see the article before you commit yourself, as you may not like it or might want to make another offer. It may take a week for them to find what you have asked for, involving a long and hazardous trip in a tiny boat, but they will be back.

To them it is not strictly trading, but rather an exchange of gifts. They present you with a boat. You present them with a mattress cover. They offer you some bananas for nothing — for friendship — but you are lacking in social grace if you can't increase the cause of friendship with a few cigarettes or a candy bar. Everyone is happy, there is much smiling and nodding, and a glow that no department store transaction can give to your soul. He tells you scornfully how he buys eggs for ten centavos each, and some Marines offer him three. You shake your head and ask him how much he wants for them. He says since you are his friend, only what it costs him.

He knows and you know that when he comes there will be some cigarettes, candy, a small item of clothing — some little gift to compensate him for his work and travel. It will work out to be the same as any legitimate profit, but in a way that makes all parties feel good and generous and genuinely friendly.

In the wake of these industrious traders are little unattached Moro boys who swarm over camp in clusters. Occasionally they have something to trade, but more often than not they are strictly on the scavenging side. They come strolling under the coconut trees, little sacks over their backs and sharp brown eyes missing nothing. They explore GI cans, rummage in debris and look for some way to do business.

They are usually dressed in ragged shirts and shorts, conical Moro hats and tough bare feet. At almost every side swings a bolo. Not the ornamental bolos of barter, but plain, heavy-bladed tools, primarily used for splitting coconuts at lunchtime. They are half as long as the boys who carry them and as sharp as grandpa's straight razor.

Any American mother who saw her first-grader trotting around with one of these decapitators would have the horrors, but the little Moro lads use them as though they were born with them growing in their right hands.

The boys appear suddenly and silently in a tent. Walking as lightly as a butterfly stepping on a cloud, they make a quick, thorough examination of all articles that have trading value. As soon as their presence is acknowledged by the sacked-in Marine they break into a wide grin and cheerfully demand,

forced at pistol point to wear anything resembling a shoe.

Getting rid of them is a problem, for they will cheerfully lie down on your sack, smoke your cigarettes and beat you playing cards all day long. Although they understand everything else, they seemingly cannot understand the words and gestures that invite them to depart. Shout in English, Spanish, Chinese, Japanese or gibberish, and their reply to your "Scram!" is a smiling nod and "Me Moro. Jap no good. American compancee." It is only when their exhausted host reaches for his carbine that they remember engagements elsewhere.

It is when the Marine seeks out the traders on their home field that no holds are barred. These often are in precincts beyond the limits of price control, where caution is your only protection. Occasionally a Marine who has heard that bargaining is the accepted method of business will try his hand at haggling. When an item is offered and the price told, the Marine will shake his head and counter with half the asking price, which is still twice what the native hopes to get.

At this counter offer, as though by signal, the native goes into a dramatic scene that makes a Hollywood death-and-tears sequence look like low comedy. First he gazes at the Marine in disbelief. Then he looks as though the Marine had insulted his nation, his city, his grandmother and his children even unto the fifth generation. Drawing the article for sale close to his bosom, he indicates with pleading eye and voice his dire poverty, inferring that the Marine, well-fed, well-clothed and bulging with specie, is oppressing the poor, violating the Ten Commandments, and forcing the man to rent his daughter to the bordello people.

At this point the husky Marine feels toward the wizened native the same sort of clumsy protective superiority he does when he is shepherding a fragile girl to and fro. He hesitates, and he is lost. Perhaps he tries weakly to raise his second offer a little. The native squeezes out more tears, calls over his neighbors, and they all mutter to themselves in rapid, venomous syllables, staring at the Marine as though he had come to burn down the kindergarten.

Being talked about in front of his face in a language he doesn't understand is the last straw. To avoid the possibility of being thought cheap, he hands over the original asking price and hurries away with his monkey, bolo, boat and Moro hat. As he leaves the vendor calls out a cheery word that might be goodbye in the native tongue, but which is more apt to be "Suckerrrrrrr."

END



Return From Wake

WHEN on 23 December, 1941, the United States' island of Wake was sunk suddenly into the oblivion of Japanese military control, one of the greatest stories of the war was begun. Major Walter Bayler (now a colonel) had returned to Pearl with his account two days before. Terse, potent radio reports of the battle's progress still were being received from the stricken atoll when at 0630 on that day (Wake time) the last American gasp was heard:

"Enemy on island. Several ships plus transports moving in. Two destroyers aground."

One and one-half hours before had come the now historic message:

"Enemy on island. Issue in doubt."

The blanket of silence that followed was broken only a short time ago when First Lieutenant John McAlister of Blue Springs, Miss., and First Lieutenant John Kinney of Endicott, Wash., walked into a Navy Department press conference looking not too much worse for the wear. They had been among the more than 400 Marines taken prisoner and sent to a China prison camp. They had escaped, after three and one-half years, and had a story to tell.

Each also had \$9000 in back pay awaiting him.

Old Glory was raised over Wake on 4 July, 1898. The atoll, consisting of Wake, Wilkes and Peale Islands, lies in the direct route from Hawaii to Hong Kong — 2100 miles from the first and 3000 miles from the second. Until 1935, when it became a way station for the clippers, it had been merely a bird sanctuary. On 20 November, 1941, the aircraft tender *Wright* left Pearl Harbor with the first aviation outfit for Wake. This consisted of Major Bayler, Lieutenant C. R. Conderman and 47 enlisted aviation technicians, who were to prepare for the arrival of Marine planes. With them were workmen and materials for construction of the atoll's defenses.

On 4 December, a dozen Grumman Wildcats scrambled off the decks of the carrier *Enterprise* and set down on the still uncompleted 5000-yard airstrip. Among the fliers were Lieut. Kinney and Major Paul Putnam, commander of this forward echelon of Marfitter 211. Lieut. McAlister had arrived 1 November with the Wake Island detachment of the First Defense battalion. The island commander was Commander Winfield Scott Cunningham, and chief of the Marine forces aboard was famous Major James Devereux.

This, then, was the setup that faced the Japanese when on 8 December, 1941, (Wake time) they began their conquest of the tiny Yankee outpost. The part of the story he lived through before leaving under orders in the patrol plane on 21 December has been told by Major Bayler in his book, "Last Man On Wake Island." The length of time the Japs required to subdue Wake, the beating off of a sizeable Jap squadron by the Wake's World War I vintage 5-inch

by Sgt. John Conner
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

Two who escaped from Nips clear up mystery of fight against huge odds

guns, and Devereux's answer to the second Jap invasion fleet have classified the fight with the best in Marine Corps history.

News magazines and newspapers compared it with Belleau Wood and the *Bon Homme Richard*'s victory over the *Serapis*. Tarawa, Iwo and Okinawa were yet to be fought.

In a note sent along with Bayler's patrol bomber, Major Putnam briefly penciled information on conditions and singled out two of his men for special mention. He commended Technical Sergeant William Hamilton of San Diego, and Lieut. Kinney for their work in patching up the planes. Hamilton was one of two enlisted pilots.

In the first Jap bombing raid that quickly followed news of the Pearl Harbor attack, seven of the Wake Wildcats were burned on the ground and an eighth damaged. Everyone knows the story of how the Wake fliers carried on the fight with the four planes that were left to them. All four were in the air on patrol, one of them flown by Kinney, when the bombers first came in on 8 December. Kinney and Hamilton had paired off and gone about 60 miles toward the southeast.

In setting up his patrols, Major Putnam knew Jap raids would have to come from the Jap-held Marshalls and Gilberts lying to the south. The four on patrol thought the Japs could come in high. Instead, they slipped in beneath the clouds and when our fliers returned, it was to a smashed and smoking Wake. Far to the south, still hugging the underside of the overcast, they could see a formation of specks that was the departing enemy.

Twenty of the aviation group had been killed, including the engineering officer. With a now greatly limited ground personnel to work with, Lieut. Kinney was assigned the job of keeping the remaining planes in the air as long as possible. The grounded Grummans had been as well dispersed as was feasible under the tense circumstances. They could not have been taken far from the airstrip and still be available for quick takeoff. The bordering terrain was still extremely rough, ruling out taxiing, and there was not the proper kind of mechanized equipment to haul the Wildcats any distance with any speed.

The Jap fliers were uncannily accurate. In preparing his defenses, Major Putnam had dispersed both planes and guns, often leaving dummies in the places of the latter. These dummies were hit badly in the raids. The defense battalion, which the two escaped officers credited with effectively keeping the raiders at great altitudes after the first low raid, had a complement of six 5-inch guns, 12 3-inch anti-aircraft pieces, 18 .50-caliber and 30 .30-caliber machine guns, 24 automatic rifles and six searchlights. Jap bombs and shells were to put some of these out of action, but a heavy toll in Jap ships and lives was taken before the surrender. Lieut. McAlister said the 5-inchers had been taken from destroyers of World War I.

Poor communications with patrol planes and the lack of any sort of warning system were two of the chief weaknesses in the island's defenses. The first raid destroyed Major Bayler's radio equipment, leaving only an Army radio.

Even if all 12 planes had survived the first bombing, it would have been only a matter of time before they would have been all caught on the ground,

Lieut. Kinney said. Only a part of them — four at the most — could have been kept in the air at one time. When news of war first came from Pearl, Major Putnam thought it would be possible to keep up constant patrol with four in the air, four ready to go and four under repair, but this turned out to be impossible and patrols were made only at dawn and dusk, and certain specified periods in the day.

Kinney attributed the heavy loss of life among air personnel that first day to the lack of shelters at the air field. Other factors were involved. Arrangements had been made to send the Pan-American Clipper on long patrol cruises and two Marine pilots were to escort it. These two and others were in the ready shack when the bombers arrived. Mechanics were around the two Wildcats, getting them ready.

On coral-edged Wake the waves make so much noise it is impossible to hear planes until they are overhead. Often low clouds cut down the range of vision. In the terrible scramble that started when the attack suddenly arrived, many were caught out on the airstrip. The pilots who were to escort the Clipper were hit while trying to get into their Wildcats amid a rain of Jap bullets. One was so badly shot up that he died during the night.

The bombers came again the following day, killing 55 civilians and wounding many others. Three patients from the previous day's raid died in the bombing of the naval hospital. But the Marine fliers drew their first blood. A bomber was shot down, it is believed by Captain Henry Elrod of Thomasville, Ga., who with Captain Frank Tharin of Washington, D. C., was to wreak so much havoc when the Jap navy made a call on 11 December.

The island's population at the outset consisted of 1200 civilian construction workers, six Army communications people and 446 Marines. The civilians expected to be evacuated immediately after the raids started, and when the Jap warships showed up on the horizon on the morning of 11 December, they came trooping down to the shore, carrying suitcases. Somehow they thought the distant vessels were American, coming to relieve the island garrison.

The defense battalion's terrific victory over this first Jap squadron is by now a well-known part of the Wake story. The warships inched in, pounding the island mercilessly, evidently hoping to soften it up thoroughly, preparatory to making a landing. A gunboat and two destroyers were allowed to approach to within point-blank range before the 5-inches opened up. The gunboat and a destroyer were hit by the first salvo and while the crippled "can" turned away, the gunboat went down. The Japs lost seven ships that day, including at least one destroyer, the gunboat, a submarine, and a light cruiser known sunk.

THE cruiser had been hit by the shore guns and was getting away when Elrod and Tharin opened up their furious strafing and dive-bombing attacks, making four trips out from the island with a total of 16 100-pound bombs. Before they were finished the crew was going over the side. When his turn came to fly patrol, Kinney followed the flaming cruiser out, only to have it blow up almost under him as he started his bombing run.

As the surface engagement was broken off, another flight of bombers came over. These were in two groups of nine and eight planes, flying at 20,000 feet. Still on patrol, Kinney selected the eight group and came out of the sun on the tail man.

"I got hits on him," the lieutenant said. "I could see my tracers bite into one of his engines. On my second pass — coming from the other direction — I noticed he had already begun to drop behind. This time I came in so close that I barely scraped under his belly and a gunner shot up my greenhouse pretty badly. One of the lenses in my goggles was smashed and the air in the cockpit was filled with flying glass. When I could see again and regain my bearings the bomber had disappeared."

Three bombers were known to have been destroyed that day. Two were credited to Second Lieutenant Carl R. Davidson of Teaneck, N. J. AA guns got one. Kinney never could be certain that he downed his plane. This was the second time that a definite kill was denied him. The internal explosion had denied him the coup de grace on the cruiser. But, as Major Putnam's note indicated, he was doing a monu-



LIEUT. KINNEY

mental job on maintenance. He had worked so hard that on 21 December, when the patrol bomber left with Major Bayler, Kinney had come to a point where he could no longer stand on his legs.

This maintenance of planes that were constantly in use required ingenuity as well as hard work. On 15 December, for example, mechanics were dubiously trying to build a good motor from the ruins of three burned ones when the Japs buzzed in with another bomb load. The mechanics didn't have their heads so well ducked that they didn't see one of the three good planes get hit and start to burn. While it blazed they dismounted and saved the engine, which left them still with three flyable 'Cats.

The patrol bombers had barely got away with Bayler and his story, when the first of two Jap carrier attacks roared over the horizon. There were between 30 and 40 planes. The Marines had two in running order. One was on patrol and could not be contacted. The other was on the ground. It took half an hour for Major Putnam to get it into the air, and by that time the Japs had left the area. No trace of their carrier force could be found.

TAKing off in one or two small fighters to oppose fleets of Jap bombers and fighters was growing commonplace with Wake's Marines, who were fighting with whatever they could lay their hands on.

The carrier squadrons returned the next day — 21 December — and this time were met by two Wildcats. One was piloted by Davidson and the other by Captain Herbert Freuler of Berkeley, Cal. The Leatherneck team slashed in and Freuler sent two Nips spinning out of the melee. His second plane, a dive bomber, blew up virtually in his face, the blast searing his Grumman so badly the controls were affected, leaving him only a very sluggish control. As the captain turned back to the island, wounded in the shoulder and back, he caught the last glimpse anyone ever had of Davidson. The lieutenant was on the tail of a Jap, with another Jap coming in on his tail.

The carrier attacks and the warship bombardment were only the prelude to fatal 23 December, when another Nip fleet would turn up with everything to storm the little island's rugged defenders.

No one was surprised when the first alarm spread. Listening from his hospital bed, Lieut. Kinney did not need to be told what the sudden outbreak of firing meant. The Japs were back with a bigger fleet. Lieut. McAlister, who was in charge of a 5-inch battery, was on Wilkes Island. Wilkes and Peale Islands, across the lagoon from each other, are just off the ends of the wishbone formation that is the main island of Wake. The invaders landed on Wilkes and Wake simultaneously at about 0230.

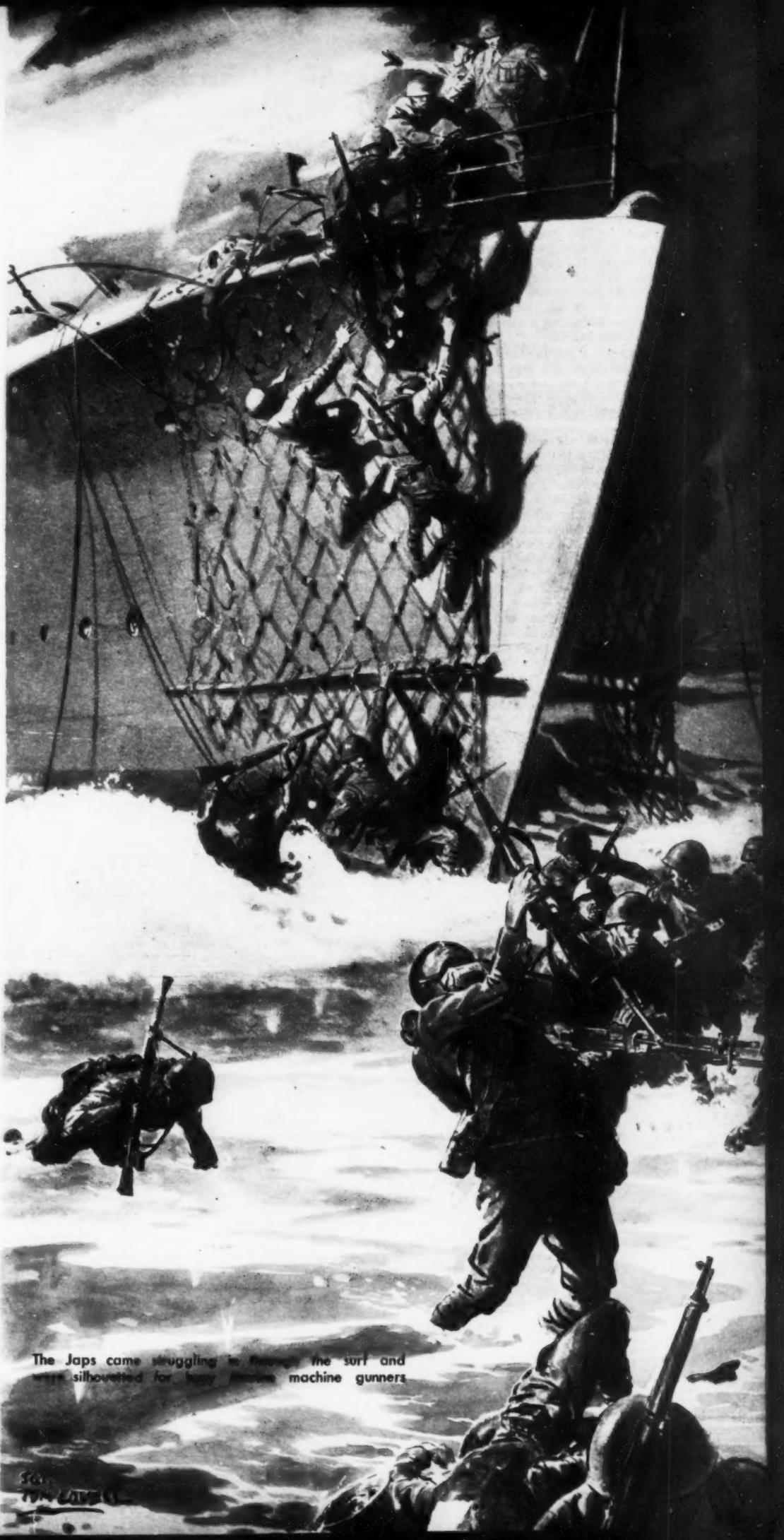
Sixty-five Marines garrisoned Wilkes. Twenty of them were posted on the lagoon side and the rest waited for a landing from seaward. The first alarm came about 0100 when there was a report that small boats had been seen approaching Peale. This proved to be false, but it put everyone on his toes. An hour later a machine gun officer on Wake's airfield saw what appeared to be two large barges looming up over the whitecaps, and off Wilkes small landing craft jounced in toward shore.

Wilkes Marines fought with everything they had to prevent the boats from getting to the beach — 3-inch guns, machine guns and rifles. But the assault wave never faltered. A detail of grenadiers was sent to the water's edge and all were killed before they could be effective.

As the Japs swarmed over the beach, Lieut. McAlister and his battery of 33 men became infantry. From their foxholes they met the onslaught with a hail of grenades, but the Japs cut quickly across to the lagoon side, severing communications with Wake. The Marines were forced to retire from the 3-inch battery in the center of the island. The Japs — there were about 100 of them — set up their CP at the guns and established a perimeter marked out by flags. The flags were a precaution against mistaken attack on their own forces by their own planes.

In the first grey light of dawn, it was easy to ascertain the Jap positions. McAlister deployed his men at the east end of the island, which was the end nearest Wake, and started shooting. The first targets were five Nips caught as they crept along the beach on patrol. One was killed in the opening fusillade and the other four crawled behind a big rock. While his buddies kept them there with a storm of bullets, Corporal Alvey A. Reid of Rye, Colo., ran up to the boulder, climbed on top and shot all four with his '03.

Of the Wilkes Marines, McAlister had the most men. Down the island, on the other side of the Jap



The Japs came struggling to cross the surf and silhouetted for heavy machine gunners

Marines tell of heroic island defense

positions, was Captain W. M. Platt, the strongpoint commander. Each of the three islands had its own strongpoint commander.

Capt. Platt had no way of knowing what McAlister was doing, and the lieutenant could not even be certain the captain still lived. At 0900, after the Japanese beach patrol had been accounted for, McAlister and his men moved against the Japs in a frontal assault. Searchlight men had joined his force, bringing it to 41 Marines. They used the system the Marines always have used, advancing two men at a time while the rest cover them with heavy fire.

Meanwhile the captain was advancing from the other direction. He had four men, two of them carrying light machine guns and two with ammunition. When he heard McAlister's men open fire he took his cue and moved in on the Jap flank.

Wilkes produced the first banzai for Marines in this war. It was a one-man affair, conducted by a big, husky Jap. He stepped from behind one of the 3-inch guns, emptied his rifle at the American lines and then came on, running with his bayonet at the ready. Corp. Reid stood up to receive the charge. He met a jab with a jab and the two battlers fell together, both with bayonets through their bodies.

Wilkes was secured by 1000, not by the Japs but by the Marines. Under orders from Capt. Platt, McAlister took up positions at the east end of the island to repel small Jap craft that were by this time moving through the channel between Wilkes and Wake.

All communications with the other islands had been severed and Platt had no way of knowing what transpired there. McAlister was the first to learn that Comdr. Cunningham had ordered the island's surrender. He was still organizing his channel defenses when Major Devereux arrived with a company of Japs and rescinded Capt. Platt's orders. This was around 1400.

NO ONE on Wake could know what had transpired on Wilkes. Observers on Peale had seen the gaily flying Jap flags and had assumed Platt's garrison had fallen. Instead, only two Japs remained alive. These were prisoners, held for questioning.

On Wake, where the operation had been on a bigger scale, the story was different. The landing forces there received a much hotter reception at first, but the Marines were more quickly overcome by the overwhelming horde the Jap fleet put ashore. That the Japs had a great deal of respect for Wake's defenders and fully anticipated the worst kind of trouble was evidenced by the manner in which their first troops came in. Two destroyers — the "barges" spotted from the airfield — were put aground, and Jap soldiers came down over the bows on rope ladders. These were the destroyers mentioned in the last message to Pearl.

Neither McAlister nor Kinney were witnesses to this battle, and big pieces of the story are still missing. When the destroyers first loomed out of the darkness they were almost in and it was found impossible to depress the 5-inch guns sufficiently to fire on them. But 3-inch batteries were barrel-sighted and fired point blank. Both ships were in flames when their bottoms grated aground in the shallows.

The red, flickering glare given out by the burning warships lighted up the beach and the Japs who came struggling in through the surf were eerily silhouetted for busy Marine machine gunners. McAlister said they were the best Jap troops he had ever seen — big for Nips, well-disciplined and well-equipped. They carried automatic rifles, grenade throwers and flame throwers. Flame thrower operators, with bulky equipment on their backs, made good targets and stood little chance in the storm of lead that swept the roaring beach. Not one jet of flame was used on the Marines.

Marine machine guns had a field day with the first waves and with later assault troops that were brought in by regular landing craft after the beachhead had been established. Grenadiers filled the small boats with their popping missiles and some of the craft never did get ashore.

Wake's airstrip was the Japs' main objective. Once ashore the enemy cut straight across the island and by dawn the Marine garrison had been split. One force of about 60 reserves, made up of bakers and clerks and other rear echelon troops, counterattacked from the hospital area near the eastern crook of Wake. In a furious fight, they drove the Japs back to the edge of the airfield, a distance of 2000 yards.

But to Comdr. Cunningham and Major Devereux further resistance appeared suicidal, Kinney and McAlister reported. The Marines counted at least 40 ships, some of them big transports that in the morning were still moving slowly toward the beach. Planes from unseen carriers roared overhead constantly. Heavy bombers supplemented the carrier groups in supporting the attack. No Marine planes were left to fight back. Jap losses appeared to have been heavy, but the enemy fleet obviously was prepared to provide an endless supply of troops.

"Comdr. Cunningham and Major Devereux knew the closest help was at least 24 hours away," Lieut. Kinney said. "We were certain we couldn't hold out that long. It would have meant annihilation, not only of the Marines, but of the 1200 civilians in our care."

Surrender took place between 1030 and 1100, although Wilkes Island was not informed for at least three hours. The two escaped officers said they believe Comdr. Cunningham made the decision and that after he had, Major Devereux walked toward the



LIEUT. MCALISTER

Jap lines with a white flag. Fighting did not stop automatically. It was necessary for the major to go from post to post, calling out to his Marines to cease fire. The defenders had been cut up into small groups. He was in custody of a company of Jap soldiers. The tour was difficult and dangerous alone, for the Marines were disposed to believe that he had been captured and that this was all a trick.

At the Jap admiral's convenience, conqueror and vanquished were assembled for the reading of an Imperial script wherein the Japanese people were referred to as "peace-loving," and the prisoners were warned that violations of Jap-imposed regulations would be punishable by death. Furthermore, said the admiral's reader, certain people would be shot for military reasons. He called off the names of those Marine pilots who were still alive. At that moment a Jap patrol seaplane arrived and its pilots sent for Kinney, Tharin and Putnam. The Jap airmen attempted to be friendly and when they were through questioning the Americans advised them to return to the barracks instead of the assemblage.

McAlister and Kinney said their captors were, on the whole, quite fair in their treatment of the Americans once fighting had stopped, although a lot of this unexpectedly good treatment was due to the unceasing efforts of both Cunningham and Devereux.

One civilian was killed in Kinney's hospital dugout. After the naval hospital had been bombed, patients were moved to two underground ammunition storerooms. A white flag had been raised over Old Glory on the hospital's flagpole after Comdr. Cunningham had phoned surrender orders. The man who had been put on lookout for the coming of the victorious Japs had given the word and everyone who could get out of bed was standing inside with his hands upraised. Yet when a Jap kicked the door in, a shot rang out. It ricocheted around the concrete walls, wounding two and killing the one. No one could understand why it was fired and some were inclined to put it down to accident.

Those patients who could walk were stripped down to their scivvies and taken outside to the road.

There they were tied up with telephone wire in a kneeling position, their hands behind their backs and cinched up with strands tied around their necks. They were kept there four hours, then taken back into the hospital where they were released an hour later, given either a pair of pants or shirt, and taken to the airfield.

All American prisoners were kept on the airstrip from the afternoon of 23 December until the afternoon of 25 December. During that time they were given no food and very little water. On Christmas Eve night, the Japs complied with requests by Devereux and Cunningham that prisoners be moved to those barracks that remained standing. From that time on they were given two meals a day from American food stores.

The Japanese permitted the Americans to pick up their wounded and place them in a central place for treatment — a place where Nip prisoners also were being treated.

McAlister and Kinney said 49 Marines were killed during the 16 days of siege. Jap losses were heavy. An English-speaking Nipponeese corpsman said 500 had been killed. More than 80 actually were counted by Marines before they left Wilkes. When on the third day of captivity Marines were allowed to bury their dead, they saw how the Japs were disposing of corpses that were stacked like cordwood. Using an American aviation gasoline truck for their fuel supply they sprayed and set fire to the heaps. Ashes from the pyres were put into small boxes and presumably sent to the next of kin with the Emperor's regrets.

Right up until 12 January, 1942, the Marines hoped for rescue. On the twelfth, they were put aboard the old liner, *Nita Maru* — loaded on in a cargo net like so much baggage. All were taken except 300 civilians who were left as a labor unit on the island, and 25 men who were wounded too badly to be moved. They were prohibited from taking any clothing other than what they wore, and were sternly warned not to talk among themselves.

The enlisted men and civilians were put into the ship's hold. Officers were kept in a steel "mail room." None of the prisoners were allowed to smoke or talk; there was no place to wash, and the only heads they had to use were five-gallon cans. Each day the refuse was hauled out through the hatches in buckets. They had two meals a day consisting of a sort of rice gruel and a cup of water. Everyone slept on the deck, but when it grew colder as they approached Japan, a blanket was issued to each.

The *Nita Maru* reached Yokohama on 18 January and Shanghai on 28 January. At Yokohama some of the prisoners were taken above decks and displayed for the benefit of newspaper and newsreel men and sound recording operators. Fifteen were taken ashore and left there.

Just before they arrived in Shanghai, the Americans were told they would parade through the city's streets, then walk to the prison camp. For some reason this was not carried out.

Until things began to look bad for the Japanese, Kinney said they were permitted to have radios. The English language *Nippon Times* and *Shanghai Times* were provided and from the Japanese versions of the war they deduced the bare facts.

"First we read of them beating off American attacks in the Solomons, then of them beating off American attacks in the Marshalls, and we figured they weren't making much progress forward," said McAlister.

Purely by accident the officers happened to tune in just as Tokyo was excitedly broadcasting a news flash on Doolittle's raid.

Eventually, prisoners were allowed to make local purchases through the International Red Cross, and in the fall of 1942, their badly worn khaki was replaced by corduroy trousers and red sweat shirts, provided by the Red Cross.

The health of the prisoners seemed to keep up fairly well, the two officers said. When they got away, 996 Marines and civilians, and a few soldiers still remained of the original group.

While Lieuts. McAlister and Kinney were making their report in Washington, the USS destroyer *Murray* halted a dingy, two-stack Jap hospital ship near Wake Island. A boarding party learned it was carrying nearly 1000 sick men from the by-passed atoll. The ship was filthy and patients were dying from malnutrition and tuberculosis. Pellagra, beri beri and scurvy racked them.

The stench of impending death was so terrific the destroyer's crew could smell it 1000 yards away. The *Murray* didn't stop the hospital ship with its conquering Japs, who now were returning triumphantly to the imperial homeland.



Dressed in fresh, well-pressed khaki, including a barracks cap with salty sea-goin' sweep, PFC Clinton LaPorte of Seattle, Wash., salutes officer after checking his identification at Pearl's Navy Yard gate



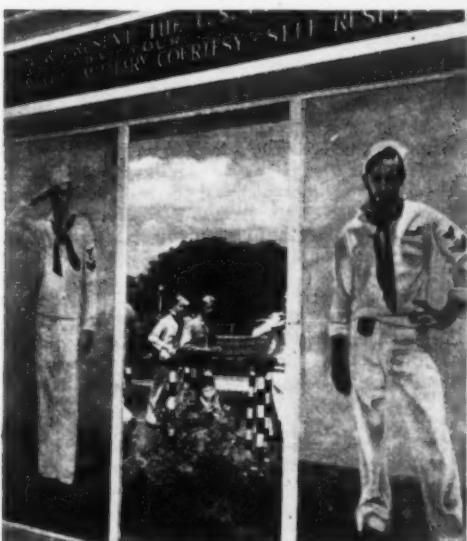
Busiest time for gate guards comes at 1600 as civilian workers leave after day's work

Guardians of The Pearly Gates

PHOTOS BY CORP. ARTHUR KIELY
USMC Combat Photographer

EVEN One-Eyed Connelly would find it impossible to crash the gates of Pearl Harbor Navy Yard. The three gates leading into that famous Yard are guarded by 86 Marines, all combat veterans, and trying to get past them without proper credentials is tougher than catching a live Jap on Okinawa. The main gate unit, hand-picked from the Navy Yard guard companies, is recognized as one of the snappiest military outfits in the world. During the late President Roosevelt's

visit to Hawaii, members of the gate detachment were selected as his Honor Guard, and they received a commendation from the President for their work. The Marines on this job usually are busier than New York traffic cops, since nearly 100,000 persons enter or leave through the three gates daily. Despite this heavy traffic, you may be sure you will have to "tell it to the Marines" through some sort of identification if you expect to enter the Pearl Harbor Navy Yard.

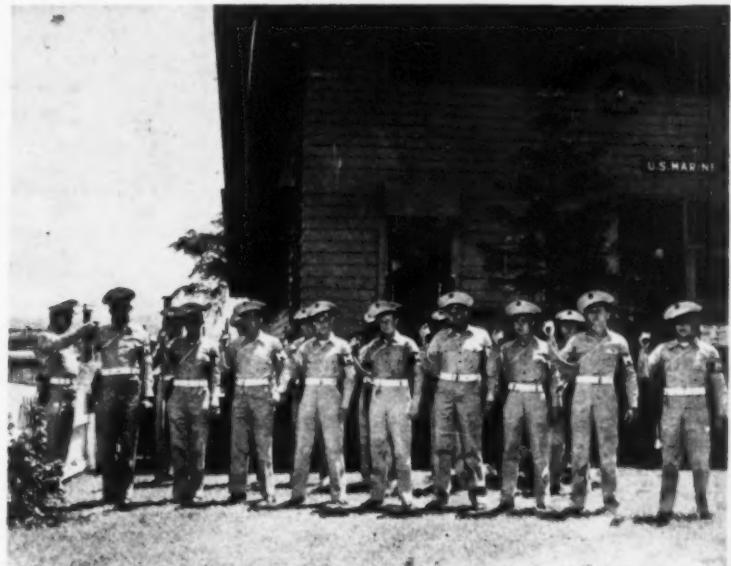


Just a reminder to all service personnel to always present a smart, snappy appearance

Main gate guard at Pearl is among the world's snappiest military units



The last adjustment. Just before taking his post PFC Theran V. Phelps of Sacramento, Cal., uses mirror to make sure his arm band fits properly



Before going on watch, Marines assigned to duty at main gate of the Navy Yard fall in while the sergeant of the guard inspects their pistols

I HAD no idea how horrible this war was until I dropped into the PX at the MCAS in the Hawaiian Islands and heard a harassed technical sergeant mutter, as he downed his second malted milk, "You know, eight months on this island and you're rock-happy."

"Why are you griping?" asked a fellow five-striper. "I've been here my 14 months, and still no sign of my replacement. How long can mortal man stand such wear and tear? Yes, I'll have another malted."

Well, I felt pretty bad about the whole thing. I had

Sgt. Bill O'Brian

REPLACEMENT

IS A SOMETIMES THING

by PFC Gunther Gherkin

just completed my 30 days in the Hawaiian area, and, having purchased my Pacific ribbon, was ready to return to the States and to Washington, where men are not many and women are.

I bled a few drops for these old vets whose khaki wasn't starched nearly as well as we get it done in the States, and I let fall a few tears for them as I went to board the plane which was to whisk me homeward.

As I arrived on the strip, a huge silvery plane was waiting with motors humming. The tune was familiar, but it was not until later that I recognized it as "*Goodbye, My Lover, Goodbye.*"

I went aboard to discover that the modernistic exterior concealed an interior that must resemble the stomach of a whale who eats like a billy goat. In a word, it looked like a second-hand store that had been hit by a cyclone.

Piled in the front end of this airborne freight car were seven or eight air-conditioners for pyramid tents and some radio detection gear that just had been introduced into the Coconut War. As a coconut cluster falls, this gear goes into action, simulating the sound of falling bombs. The Marine sleeping under the tree leaps to his feet and dives into his foxhole. So far the gear hadn't been tried out under actual coconut combat conditions, but the technicians who were travelling with it had high hopes.

We also carried a stone horse that was going to replace one that had been shot out from under the statue of a general, and 40 wooden boxes containing Old Crows. This seemed to me a useless item. Who wants old crows when the demand all over is for young chickens? However, far be it from me to question things. I gave up running the war when I was drafted out of my armchair.

I lay down on the deck and gave a few simple instructions to the lad who seemed in charge of cargo and passengers. I wanted to be awakened when we came to California in time to change to my greens, and also to have an early breakfast of bacon, eggs, toast and coffee, with a sip of brandy to chase the little green men who always start building grass huts in my mouth when I sleep.

Several hours later I wakened suddenly to see our plane coming down on what was obviously a sandy beach without any land attached. For a moment I thought we were in San Francisco, and I was looking down on some stray delegates to the Security Conference in their formal clothes. But as we came closer they turned out to be relatives of Gwendolyn, the gooney bird.

As I looked at this jaundiced imitation of Coney Island, certain vague doubts rose in my mind. My intimate knowledge of geography led me to believe that we were not landing on North America, no matter how much it may have shrunk during the recent rainy spell.

"My good man," I said to the lad in charge. "Is this a stopping point on the way to the States?"

"Yes," he said. "You're referring to the Malay States, of course."



But they went too far when they made him pour the beer back

I fell back. "Where are we going?" I demanded in a hoarse voice, waking the stone steed out of a dream in which he had been eating gravel oats.

"To the Land of the Rising Sun!" the boy said dramatically.

I rose. "This is where I land," I said hastily.

He forced me to return to my seat as the plane took off again. Moodily I broke open a box of the Old Crows and squeezed out a little nutritious juice from the feathers. I drank it to lighten my load, but all it did was to increase it.

Finally, after many hours of having my head in the clouds, we came down on what would have been Chicago if we had been flying in the opposite direction. This time I looked out to see a type of terrain that in the movies always is inhabited by gorillas, pythons, crocodiles, cannibals and the lovely

daughter of the old scientist who is being held captive by the Japs who are trying to find out the secret of how good food is made into field rations.

As I stepped out of the plane a crowd of Marines came racing madly down the strip, singing and cheering and bowing toward Mecca. Before I touched ground with my foot, they had spread out a red velvet carpet for me to walk on, and pelted me with roses and orchids as I was ushered to a jeep with diamond-studded wheels. Before we drove off, I was forced to accept several expensive souvenirs, and they insisted I drink a huge cup of ice cold beer to give me an appetite for the banquet which was waiting.

We drove away at a slow pace, and some of the fellows lay down in the chuck holes in the road so the jeep wouldn't bounce me. "Say," I remarked.

"You fellows certainly know how to make a fellow feel right at home. What am I saying? When was home ever like this?"

At the mention of home, one of the fellows said in a hesitant voice, "Would you mind — that is, if you are not too fatigued from your trip — would you mind telling us whose replacement you are? We've been waiting for . . ."

"Replacement?" I laughed in silvery amusement. "I am no replacement. I am a reporter. I . . ."

Gunther doesn't get rotation but finds popularity spins like a top

Well, maybe they had a reason for throwing me out of the jeep and running it back and forth over me. But I think they went a little too far when they made me pour the beer back.

Alone, I trudged to check in with the sergeant major. As I entered his office, my head bowed in proper humility, he jumped up and ran to welcome me. "So glad you've come, sir," he said. "The job is really very simple. Incoming is in the right hand basket, outgoing in the left. Just sit in this swivel chair and whatever anybody wants, say no. You are my replacement, I believe."

I sat down in his swivel chair. "No," I said.

Thanking him for assigning me to mess duty for 3000 days, I went to check out some gear from the QM. I intended giving them the word before there were any further misunderstandings, but they didn't give me a chance. When I opened my mouth to speak, steak and beer entered therein. When I held up my hands for attention, my arms were loaded with a silk mosquito netting, DDT spray impregnated with Nuit de Noel perfume, and a chit entitling me to an innerspring mattress, gabardine dungarees, and kangaroo leather shoes.

Then, the inevitable question, and the sad, truthful answer.

I picked up my stone cot and corncob mattress and set out through the bush to find my tent. At first I was pleased to discover what seemed to be a private moat around it, but closer inspection revealed that my quarters could best be described as the ol' swimmin' hole with a torn canvas roof. And the fellow who said two heads are better than one obviously never lived right between them.

As I was getting settled, a huge Kanaka stepped noiselessly into my tent. He grinned in a friendly way, then offered me several presents — a poisoned arrow, a dead scorpion, and several dried skulls I recognized as having belonged to some reporters who had preceded me to this area.

I accepted the presents and thanked him. Then he reached into what would have been his pocket, had he been wearing pants, and drew out a small pamphlet, which I also recognized. It was *The Leather-neck "Scoop on Rotation."*

Suddenly I understood the meaning of the gifts. The Kanaka waved a priority under my nose. "R4D fella airplane, ee stop where? By'n'by sun, ee stop where; now me come up Stateside?"

I attempted no explanations, but took off like a peculiarly striped anthropoid. I ran madly toward the center of camp, hoping to find help, but I could see at once there was no use stopping. The disappointed Marines were gathered in a tent mournfully singing the theme song of the Marine Air Arm, "*MT Saddles in the Old Corral.*"

So I'm going to keep running until I hit one of the line outfits. Those fellows only have been out here 18 months, and it will be six more before they ask "that" question. By that time I hope to have the problem worked out, so when you get here, and a crowd of Marines runs up like it was the opening of the Oklahoma Territory, see what you can do for the little guy with the two-thousand-yard stare. That's me.

END



PFC Nelson, a combat artist attached to the Sixth Division, and a Jap POW, also talented with a brush, pose for sketches of each other during a meeting at a camp on Okinawa

STOCKADE STUDIO

ART knows no bounds, not even the barbed wire of the Sixth Marine Division's prisoner-of-war stockade on Okinawa. PFC Alden V. Nelson, Marine combat artist from Madison, Wis., was sketching POWs when he saw a prisoner drawing a picture of one of the stockade guards in a crude notebook.

The prisoner-artist was Kaneshiro Yasutaro, a 36-year-old Okinawan who had been forced into Jap service troops. A painter, sculptor and wood carver, he made his living in Naha before the American invasion by painting posters, signs and magazine covers. His wife, a typist in the government prefecture office, was killed, and his home in Naha was destroyed in the aerial and naval bombardment of Okinawa.

Nelson arranged with the division stockade officer to give the Okinawan some art materials, and the two enemy artists drew the pencil portraits of each other which are reproduced here.



PFC NELSON



YASUTARO

THE DROPPER



Leroy moved up to the fence line and felt under the game warden's leather jacket . . .

THE Buckalew boys, Herschel and Leroy, had been stealing chickens and hogs and about everything else they found loose for 20 years before Sheriff Joe Peel was able to pin something on one of the brothers.

Herschel, the oldest of the Buckalew boys, once said, right in front of Game Warden Cunningham, in the Palace Hotel lobby that he hunted and fished out-of-seasons whenever he pleased. He said, too, that he preferred hunting on posted land since there was likely to be more game where you saw the "No Hunting" signs.

It was Game Warden Cunningham who, finally, caught Herschel in the south pasture of the Turkey Track Ranch. Mr. Martinez, owner of the Turkey Track, was interested in game conservation and he had almost every fence post plastered with "No Hunting" and "No Trespassing" signs. At the time, Cunningham and the Turkey Track foreman, Clinton Yackey, were looking for Mr. Martinez. The ranchman had gone into the south pasture for a short ride before breakfast and he hadn't come back for lunch.

The game warden and the foreman were riding out of a draw when they sighted Herschel, a few yards away on a little ridge, standing by his horse and sliding a .30-.30 caliber rifle into a saddle scabbard. Nearby, lying on his back with a great wound in his forehead was Mr. Martinez.

Cunningham managed to get his carbine out while Herschel was still fumbling for the rifle in the scabbard. Yackey was unarmed, but he tossed a lariat rope loop around Herschel. Five minutes later, Buckalew was in the saddle with his hands tied behind him. About this time, Buckalew's bird dog, Bridge, appeared out of the draw. Cunningham left Yackey to guard the corpse. The game warden took the prisoner to town, with Bridge following at the horses' hoofs. When they got to the courthouse, though, the bird dog kept going in the direction of the Buckalew boys' shack, which was two miles northeast of town.

BRIDGE was a strange-looking dog. He was mostly white with liver-colored spots around his eyes like carelessly-placed mascara. He had patches of long hair on his neck and legs but the rest of his body was smooth-coated. Bridge was what bird-dog men call a "dropper." He was half Llewellyn setter and half pointer. He was all bird dog, though — he was the best retriever in our county.

For two days after Herschel's arrest, Sheriff Peel advised all the women in the town not to come around the courthouse unless they wanted to get their ears burned. Herschel cussed for 48 hours,

The Buckalew boys thought they could take anything that wasn't nailed down

almost without letup, after they put him in jail. He had a loud baritone voice and he did such a good job of cussing, hour after hour, that it was almost beautiful to hear. Sheriff Peel said that Herschel came up with some cuss words that he'd never heard before, and there has been an awful lot of cussing done around the sheriff.

"I guess it is real provoking," said Sheriff Peel, "for a middle-aged man to have stole hogs and poultry all of his adult life and never even get arrested, and then to get caught red-handed, as the fellow says, the first time he gets around to committing a murder."

Sheriff Peel found \$150 in ten-dollar bills in Herschel's pockets. At his trial, Herschel testified that he'd won this \$150 in bets from Mr. Martinez.

"I would mark a small rock with a pencil and throw it down in the canyon among a lot of other rocks and then bet Mr. Martinez that Bridge would fetch back the pencil-marked rock," said Herschel. "I'd have won his ranch, if he'd kept betting with me and if he hadn't started monkeying with my .30-.30."

And then the elder Buckalew explained that Mr. Martinez had been examining his rifle and had discharged the weapon, accidentally, while looking down the muzzle.

The jury believed Herschel's story about Bridge retrieving pencil-marked rocks. They knew that Bridge could find a certain rock by the man-scent which got on the rock when it was marked. The Buckalew boys taught Bridge this trick when he was a derby (two-year-old bird-dog) and the dropper had become quite a nuisance, bringing in every small article he found with man-scent on it.

The jury did not believe Herschel's story about Mr. Martinez shooting himself in the head with

Buckalew's gun. The jury found Buckalew guilty, mostly on the testimony of Game Warden Cunningham and the Turkey Track foreman. About a month later, Herschel was executed.

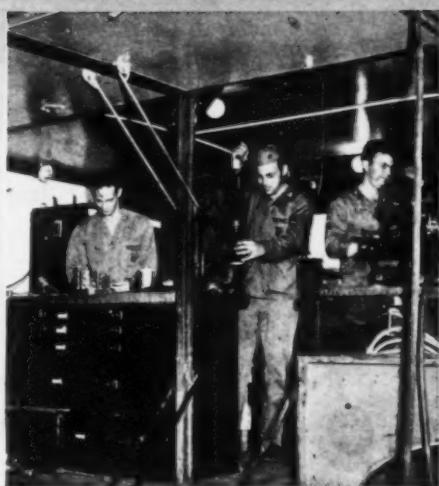
Everyone figured that Leroy Buckalew would be gunning for the men whose testimony sent his brother to the chair. But Leroy didn't make any threats and he stayed out of town most of the time, picking cotton some days to make a little grocery money, but mostly just hunting and fishing in company with Bridge.

Leroy even waited until the season opened before he went quail hunting. On the morning that quail season opened, Buckalew left his shack and set out for some mesquite flats south of town. He was carrying a double-barrel 12-gauge shotgun and Bridge was ranging ahead. Leroy kept in the mesquite tree groves until he came to a barbed wire fence line. Then he crouched in some brush about 15 yards from the fence line and waited. A half hour later, a man came out of the mesquite on the other side of the fence and started crawling through the barbed wire, holding down the lower strands with the muzzle of a 12-gauge shotgun. The man was Game Warden Cunningham.

LEROY used the modified choke bore of his double-barrel and shot the game warden in the chest. Still clinging to his shotgun, Cunningham fell heavily to the earth. His head hit a rock and he lay very still, with his feet entangled in two strands of the fence.

Leroy moved up to the fence line and felt, with a cotton-gloved hand, under the game warden's leather jacket. Cunningham was dead. Leroy took the shotgun from the dead man's grip, held its muzzle skyward and discharged it. Next, he removed the discharged birdshot load from the game warden's gun and put the discharged buckshot shell from his own gun into Cunningham's weapon. Lots of hunters are killed by their own guns while crawling through fences. Who could say that this didn't happen to the game warden?

The fence line was on rocky soil. There wasn't much danger of leaving footprints or other signs. Bridge nudged against Leroy's leg and whined. Leroy called, "Hyar, Bridge," and then man and dog started off at a trot through the mesquite. They kept in the groves until they were north of town. Then they crossed a plowed field and stopped to talk for a while with a farmer running a go-devil. They walked into town, Leroy with the shotgun on his shoulder and shouting friendly greetings to everyone he met. Leroy went into the Palace Barber Shop and watched a domino game for about 15 minutes. Bridge nudged his leg and whined.



Marine machinists working in shop built on truck make about anything mechanic needs



Like doctors examining patient, the Marine mechanics diagnose the troubles of a jeep

They Keep 'Em Rolling

JEEPS that serve Fleet Marine headquarters in the Pacific rarely sit idle—they seem to be always on the move as a vital link in the unit's transportation system.

But even machines run down and the hardy little jeep is no exception. Somebody has to keep them on the firing line and that is where FMF Headquarters' Motor Transport Company comes on the scene.

This outfit is composed for the main part of veterans who have seen action against the Japs. The maintenance crew consists of 37 men who keep the headquarters fleet of 120 jeeps going. They also do all the maintenance work on more than 140 other vehicles, including more than 40 trucks and 35 automobiles of various kinds.

Obviously all of the 260 vehicles do not pay daily visits to the shop, but on an average, some 75 of them are in the shop each week for major or minor repairs. In some instances the patching up is of a major nature.

One of the shop's greatest handicaps is an acute shortage of parts. But the men in the company have skipped around this hurdle on many an occasion. If the missing part can possibly be made—they'll make it. If all other methods fail they still have the scrap heap and the chances are they will dig up the elusive part needed for the job.

The Marine mechanics class as "new" any jeep that has a record of less than 50,000 miles of travel. This is a far cry from the old days Stateside when the family flier that travelled 100,000 miles practically made newspapers headlines.

Motor transport Company is under the command of Captain John A. Holtorf of Upper Darby, Pa. For 20 years Capt. Holtorf was a

Philadelphia automobile maintenance expert. His junior officers are First Lieutenants Raymond E. Miler of Sprague, Wash., and Richard H. Emery of Everett, Wash.

The burden of managing the shop and keeping track of the routine preventative maintenance—oil changes, lubrication, tire inspections and so on—of the headquarters fleet of jeeps, cars, trucks and busses, falls on the shoulders of Platoon Sergeant James Essary of Chicago, Ill.

Essary originally was a sea-going Marine, but returned to the States several years ago to graduate from the Marine motor transport school. After graduation he shipped overseas to do battle with the Japs. When he got into the Pacific, however, he found that because of the pressure of battle, his services as an infantryman were more in demand than his mechanical talent.

He was assigned to a Second Marine Division infantry outfit and fought with them for a year and a half. He saw action at Saipan and Tinian among other places.

Essary will tell you that a lot of the credit for the jeep's reputation for ruggedness should go to the motor transport men who keep them rolling. This can be said without detracting any from the hardy little plough horse of the front lines.

"But don't give me credit for keeping this thing going," Essary says. "It would be one hell of a job except for the fact that every man working under me is a top-flight mechanic who knows and loves his job."

"Almost every day in comes some banged up heap that I know can't be fixed because we haven't got the parts. Before I finish telling the guy it can't be done, those fellows inside have already started making the part out of some scrap. You just can't beat 'em."

PHOTOS BY CORP. ARTHUR KIELY
USMC Combat Photographer

Sgt. GREGOIRE DE R. HAMILTON
USMC Combat Correspondent



Corp. Paul Becker of Maywood, Ill., welds a spring-holder to return a jeep to service



Jeeps, like the women, sometimes need a new paint job. These boys take on that detail

LIEUT. FRANK X. TOLBERT
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

THE whole thing was so incredible that even after it happened it didn't seem possible. I still have to pinch myself to make sure the whole thing wasn't some fantastic nightmare; but the one I'd really like to pinch is that Peepsight.

It all really began when our CO, Captain Amos Topovich, decided that we all had to know our general orders. His mistake, as he realizes now, was including Peepsight. For, of course, Peepsight was having quite a time.

"It's all a matter of concentration, Peepsight," I said.

"It would be all right if there weren't so many of them," said Peepsight. "Eleven is sure a lot."

I tried to show some sympathy.

"If there were only two or three of them, I bet I could learn them, all right," said Peepsight.

"I'm sure you could," I said. "Well, let's try again. Give me order No. 2."

"To, ah, to — let's see — to . . . To do what? If I could only think of that. Let me think a second. That isn't the one where — no, I'm sure it isn't. Let's see. To — to — to — Doggone, if I could only remember to what maybe I could get the hang of it. It's to do something, I'm sure. Order No. 2. No. 2 . . ."

As NCO in charge, I finally had to report to Capt. Topovich that Peepsight didn't know his general orders.

"That Peepsight," said Capt. Topovich. He sighed.

"Oh, well," said the captain, brushing a finger over his trim mustache. "I suppose we'll have to mete out some punishment to him. Put him on guard duty tonight."

What followed I had to pick up elsewhere, but it is quite factual, I am sorry to report.

It seems that Major Millingham was preparing a drive against a pocket of Japs and was awaiting the arrival of a young colonel named Alfred Venn who had served as a liaison officer for the Marine Corps with the Army in Europe. Col. Venn had won a brilliant reputation for his grasp of strategy. The China Sea town Major Millingham was going after was a small one, but it was heavily fortified in the manner of some of the European towns, and the

major thought it would be a good idea if he discussed the situation with the rising young officer, who was due to arrive in our area momentarily.

"I want him brought to me as soon as he shows up," the major said.

"That's been taken care of," Lieutenant Books said. "I thought I'd let you know that he's quite youthful and is supposed to be on the eccentric side. He isn't GI at all in his ways, has even been known to forget his emblems. As a matter of fact . . ."

"I don't give one whit of a damn what his personality is or what year the stork dropped him in the chimney," said Major Millingham. "They say he's a genius, and a genius has the right to be different. I want to talk to him. I'll be here waiting for him."

Peepsight, marching back and forth, saw the light shining from the tent in the distance.

"It's after 10," Peepsight said to himself. "I reckon that light ought to be out."

So Peepsight, giving a hitch to his pistol holster, walked over to the tent.

Major Millingham was bent over a map on his desk. He looked up and blinked his eyes, strained from much close work. Then, rising hurriedly, he exclaimed.

"By gad, I'm glad to see you."

He extended his hand. Peepsight hesitated, but only for the fraction of a second, then accepted.

"I reckon I'm glad to see you, too, major," he said.

"S— own, sit down," said Major Millingham, sitting back down again himself.

"You don't have any idea how glad I am to see you," Major Millingham repeated himself.

"It sure is mighty nice of you, major, to say that," said Peepsight.

"I've heard some wonderful reports about you," said the major. "I've even heard you compared with the young George C. Marshall in World War I."

"Seems to me I've heard of him somewhere or other," said Peepsight.

Major Millingham smiled.

Private Peepsight's Strategy!

Peepsight was flicking his cigar ashes on the deck while helping himself to another drink



Knowing your general orders is one thing and planning an operation is quite another

"I've heard of your sense of humor, too," the major said, his eyes twinkling. "I have a bottle of brandy, as it so happens. Would you care for a drink?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I don't mind if I do," said Peepsight. "And I don't mind saying it sure is mighty nice of you to offer it to me, major."

"Not at all, not at all."

Peepsight helped himself to a drink.

"Wow!" he said.

"Have another swig," said the major.

"Don't mind if I do," responded Peepsight. "Wow!"

"Now I don't want to take up too much of your time," began the major. "I know that you must have other things to do . . ."

"To tell you the truth, major," Peepsight said, "I do have some rounds to make."

"I just want some advice on this attack we're pulling off tonight," Major Millingham said. He began riffling through some papers on his desk.

"Well, I reckon I can spare some time, major," said Peepsight. His face was aglow with good fellowship.

"Mind if I have another swig, major?" said Peepsight.

"No, not at all. Have another by all means."

"Thanks. You've been mighty hospitable, major," said Peepsight. "I sure wish I could spare more time here. Really do."

"By the way," said the major, still searching about at his desk, "what do you think of von Rundstedt's strategy at Ardennes?"

"Did von Rundstedt have some strategy at Ardennes?" inquired Peepsight.

"My sentiments exactly!" exclaimed Major Millingham. "It wasn't strategy. His back was against the wall and he was forced into the action. A man can only be said to be employing strategy if he has the choice of decision."

"I'm all for employment," said Peepsight, warming up to the conversation. "The way I see it if there was more employment there'd be less people out of work. I had an uncle that was out of work for 15 years."

PEEPSIGHT had helped himself to one of the major's cigars and had his feet cocked up on the major's desk.

"You're mighty hospitable," Peepsight was saying, "mighty. Say, would you like to talk about dogs? I had a mutt once by the name of Farnum who could do a somersault in the air."

The major's ferreting suddenly came to an end and he exclaimed: "Ah, this is the map I was looking for. Now, you see, this is where the Nips are. Here are their strong points. Here is where we are situated. Here is our artillery, here our mortars, here the infantry. Our job is to push them out of the town tonight. Now what would you do?"

Peepsight's face screwed up.

"I'd certainly appreciate your advice," said Major Millingham.

"I'm always glad to help," said Peepsight. "Naturally."

Peepsight picked up the map and reflected a moment.

"Most unusual!" the major gasped. "You're studying the map backwards!"

Peepsight smiled.

"It is unusual, isn't it? Well, I'd place the artillery here," he said, his finger circling around the map whimsically, then touching a place at random.

"In a ditch!"

"And the mortars here."

"In the middle of the bridge!"

The major was beside himself with astonishment.

"And where ought the infantry to advance?" the major finally managed to get out in a small voice.

"Right here," said Peepsight without hesitation.

"Through the swamps!"

The major's eyes were as round as saucers. "This strategy," he said, almost to himself, "is positively revolutionary."

"...pose," said Peepsight, "that it is a little

The major was still too dazed to do much answering. "I suppose it's worth venturing," he said.

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained," said Peepsight, helping himself to another cigar and reshifting his legs on the major's desk. "Also, a rolling stone gathers no moss."

The major was staring into space.

"You know something major," said Peepsight, "I don't believe that anybody ought to have to memorize 11 general orders. Two or three are plenty."

"Yes, I believe you're right," said the major absent-mindedly, his thoughts in far-off contemplation.

"I know I'm right," said Peepsight, confidently.

Peepsight, a pleased smile on his face, was flicking the ashes of his cigar on the deck, helping himself to another drink, his feet still on the major's desk.

THIS was the incredulous scene I beheld when I looked through the slit of the tent. I was so spellbound I couldn't move.

Peepsight's eyes finally met mine, and he waved an arm affectionately.

"I suppose I'll have to get going," Peepsight said, "as much as I hate to cut this visit short."

"Surely," replied the major. "I understand. You've been kind to give me your time."

The major rose and shook hands warmly with Peepsight.

Then Peepsight walked out.

To say I was flabbergasted would be so much an understatement as to smack of untruth; I thought I must be taking leave of my senses.

It took me about three hours to worm the story out of Peepsight. He wanted to talk about strategy and plotting military campaigns. When I finally was able to piece together what had happened, I forgot that I had come after an errant guard. In alarm, I ran to Capt. Topovich's tent and awakened him. I lost no time in unfolding the story.

Capt. Topovich's face turned green, his tongue purple, his eyes a blood-shot red. He was a study of horror in technicolor.

"That Peepsight! I'm going to hang him to the highest mast!" he cried. "We must locate Major Millingham! Immediately!"

We jumped in our jeep. Our mission was a failure. We had too late a start. Major Millingham already had started "The Plan" into action. Artillery — from a ditch — was booming. Mortar shells — from the bridge — were whizzing. The infantrymen were slushing through the swamps.

"Oh, my God!" cried Capt. Topovich. "Let's find Peepsight. I can't wait until I get my hands on our cigar-smoking, brandy-drinking Napoleon."

But before we could find him the news began drifting in. The battle was going with amazing success. The strategy had taken the enemy completely by surprise. Even while it was happening they couldn't believe it. Nothing like it had ever been seen before. The result was our efforts were achieving a maximum triumph. Our casualties were nil and the Japs were retreating in headlong panic.

Capt. Topovich's face had blanched a ghastly white.

"We'll have to get Peepsight out of here in a hurry," Capt. Topovich said. "Get up some orders immediately, giving him a furlough in the States."

"Yes, sir."

"When Major Millingham returns and finds out Peepsight is only a private, he may want to give him a promotion," Capt. Topovich explained. "That would be the biggest setback the military system has suffered since Alexander the Great discovered he had no more worlds to conquer."

When I found Peepsight he was still at work trying to learn the general orders.

"I figure that if I'm going to discuss high military strategy maybe I ought to learn them," he said.

"On impulse, I said to our new military genius:

"What's order No. 2?"

"Let's see. Order No. 2. Order No. 2. Now don't tell me. Order No. 2. I believe I know it if I can only think of it. No. 2. No. 2. Hmmmmmmmm."

I handed him his furlough papers.

SGT. HAROLD HELFER,
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

Call for Mr. HOBBLES

THE telephone in the battalion CP buzzed. A busy sergeant picked it up, listened, said, "Yes, Sir," and put it down. He turned to a busier corporal and growled:

"Pass the word. Hobbies' CO wants him back on the beach."

The sergeant sounded mad. "Hurry up," the corporal told the nearest foxhole.

"Tell Hobbies, tell Hobbies to hurry. Tell Hobbies to hurry like hell," went the word from foxhole to foxhole.

Not half an hour before Private First Class Hiram Hobbies, the field telephone man, had eased his aching bulk into a foxhole, and fallen asleep. For two days and a night he had been laying OP lines, carrying heavy reels of wire, running. He always had avoided running back in Ginsburg.

Hobbies found himself on the double and trying to wake up. What did the CO want now, in such a hurry?

Out on the road he waved at a truck. It stopped and he climbed aboard. After a few jounces it stopped again.

"Sorry," said the driver. "Blow out. Care to help?"

"Sorry," said Hobbies. "In a hurry."

Running again, he heard the terrifying crrrump of a big mortar shell. Men on the road ahead scattered and Hobbies hit the deck. There was a second crrrump. He got up and hit the deck again, this time in a foxhole.

CRRRUMP, crrrump, crrrump went the barrage. Hobbies shook like a leaf. He clung to the ground with fingers and toes and prayed out loud. After a while he found himself talking to himself. There was no other noise. He looked up and saw two Marines standing beside the foxhole, looking down at him and shaking their heads.

Hobbies got up and jogged away.

"Hey," someone yelled as he passed. "Hey, you. Lend a hand here. We've got about seven snipers cornered in there."

"Yes, Sir," replied Hobbies, dragging the breath in and out of his lungs in gallon gasps. He was going to say something, but the officer seemed in a hurry, too.

Nineteen other Marines and Hobbies formed a skirmish line. They gumshoed through the jungle, carbines at the ready. Five minutes, ten, 15 minutes passed. The CO is waiting, thought Hobbies in anguish. Hell to pay.

Just then a soprano shot sang out. The fight was a furious one. It took an hour and a half. Hobbies and everyone shot like mad. Finally the officer said:

"That's all. Thanks, men."

Back on the road Hobbies lit out. Someone offered him a ride. Another wanted a light. A third asked the time. But Hobbies didn't pause.

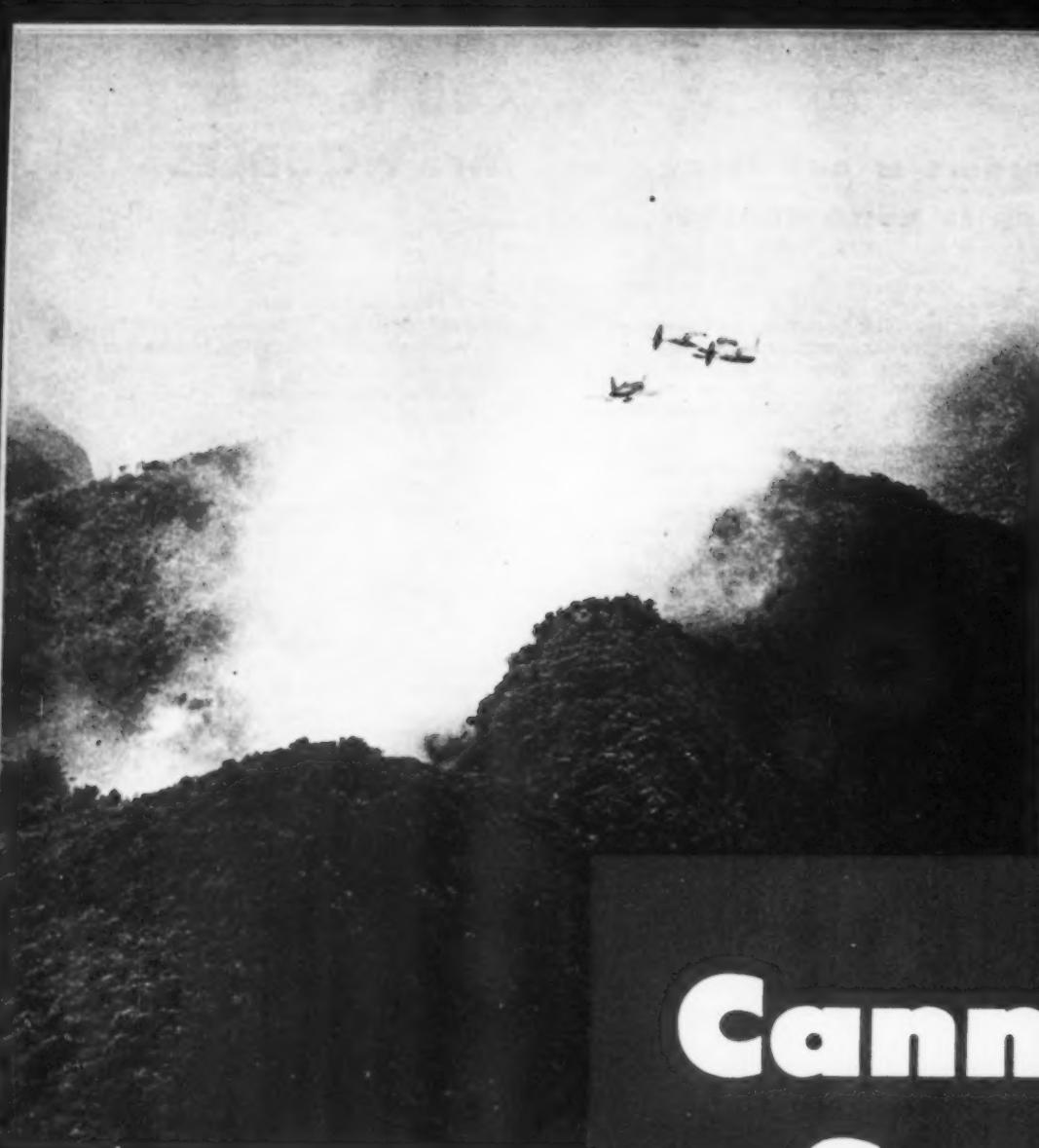
At the CO's tent he skidded to a stop in the sand, on his stomach. A careless one had left a half-buried rifle in his way. He picked himself up and stood at attention before the CO. It was late and getting dark.

"What took you so long, Hobbies?" asked the CO quietly.

"Sir, . . ."

"Never mind, Hobbies. I only called you back to give you the afternoon off. I thought you needed a breather."

SGT. JOHN CONNER,
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



WEARY Marines and soldiers of the Tenth Army were dug in on the muddy downward slope of a pock-marked ridge two miles above Shuri castle. They had been there for more than a week, neither advancing nor falling back. The shattered tree trunks and ghostly outline of the ridge beyond seemed accurate symbols of a stalemate.

Their goal was the ridge, a hill that had to be won before the center of the line could move on Shuri. It was easy to understand why there had been a delay. The ground was pitted with shell holes, and stumps and rubble made grotesque little statues. Burial vaults of cement and volcanic ash jutted out in a haphazard pattern. A few cave openings were visible under overhanging earth.

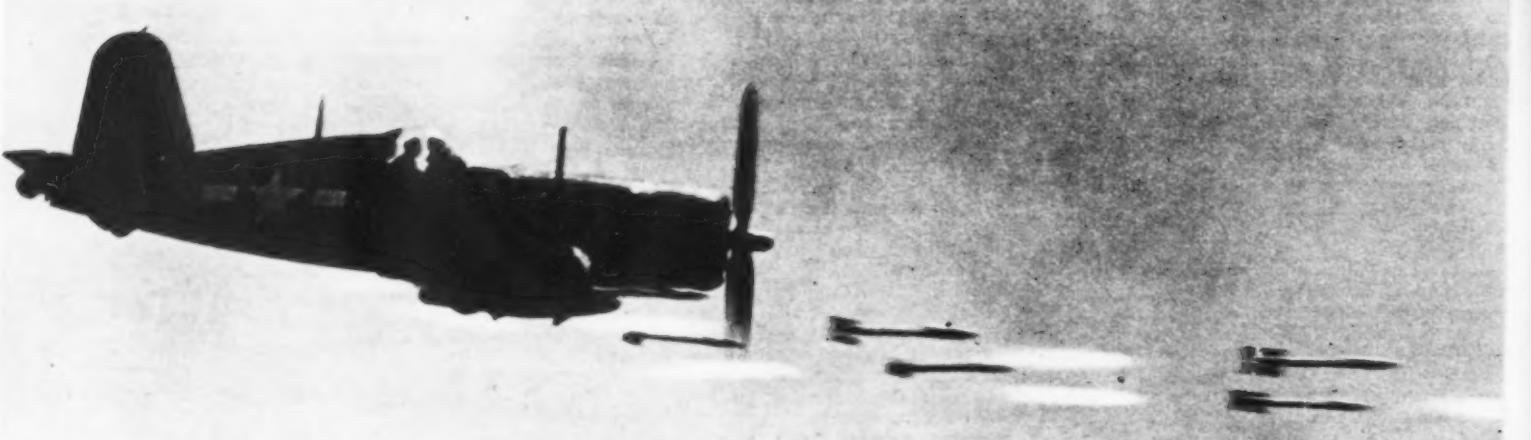
The enemy was all around, hidden deep in the caves or squatting behind solid protection in the vaults. Every time we moved down our hill, across the narrow ravine and up the far side, the Japanese laid a terrible fire with machine guns and mortars. Casualties were so heavy we couldn't gain.

Artillery had been called upon, and the big guns shelled the hillside. At the first shrill whistle overhead and "ka-whoom!" the Japanese scurried out of their holes, across the top of the ridge and down. Shells could not touch them there, and they waited for the barrage to stop before climbing back.

As the enemy waited, the infantry moved forward, protected for more than 100 yards by the heavy gunfire. When the troops moved into range, our firing stopped and the Japanese crawled the short distance back to their caves before the infantry could climb the last 100 feet. The renewed crossfire was as deadly as ever, forcing another withdrawal. This went on day after day with heartbreakingly regularity.

Cannonball Support

by Sgt. Don Brewster
USMC Combat Correspondent



Tailed by a P-38 photo plane, a Marine Corsair drops a fire bomb on a Jap mountain position

A Marine support fighter looses a load of rocket projectiles on a run against a Jap stronghold on Okinawa. Waves of our planes softened

up enemy positions in the southern ridges of Kushi-Take mountain with continuous rocket barrages, smashing organized Nip resistance

A call went out for aerial support. Eight Marine Corsair pilots were briefed and their planes loaded with bombs and rockets. Major Fred Rauschenbach of New York, who still remembers the glamor of his father's stage days, put on his own show for a strictly partisan audience. He flew over the ravine once to spot the target, then led the eight planes in a single-column dive. The Japanese popped out of their caves like rabbits and crossed the ridge top. They never came back as the Marines dived to 150 feet, sent rockets on a direct line into the mouths of caves and vaults, then pulled up sharply to watch as stone, smoke and dirt pyramided into the sky. Minutes later the infantry took the ridge.

It was one step closer to Shuri, core of Japanese resistance on southern Okinawa.

The job of aerial support is an unglamorous one, bereft of the public acclaim that accompanies destruction of enemy planes and shipping. But without its precise coordination the Okinawa campaign would have lasted longer and cost far more in heartaches and casualties. Pilots of the Second Marine Air Wing, who comprised the entire strength of the Tenth Army's Tactical Air Force for more than half the campaign, had a dual job. They flew ceaseless patrols over the East China Sea in search of enemy aircraft, knocking hundreds into the water.

Their other job was ground support, to fly when and where the infantry called and blast a way

through positions that artillery and mortar shells could not touch. Strength of the enemy's front lines rested in large measure on the fact that caves and tombs were so well protected that only a direct hit was effective.

That was the assignment of Marine aviation. And no squadron in the wing was better qualified for the task than the "Cannonballs" of Major Rauschenbach. The men had trained together for months, had maneuvered with elements of the 27th Division at a Pacific staging area, knew the precision required in operations with ground troops.

Rauschenbach is lithe, whip-like and entirely without nerves.

His first introduction to aviation came one sleepy spring afternoon in 1939, when he was 19 years old and a senior in chemical engineering at the College of the City of New York. He was sitting in the back of his English class, reading a morning paper, when a one-paragraph story caught his eye:

"The Marine Corps has a limited number of openings for men interested in joining a scout bombing squadron. Apply this afternoon at Floyd Bennett Field."

Fred Rauschenbach closed the paper, tip-toed out of class and drove to the airport. Three days later he was sworn into the Marines. After earning his wings, he had a fling at the ferry command and as a glider pilot before joining a fighter squadron.

Training in a rear area for the Okinawa campaign, he was intent on attaining complete coordination with the infantry. Many times he sent his squadron's radio truck to the forward observation posts, along-side Army ground spotters, to watch and report.

Today Fred Rauschenbach has an adage that has become the password of the squadron: "Keep going until the green gets grass."

From 10,000 feet the ground is a mere blur of green. But in a dive, pilots often go as low as 100 or 150 feet before pulling out, and at that level the "green" does become grass — they can almost count the blades!

On strikes the pilots used fire bombs, general purpose bombs and rockets, in combination with tree-top strafing runs. It was a closely-knit task that benefited from the rehearsals of the Cannonballs.

The fire bombs were a terrible weapon because their jellied consistency spread and clung to whatever it splashed upon.

One afternoon the major led four planes against gun emplacements in a row of seven caves. The mouth openings were narrow, and artillery was unable to pin-point the area sufficiently to score direct hits. The planes came low and fired rockets into the openings. They came back a second time and dropped fire bombs. Flames shot in all directions, and there were agonized shrieks as the Japs fled.

A forward observer only 50 yards away called to the planes, so excited he shouted at the top of his voice: "Christamighty! They're running all over. Come on down and strafe!"

The Marines came back, spewed lead all over the ridge top and cleaned up the area. Next morning our infantry walked up and took possession.

That afternoon a bearded, tired group of men walked into the pilots' area. "We're looking for the guys who flew over that ridge yesterday," they said. "We've got something for them."

They came bearing gifts — rifles, flags, wrist watches, lockets and medals — souvenirs that most pilots never have a chance to bring home. It was the infantry's gesture of thanks.

WITH painstaking consistency and accuracy Major Rauschenbach and his squadron built for themselves a reputation as one of the finest ground-support teams on Okinawa. They never lost a pilot, although several were hit by anti-aircraft fire. They hit the target area 100 per cent with bombs and rockets.

One afternoon four planes were sent against a camouflaged truck revetment. They came in low, dropped their bombs and were on the way out when the leader spotted an ammunition dump. He radioed for permission, then swung his planes over the new target and blew the dump sky-high.

That same night two "snooper" planes went out for "targets of opportunity" — whatever they could spot. They saw two apparently empty trucks parked on a dirt road, and came down to strafe. The road became alive as more than a score of troops jumped from the trucks and ducked into ditches. The pilots set the vehicles afire, then passed out of sight beyond the next ridge. As the planes disappeared, the Japanese climbed back on the road and rushed to put out the fires. That was fatal, because a moment later the planes reappeared for a second run down the road. They strafed and killed every Jap.

Many times during runs over specified targets, previously-unobserved enemy gun positions fired on the pilots. On one occasion a flight of two planes flew across the same area seven days in succession, and were fired upon each time. The eighth day one pilot acted as decoy and flew low. His wingman circled above to watch, and saw a heavy anti-aircraft piece open up from the protection of a wooded patch on the side of the ravine. The Japs held their fire until the plane flew by, a practice which made it almost impossible for the pilots to note the gun flashes while making their run.

Next day the two-man team returned. The first plane came in as usual on a low-level strafing attack, evaded the ack-ack and pulled up abruptly to climb beyond the ridge. As the gun opened fire the second plane whistled down, scored two direct hits.

Thorough briefing before a strike is important to its success. Camouflaged gun positions were the target one afternoon on a road north of Naha. The briefing made the area easy to locate, but the guns were hidden completely from view by excellent protective covering.

Major Rauschenbach dropped down to 500 feet, consulted his map again and dropped two bombs along a ditch. A half-mile-long netting jumped into the air, revealing a row of guns underneath. The rest of the flight dropped their

Marine rocket planes played a stellar role in routing the Japs from cave strongholds



Kushi-Take is engulfed in flame as a fire bomb explodes on the mountainside. Flames burned any of the enemy above the ground and suffocated those in the honeycombed caves and dugouts

CANNONBALL (continued)

Marine rocket planes spark ground attack by blasting Jap caves

bombs and knocked out every emplacement.

The probable ultimate in ground support came one afternoon when the infantry requested a strike against gun emplacements in caves along a particularly stubborn ridge. Sixteen planes from the Cannonball squadron went on the mission, and with their bombs and rockets effectively sealed up the entrances to more than a dozen troublesome spots. When the troops dug into the rubble a few days later they found more than 300 Jap dead, movable gun positions, storage rooms and quarters piled with supplies, all taken without a single casualty.

There have been many commendations from Army and Marine officers, but one of the most intriguing came from Marine Major General Francis P. Mulcahy, then commanding officer of the Tactical Air Force and Second Marine Wing. It was directed to pilots of three squadrons, including the Cannonballs, who flew a joint strike against enemy troops spotted on a highway south of the lines near Itoman. Only a few of hundreds escaped the strafing.

General Mulcahy's message read: "Our congratulations and thanks for . . . this afternoon when the Nips were caught on the roads with their kimonos down."



The five-inch rockets fastened on this support plane transform it into a powerhouse threat



This sleek, silver P-38 photo plane flew over some of the hottest fighting on Okinawa, snapping aerial action by support planes. On many photo dives, the plane pulled out at less than 100 feet



Army Major Edward H. Taylor, right, pilot of the photo plane, congratulates Lieut. David Duncan, Marine photographer, who rode in a belly tank to snap unusual pictures of support action

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This one is on me . . .



UNDERSTAND now, this story takes place in the year 1975 AD, when it is my habit every Sunday night to pass this same haven erected for consumers of hops-and-malt. Most always I follow my weary legs into this cherished establishment known as Kelly's Barrel House. Tonight is no exception.

Well, I have one lousy buck left, but I figure it ought to get me in a good conversation, as usual. Looking around, I spot a well-pressed green uniform sitting in a corner booth. I can see right away this Marine is enjoying dull liberty in a strange burg. I tell myself, as an ex-Marine, it is my duty to speak to this boot. I go over.

"I'll join you, Marine," I say, cheerfully. "The seat's all yours, old-timer," he replies.

Old-timer. I glance at myself in the mirror. I don't look so old. I not quite 55 and I have most of my hair, except in spots. I order brews for two.

After we go to work on the brews, I get the talk under way. He tells me how come he joins the Corps, how long he is in and what he hopes to profit by it — if any. Just as I am about to tell him what it was like



in the old days of World War II when we fought instead of running around in dress blues and Parris Island medals, Jim Babcock, another ex-Marine, slides into the seat alongside of me. I introduce Jim and the boot.

"How long you been in, son?" Jim asks.

"Six months," the boot says.

"And a gunny sergeant, eh?" Jim says. He shakes his head in profound sorrow.

"Back in '44," I say, "the old Marine Corps, that was, you had to be at least nine months before you made gunny. This is a hell of a Corps today."

"Now take when I was with the Sixth on Okinawa —," Jim begins.

"Or when I was with the Third on Iwo," I say.

"Why you old barrel," Jim says, "you did half your duty at Dago and the other half at Pearl. Now take when I was with the First Raiders on the 'Canal —"

"Pardon me," says our young boot friend, real polite, as he gets up hastily. "But I just remember I have to make a very important telephone call."

He leaves us in a terrible rush, Jim and me and the beers.

I keep staring after the boot because suddenly all this seems familiar to me, like it already happened to me in a dream or somewhere. And then I remember — it is the same gag I always used, the old telephone gag, back in '44 when some old bore started to give me the scoop on Belleau Wood, as if anybody cared.

SGT. FRANCIS CRONK
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

END

KINGSMEN



by Sgt. Roger Myerson
Southern Staff Correspondent



Royal Marines at parade rest aboard George V,
British battlewagon now fighting in the Pacific

PHOTOS BY SGT. JOHN JOLOKAI AND CORP. IRVING DEUTCH

"**J**EES! What a rotten rock this is. Just three cans of beer! What kind of a liberty can you make on three damned cans of beer? Where are the native beauties? Where do they keep those grass skirts we've been reading about, Mac?"

"What did you expect, Hedy LaMarr?"

"Not exactly, but that's not a bad idea. On a day like this, especially. It's too hot for a sarong. Let's get out of this sand pit and look around. After all, the Marines have landed!"

The talk was the same as usual on the recreation beach at Guam one hot afternoon recently. The Marines had landed — singing. And their talk was about what we'd been listening to for a long time, with almost exactly the same proportion of old Anglo-Saxon words that Gene Tunney frowns his heavy-weight frown upon.

They wore red bands on their dress caps, the brass emblems were bigger, a laurel wreath with a crown on the top and a reversed globe showing Europe, Africa and Asia. And the accents were unmistakable.

These were His Majesty's Royal Marines, and most of us were looking at them for the first time. They came ashore from HMS King George V, in two waves of liberty parties. Some wore tam-o-shanters and others white dress caps. Their sleeves were

rolled up, their trouser legs were short, and their belts, similar to our duty belts, were white.

They were a good-looking outfit, just back from shelling Sakishima and blocking the sea line on an important flank for the Okinawa operation. We had heard they were coming into our "own" Pacific war in strength. Without talking about it, everybody agreed with what Admiral Nimitz said on board the next day: "We are glad you are out here, and welcome your help."

Before the lofty KGV sailed into the area, Yankee Marines, Seabees and sailors broke out a lot of extra beer for the "King's Men," and the process of getting acquainted was rapid, loud and painless.

The big impression they left behind was that their morale, esprit de corps and general well-being are tops. We doubt if it ever occurred to any of them that the King might have other troops in his service who might rank with or above them in the business of performance and tradition. They're the Royal Marines, the cream of the crop. The rest of 'em are blokes, and that's all there is to it.

We may be wrong, but their morale seems to blossom and flourish on the fact that they have not had USOs, nightly movies, comic books and some of the other refinements that we have enjoyed.

Instead, they have retained to a high degree the ancient art of intelligent conversation with a right choice of words. They have vast reserves of yarns, gags, poems and stories, which they can trot out at the drop of a small p. cutter. And they can sing, and do.

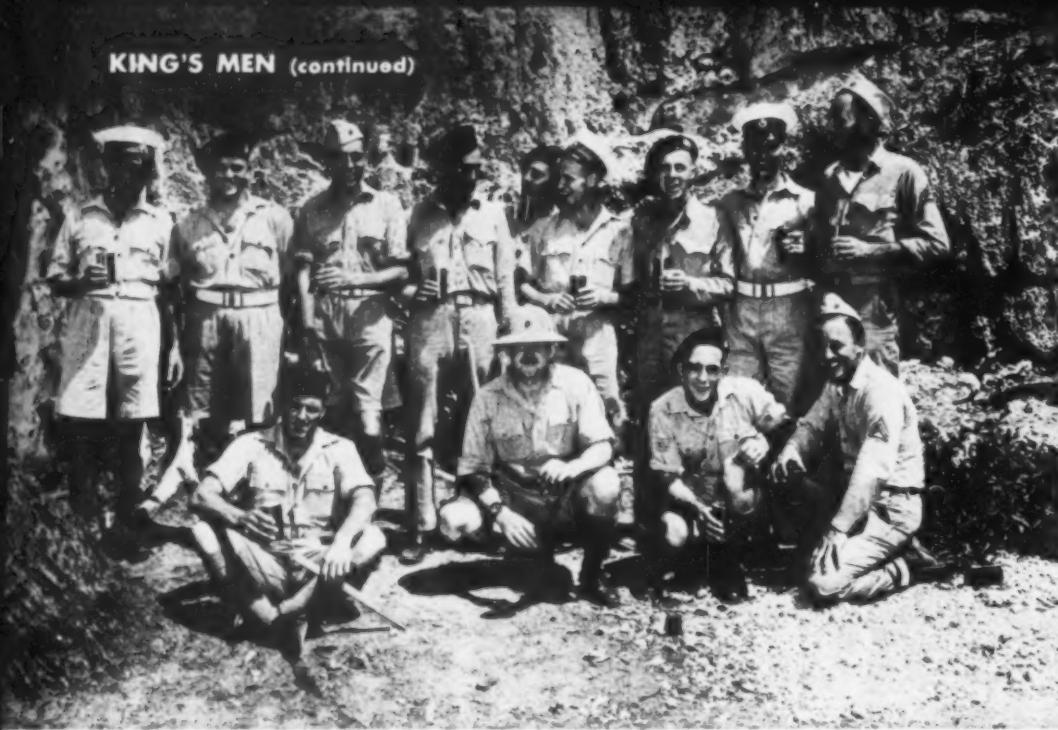
They are the singingest outfit I've seen this side of the Mississippi river levees. Everybody knows all the words to all the songs, and when someone starts one the rest join in with mucho gusto. *Lili Marlene* seems to be the war's theme song with them, as it was with the Tommies in Europe. And there's one called *Old King Cole* and another called *Romeo* which are not exactly the parlor variety. *Make Fast The Dinghy and Sussey by the Sea* rate high on their hit parade. They're right up on the popular American songs, know all the verses of our *Marine Corps Hymn*, and this particular outfit even "pinched" it for their own purposes on their last cruise, substituting "Sakishima" for "Montezuma" in their home-made version.

We found more similarities than differences in the two services, theirs and ours, and except for the accent there didn't appear to be much mileage between the corporal from The Fighting Cocks, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hampshire, and the corporal

How the American Marines met their British cousins in the Pacific

TURN PAGE 33

KING'S MEN (continued)



British Marine caps ended up on Yank noggins and vice versa when American Marines and their English counterparts got together over a brew. You can tell the King's men by wide belts and short pants



It's game called "Cobbler." Middle man tries to belt two end men and not get rapped by sticks



Bright spot of British Marine's day comes at 1100 when daily rum ration is issued. It's mixed half and half with water. Seconds aren't allowed. Rum barrel bears legend — "The King, God Bless Him"

The accent may sound strange

from 9701 Euclid Avenue, Cuyahoga County, Cleveland, Ohio.

They are rugged boys and like to play rough. The popular pastime of Grabbus Maximus Gludimus, to use the Latin, has the same catch-as-catch-can technique as ours.

But, if I've given the impression that all is sweetness and light in their morale department, excuse it, please. Since freedom of speech goes back to the Magna Charta, they sound off with the voice of the ages. In quality and quantity their gum-beating measures up to the best Marine tradition. They hit the peaks about: 1—the chow; 2—overseas time; 3—the pay scale—in the order named.

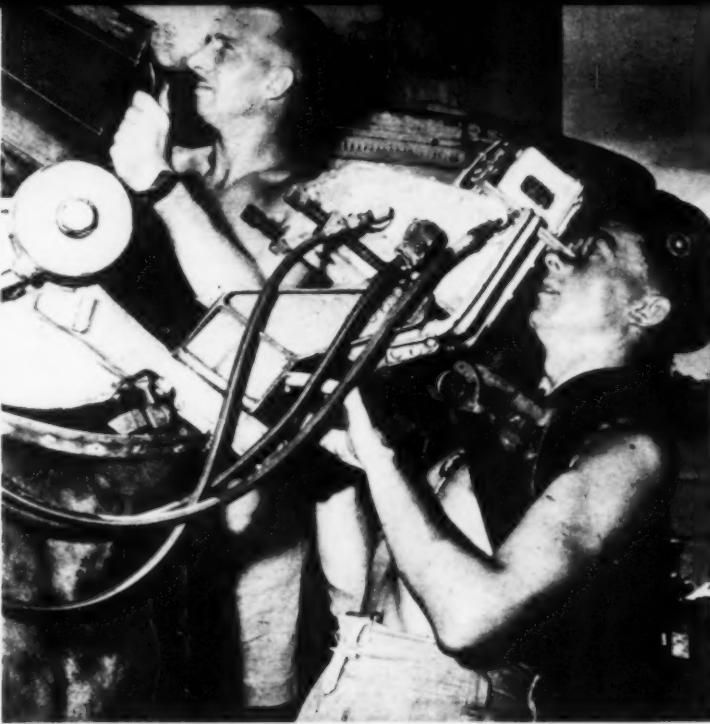
Their chow doesn't measure up to ours. We were their guests aboard ship for a noon meal in the Sergeants' Mess. We suspect it was something special, since the chief cook got the word that company was coming aboard. To be kind about it, let it suffice that it was not very good. Leatherneck staffer Duane Decker does not quite agree on this point. (But most of his taste is literary, and he can eat anything). Then they ate at one of our messes, a routine chow of liver, spuds, apple pie and some vegetables. Most of them went back for seconds. The Marine next to me allowed it was "the loveliest damned supper" he'd had in months. Another thing is that they don't lump all meals under the culinary insult "chow," but sit down to breakfast, dinner and supper, just as civilians do.

They thought rotation was a swell idea, but had never heard of it. The average sergeant in our group had been home a total of five months since the war started in 1939.

Their pay scale makes the High Lord of the Exchequer look like a Scotch Jack Benny with a depression complex. The sergeant major's envelope is the fattest reward on the ship, in enlisted ranks, and we peeked into it.

It starts at a base pay (they call it "flat rate") of nine shillings a day. It is buttered up with some added money for three good conduct badges, and something like the pay boost our armed forces got when the shooting started and the lawmakers began to grow more fond of the man with the musket. It is called War Service Increments. Add to that one shilling and six pence a day for a Gunnery Rate which qualifies him to control all the Marine-manned fire on the battleship, and a few bob more for Japanese Campaign Money, the equivalent of our overseas allowance.

The grand, all-included total is just \$74.40 a month in our money—and after 18 well-served years in the business! We did not have the heart to ask what a boot private draws.



These two Royal Marines are manning an AA gun during gun practice aboard the King George V — one of England's newest and most powerful battleships



Musics in the Royal Marines too. These three buglers stood the inspection by Admiral Nimitz. They wear long trousers while their mates wear shorts

and strange but the gum-beating has a familiar ring

And there is no such thing as insurance. The ever-loving Mrs. can look forward hopefully to a widow's pension of one pound a week if something untoward happens. And when he's served 21 years, the sergeant major can retire to his country estate on \$6 a month.

Their chronic ribbing subjects, too, are similar to ours. Instead of fighting the Civil War, they substitute the English raping of Welsh maidens some 1000 years ago. That is, until somebody says the Scotch are the backbone of the Royal Marines. Then you can hear the skirl of bagpipes in bloody glens and watch people climb the walls of the Tower with their "aids tucked hunderneath their harms."

Once during the conversation a corporal from Pittsburgh, named Gilhooley, brought up the Irish subject casually, but dropped it in the interest of international accord.

Sailors are swa—here, here, what are we saying? — are fellows to be tolerated but not encouraged, and when the beer ration was dispensed on the beach the blokes in white kept a respectful distance, grinning through their beards. There is no "clean shaven every day" order eliminating beards from the British Corps. "But it's just not done, you know."

Close observation made it clear that the draftee-vs.-volunteer subject has worn thin, because the Hostilities Only men, England's edition of our Selective Service gentry, have been in the business six years already and have acquired a layer of salt of their own.

They are brothers-under-the-skin in their Gibraltar-like conviction that the officers get all the beer, wine, spirits and breaks, and it was revealed that everyone on the home front is getting richer than Beaverbrook and is up to his bloomin' armpits in all sorts of Black Market skulduggery — excepting, of course, the "Auld Garl, Gad 'elp 'er."

Aboard ship at 1100, which they call eleven o'clock, even as you and I, there comes a pause in the day's occupation which is not the children's hour, and is worthy of note.

It is then, with time-honored custom, that the rum is rationed — one "tot" to a man. A "tot" is a two-ounce slug, or a "double" as our drinking uncles would say. It is broken out with simplicity that borders on grandeur. An officer in whites is in charge of the rum key. A representative of each mess stands at attention behind a carefully-measured pot of water. The water pots are lined up in a long, straight row, and one by one are poured into a sawed-off barrel bearing the ancient toast, "The King, God Bless Him," embossed in tenderly polished brass. The officer measures rum into the barrel, cutting it 50-50 with the water. That makes "grog" for the enlisted messes — all except the sergeants', where they get theirs straight and mix it in the privacy of their own mess to their own tastes.

The officer, "keeping always on the alert and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing," sees to it that the grog is evenly doled out among the representatives of the various messes. We asked if anybody ever got short-measured or failed to make it back to his mess with the precious fluid. We were told that never in the history of the Royal Navy has there been a man with heart so black or mind so feeble. And we were reminded that keel hauling and the cat-o'-nine-tails established shipboard discipline and common sense long before the first tea was brought to Boston.

Everybody looked blank when we asked why they didn't drink their rum in the cool of evening. Apparently it never occurred to them, and I doubt if the suggestion will change things.

It appears that so far as public relations are concerned the Royal Marines are fighting this war in an Admiral Nelson uniform, which may help explain the pay scale. The seagoing fellows we talked with admitted that even the British public probably didn't appreciate the fact that most of the Empire's famed Commando troops are Marines, and all of them are Marine trained.

And the ship's Marine detachment is primarily a landing force in organization — a headquarters troop, two "fighting" or infantry troops, and a heavy weapons troop. Although the shipboard duties are the work at hand, the fundamental organization is designed for fighting on the beaches. Not that they have done, or probably ever will do that kind of a job in this war.

We watched with approving eye as King George V's Marine honor guard was inspected by Pacific Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, after he was piped aboard with full ceremony for his well-publicized visit to address the ship's company.

Their manual is completely foreign, with such business as coming to a half-crouch with the piece gripped between the knees to "unfix bayonets," and a movement called "move to the left in files" in place of our "left face, trail arms, forward march" sequence.

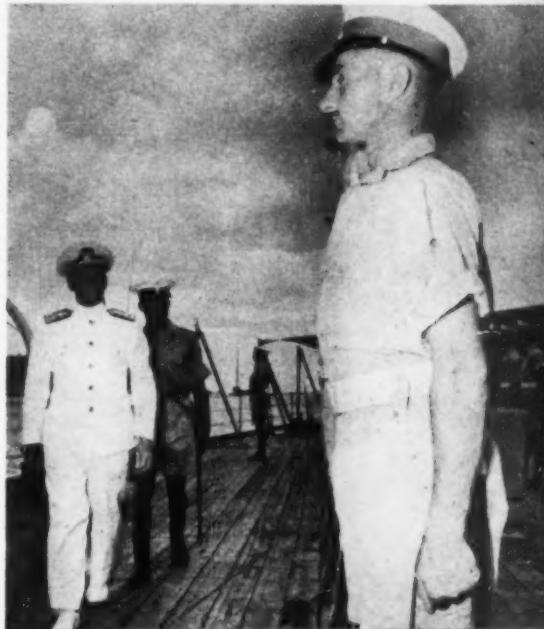
But the DI hasn't been born yet who could frown upon their snap, polish and ramrod decorum.

We listened with respect when they showed us around their big and little guns and snapped through firing practice. Loading and firing a quartet of 14-inchers in something under 30 seconds is a bit of a trick. Ask the Japs on Sakishima.

It was perfectly clear why the Lord of the Admiralty trusts one third of the battlewagon's punch — everything in the ship's afterpart — to our Royal cousins.



Jock Roy is sergeant major with 18 years in. Note the belt buckle showing his rate



The British Marines stand at attention as Admiral Nimitz walks by on inspection tour

EASY does it

When Old Man Jinx caught up, he really worked overtime



by Sgts. Duane Decker
and Stanley Fink

Leatherneck Staff Correspondents

THE worst part of being a guy in a tough-luck outfit is that when the going is easiest you worry the most. You figure, if you get a break, well, it could happen to a dog but it couldn't happen to this bunch.

That's how it was with the Marines in Easy Company, 2nd Battalion, 7th Regiment, First Division, going into the beach at Okinawa on peaceful Love Day. That's why they shook their heads in worried wonder even though the thing shaped up like a lead-pipe cinch, what with Marines swarming ashore against less opposition than the St. Louis Cardinals encounter when they hit Philadelphia.

No question about it, the rest of the regiment was feeling pretty good about the early indications. But not Easy. The guys in that outfit were sweating it out worse than if the mortars had been splashing left and right.

They had good reason. Long before, they had been nicknamed Unlucky Company by the other outfits in the regiment. And strictly from the record books, Captain Paul C. Beardsley, Jr., the commanding officer, was Easy's 11th CO since May of 1943 — less than two years. They'd lost three COs on their last campaign, Peleliu, where they had been chopped to pieces while other outfits around them had made out much better indeed.

This jinx that had followed them around the Pacific like a pesky deerfly had become so increasingly persistent that it had led Lieutenant Colonel Spencer S. Berger, CO of the 2nd Battalion, to say, "Whenever I want to take some territory without opposition, I send Fox or George. But when I send Easy out there, I can always depend on it — the place will be packed with Nips."

BUT, nearing this peaceful looking beach at Okinawa, Easy began to hope that maybe, finally, this jinx had left them. Still, they couldn't believe what their eyes saw.

Suddenly the quiet that lay ahead was shattered by a stray artillery shot that seemed to come straight out of nowhere. And out of those thousands of Marines within reach, it made a direct hit on — Capt. Beardsley, Easy Company, 2nd Battalion, 7th Regiment, First Division.

Easy's 11th CO, was dead before he even set foot on the soil of Okinawa. Easy kept their heads down. That jinx was still around.

Captain Robert J. Noonan replaced Captain Beardsley and Easy pushed north with the 7th. All they bumped into were scattered Jap pockets, and Marines of the Fifth and Sixth Divisions were breathing more freely. All except Easy. Easy was still holding its breath.

When they got the word to go south, Easy wasn't lulled by that pushover in the north. Old Man Jinx was still hangin' round their door and they knew it. That stray mortar which had clipped Captain Beardsley had been a very sharp reminder that O. M. J. was still their A. H. buddy.

Down south, the 7th went in reserve on the Machinato airfield, on the coast 2000 yards north of Naha. Word came that the Nips were making a counter-landing there. The 7th was thrown in to join the 1st Regiment, which was already on the line.

About 300 Japs tried to make a landing in small boats and barges during the night. But our am-tracs picked most of them off. Lieutenant Ludwig, leader of the second platoon of Easy, and his outfit knock-

off the Japs who did manage to land. The platoon stayed on the edge of the coast for two days, picking Nips off. They got over 30 Nips and they lost only a couple of men.

So once again, Easy began to hope that maybe they were out from under that jinx.

The outfit swung down the coast, but inward toward Naha, cleaning out several Jap pockets en route without suffering casualties. Things were going along fine.

The Sixth Division then relieved the First Division's right flank and the 7th Regiment went back into reserve for two days of rest. This rest consisted chiefly of clearing Jap snipers who had been bypassed. Comparatively speaking, however, it was pure rest.

Meanwhile the 5th Marines had been getting badly shot up at Dakashi Ridge. On 13 May, the 7th replaced them. Dakashi Ridge was the first really rugged defense line in southern Okinawa that the Marines ran into. The Japs had been ordered to keep the ridge at all costs. They followed orders.

It took the 7th two days to get up the ridge — one day to prepare for the assault at the bottom and the next day to launch the drive that carried them to the top. When this started, Easy was confident of the worst. It looked exactly like the kind of a lashup which had started them saying, a long time back: "If somebody has to catch holy hell, you can bet your last buck that Easy does it."

This ridge was very steep and the Japs tossed plenty of artillery, mortars, Nambus and small arms fire. Fox Company on Easy's left flank was getting cut to pieces. Soon they'd lost more than half their men and had to go into reserve. George Company took Fox's place on the line. When the fight for this ridge was over, Easy had lost 45 men — less than any other company. It began to look for a fact as though the jinx had finally lost its grip on Easy.

EASY reached the top of the ridge just as darkness descended and holed up for the night. And then a strange thing happened — the Nips made a counter-attack that they hadn't planned.

The way it happened, they hadn't discovered that the Marines had taken over the ridge. More than 60 of them, led by a Jap captain, walked smack into Easy's position. This was typical Easy luck — but with a difference. Because the Jinx Boys, who only had about 80 men left at this point, got a grasp of the situation a lot quicker than the Shambos did. Easy wiped them out completely and sustained very few casualties doing it.

Orders came the next morning to move on toward Shuri Ridge in front of Shuri Castle. George Company, led by Captain Kirt Norton, moved down the other side of Dakashi Ridge into a draw. About 500 Nips were on the next ridge, and they began to throw everything they had against George.

George Company worked their way around this horse-shoe shaped ridge and got above the Japs. This time it was the Marines' turn to look down the throats of the Japs. George Company had a field day there. They wiped out the entire 500 Jap troops. Three tanks accompanied George in their outflanking movement.

Before George had succeeded in climbing the ridge, Captain Noonan ordered a patrol from uneasy Easy to go up a small high knob jutting out from the ridge, hoping to draw some of the fire being thrown at George.

The Nips spotted the patrol and began heaving mortars at it. One knee mortar exploded and splinters hit a Marine from Easy in the forehead, wounding him slightly. While he felt his forehead to find out just how bad the wound was, another knee mortar struck him on the back of the head.

But this hit turned out to be a dud. It bounced off the back of the Marine's head without exploding. All it did was jar the guy a little. The Nips could have done as much damage to him with a tennis ball. If any greater miracle of good luck ever happened to a member of a tough-luck outfit, Easy Company would like to hear about it.

It seemed like a good omen to Easy. Next thing they knew, the 1st Marines relieved the 7th for the Shuri Ridge battle.

Easy was down to 70-odd men now. But during this rest period, they were reorganized and brought up to 180. Then the 7th pushed on to join the fight on the other side of Shuri town. Almost immediately, Easy found the honeymoon was over.

Captain Noonan got hit in the back and was evacuated. So, a new CO took Easy over — this time it was Lieutenant William G. Hudson, the executive officer of the outfit.



The 7th kept going, on the southern side of Shuri town with Easy and George side by side. Easy set out to cross a river over a bridge that had been badly blasted. The Japs opened up heavy fire on them and Easy took heavy casualties getting across.

Whenever they wanted to remove wounded, they'd toss out smoke grenades. The Japs got wise to this trick and as soon as the smoke from our grenades lifted, the Japs began to toss out smoke grenades too. It fooled a lot of Marines who thought they were our own grenades and that the time had come to go out and pick up casualties. They'd light out and the Japs would lay down a murderous barrage of artillery, machine gun fire and mortars. Easy caught hell on this deal.

After getting across the river, they hit the first hill on the other side. At the crest, they were suddenly pinned down by machine gun fire. Things had turned black just about as rapidly as any outfit could expect. And from there on, Old Man Jinx worked overtime with Easy.

It wasn't that they ever tangled in battles of major proportions. But they stayed constantly exposed to

enemy fire. Man by man, the outfit kept melting down again, and the COs began to fall off like clay pigeons again.

Lieut. Hudson got hit by a Jap 47, fired point-blank. By the time the new CO — 1st Lieut. Justin Mahoney, the executive officer of George Company — took over, Easy was down from the 180 strength they'd been built up to in their rest period, to a bare 100.

Then Lieut. Mahoney got hit. He was replaced by 1st Lieutenant Noel Stocker. Now, Easy was down to 90 men. And then Stocker got hit. Lieutenant Myers took over.

The campaign finally closed with Easy's record better than par — six COs for the campaign brought the total up to 16 for the two years. And no matter how well they received reinforcements, they always ended up with a skeleton force.

What happened to Easy on Okinawa did absolutely nothing to change what they've always said about the outfit:

"If somebody has to catch holy hell, you can bet your last buck that Easy does it."

END

THE DUDE



"THE DUDE" was a dandy in only one respect — performance of duty. The Dude belonged to Company C, 3rd Tank Battalion, Third Marine Division. The Dude was the outfit's tank retriever. There was never a more inappropriate name.

A retriever is designed for work, not looks. And The Dude was a glutton for work; always comfortably mussed up. Dudishness is definitely not a characteristic of tanks. Any way you look at them, they are ugly. And retrievers are the ugliest of all.

While a tank has, for instance, a trim, straight cannon for a nose, a retriever has a clumsy crane for a snout. Nevertheless, The Dude was not unloved. It had a devoted crew.

Though denied the excitement of blasting and burning the enemy out of caves and bunkers, the retriever plays a vital role in battle. Its relation to the tank is the same as that of the Navy medical corpsman to the Marine.

There are two phases to the medical corpsman's work: on-the-scene treatment of minor wounds and first aid to the more seriously injured for evacuation to a hospital.

So it is with the retriever. It restores disabled tanks to service on the spot if possible; if not, emergency repairs to enable them to move or be towed to the maintenance shop in the rear.

The retriever is manned by experienced repairmen. Each man has a special assignment as a member of the crew, but all are mechanics.

The Dude, a veteran of the conquest of Guam, received its warmest reception from the Japs in the bitter battle for Iwo Jima. The enemy was holding the Marines to slight but costly gains as the fight raged for Motoyama Airfield No. 2.

The tank, Destry II, had been disabled to the west of the airstrip by a Jap mortar shell which had knocked off one of its tracks. The Dude was rushed to the rescue.

Destry was a short distance in advance of the infantry. When The Dude approached, the enemy laid down a terrific mortar barrage. Destry had blown up a Jap ammunition dump with its accurate gunfire and the enemy was intent upon getting revenge.

The retriever was ordered back to await two supporting tanks but found that support was unavailable. Tanks were needed worse elsewhere on the flaming front. For a second time, The Dude moved out alone. And again the Japs intensified their mortar fire.

But Platoon Sergeant Virgil Rogers and the rest of The Dude's crew were determined to bring Destry in.

Shielding themselves as best they could with their retriever, they went to work. Because of the ferocity of the Jap fire, they had to work in the prone position. That slowed them to a snail's pace. They were two hours repairing and replacing Destry's track.

"Before we got through," said Rogers, "the infantry was griping because we were drawing so much Jap fire. They were glad to see us get the hell out of there."

One of the mortar shells fell within 10 feet of Rogers, partially burying him with dirt its explosion threw. Luckily he was flat on the ground when the projectile landed. He was directing Corporal Russell Vest in maneuvering The Dude into a position where its cable could be used in pulling Destry's track back in place.

"The Japs were blasting away at us from the hills to the north of the airfield," said Private First Class Bill Porter. "They could hear us as well as see us. Every time we raced our motors, the Japs would speed up their fire."

Vest estimated that a mortar shell fell in their vicinity every five minutes while they were retrieving Destry.

The Dude and its crew established a speed record about a week later when Marines were fighting in the sulphur mine area north of Airfield No. 2.

The tank-dozer "Dozer" had been knocked out and badly pummeled by a Jap field piece. The gun had immobilized the tank by blowing off one of its tracks.

It was just about dark when The Dude was sent forward to bring Dozer in. The time was chosen to give the retrievermen the advantage of the deceptive visibility of dusk.

Fear that enemy artillery would open up on them spurred The Dude's crew in their work. They found the blown-off track 20 feet from Dozer with six blocks to be replaced. Then the track, weighing approximately 3700 pounds, had to be hauled over to the tank with cable and crane and threaded back into place.

Rogers and his sweating men worked smoothly. Maybe that Jap gun had been silenced, but who knew? Perhaps another might open up from a new position. Moments meant lives — their lives.

A final tug of The Dude's cable and Dozer's track was in place. One of the retrievermen drove home the coupling pin with a sledge. As Dozer's men scurried into their tank, The Dude's grimy crew glanced at their watches. They had done the job in 23 minutes.

Dozer's '75 was battered out of shape and there were holes in the tank's armor, but it roared to the rear under its own power, with The Dude close behind in the cloud of dust.

In all, The Dude made 13 retrieving missions on Iwo. On its final mission, it set into motion a series of rescues before it was blasted out of action by a land mine.

The battle was drawing to a close. The Marines had driven the Japs back into the rugged cliff-and-ravine section in northern Iwo.

The Dude was sent to aid "Dagwood." The tank had hit a land mine and the explosion had blown off one of its tracks.

This time Dude's crew had sniper fire to contend with — bullets from rifles and light machine guns. The retrievermen drove The Dude between Dagwood and the enemy, blocking the line of fire. While bullets rattled against The Dude's armor, Rogers and his men replaced Dagwood's track.

Up front, two men operating a weasel, one of those pint-size amphibian tractors, were pinned down by Jap small arms fire. They were trying to get supplies through to assault troops. Off to the right, an armored bulldozer was stuck in a shell crater.

Dagwood's crew swarmed into their tank after it had been repaired and sent it plunging forward to help the weasel. Dagwood covered the amphibian flivver's withdrawal with cannon and machine gun and shielded it from sniper bullets.

The Dude and its men turned their attention to the bulldozer which Marine engineers were using to open a way for the tanks through the shell-pocked and irregular terrain.

Rogers had not boarded The Dude as Dagwood thundered away. He made a dash for the bulldozer. On the way, he was hemmed behind a large rock by a sniper.

The Dude clanked to the rescue of its commander. Vest drove the retriever between Rogers and the Jap, providing Rogers a moving shield, and pushed on to pull the bulldozer out of the shell hole.

Having more than fulfilled its assignment, The Dude started toward the rear. It had not gone far, however, when it hit the land mine. The explosion blew off a track and the crew was forced to abandon The Dude.

It was then that Corporal Joseph Murphy was wounded by the Jap sniper. His comrades managed to get him to a nearby infantry aid station, from which he was later evacuated to a hospital.

The area was so badly infested with snipers that two nights and a day passed before the retrievermen were permitted to return for The Dude. Meanwhile, they fretted.

"It was all we could do to keep them from going out there and getting that retriever in spite of the Japs," said Gunnery Sergeant Earl C. Johnson, who distinguished himself as a tank fighter during the battle, and is now acting first sergeant of Company C.

When The Dude's men finally were allowed to go after their retriever, they found the Japs had tried to set fire to it. The paint in the turret had been scorched, but that was the extent of the damage. The Diesel fuel blaze the enemy started had burned itself out without spreading.

Rogers and the men under him — this time with Woods in place of Murphy — repaired and replaced the track and brought The Dude back under its own power.

The battle came to an end with the durable Dude and its courageous crew standing by for further missions.

SSGT. HAROLD A. BEARD
USMC Combat Correspondent

Test Pilots

BACK in the days when they were boondocking Marines, Privates First Class Anthony J. Roscoe and Lloyd E. Shewmaker used to look longingly at the planes flying overhead. Now that they are first lieutenants and test pilots for a Marine squadron in the Pacific, the ground frequently looks pretty good to them.

Roscoe and Shewmaker, in good months, each fly about 100 test hops of an hour's duration. Whenever a plane has undergone a major overhaul or has been given a 60 or 120-hour check, it's up to one or the other to take the ship up for a hop to see if the mechanics have overlooked any bugs.

By present day standards Roscoe has a long time in the Corps, having enlisted in 1935. For several years he served with the 1st Battalion, 5th Marines, and in 1939 went to flight school, being a "NAP." He flew as a corporal until the outbreak of war when he was promoted to Marine Gunner, as some warrant officers were called earlier in the war. Since then he has risen to first lieutenant.

Shewmaker served with the 1st Marine Amphibious Tractor Battalion before taking to the air.

Their test work is in addition to flying regular hops in transport planes. Both have hauled cargo and passengers to such places as Okinawa, the Philippines, Iwo Jima, Guam, the Solomons and the Marshalls.

Before they take off they give the plane

a thorough visual examination, looking for leaks in the hydraulic system, testing tabs and rubbers for loose bolts on hinges, looking into the landing gear housing for possible trouble.

Once in the air, they keep a constant watch of instruments and make notes on a score sheet which will tell how the various parts and systems of the plane are functioning. Because of their long experience, they know how and where to look for flaws in the plane and can tell in short order if there is anything radically wrong.

"We get plenty of rough flying just on regular runs," Lieut. Roscoe said. And then he added, "There are old pilots and there are bold pilots, but I've never met any old bold pilots."

Sgt. NORMAN KUHNE
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

THEY were dribbling into our hillside command post and this one, with the jiggling Adam's apple, was the first.

His hands were raised high above his shaved head and as he shuffled along the twisting trail he bowed to the Marines staring at him with cold resentment.

"Aah, nuts!" they cried. "Now he bows! Yesterday he was up here tryin' to knock us off with a damn machine gun and now he bows!"

The Jap breathed noisily. He wore a ragged brown uniform, streaked with dried blood. His neck was scrawny and his chin was dotted with stubble. One of his feet was bare, the other bound in dirty rags.

He looked like a walking corpse. Only his eyes, bright and deeply set, seemed alive, intensely alive.

When Lieutenant Jack Vaughn of Albion, Mich.,



SURRENDER!

by SSgt. Herman Kogan
USMC Combat Correspondent

told him to sit down, he flopped by the side of a shell hole. His eyes darted everywhere. At the Marines, lounging about for the first time in many weeks. At the wrecked pillboxes, for which this battalion had paid dearly. At a burial detail scooping out a grave for a Jap soldier.

This, then, was the first one.

Others came, by twos and threes, and in larger groups. Okinawan Home Guardsmen, openly happy to be out of battle. Manchurian troops sullen and somber. Boys who were airplane and tank mechanics until the Japs were driven southward; then they became riflemen and machine gunners.

All of them had chosen surrender rather than suicide or continued resistance. Some had been brought out of hiding by our safe-conduct passes, dropped from planes and fired in artillery salvos.

Our best persuaders had been the grizzled, weary riflemen, Browning automatic riflemen, machine gun squads and the others in the front-line companies who had swarmed over this and other ridges.

But there were those who preferred other methods of winding up their duties on Okinawa.

Even as we gathered around the growing knot of prisoners, there was the crack of a Jap rifle in the valley below. Then a pause. Then another crack. And the replying chatter of a dozen or more rifles.

We peered down. A Jap sniper who opened fire on a patrol sprawled now in the tall sugar cane.

"Lots of those guys around," said Lieut. Vaughn. "They can be nasty pests."

A Marine who once had studied for the priesthood told how other Japs had died that morning.

"I was walking along the sea wall," said 19-year-old PFC Kenneth M. Portteus of Seattle, Wash., "when I spotted three Jap soldiers walking through

the field. They had four women with them. I called to them to come ahead. The women started up, but they hadn't gone more than two feet when I saw the Japs take out their grenades, pull the pins, and blow themselves and the women up. We found parts of their bodies all around the field later."

A runner came puffing up the hill.

"Another of them big caves down there with a lot of women and kids. Maybe soldiers, too. Can't get them to come out."

Portteus slung his carbine over his shoulder and followed the other Marine to the cave, a deep recess in a limestone hill whose face still carried the jagged scars of artillery poundings.

Fifty feet from the mouth of the cave, he paused and yelled, "Dete koi! Come out, come out! You will not be harmed!"

No response. No noise anywhere but the popping of rifles a long way off and the rumble of trucks on a nearby road.

"Come out! You will be safe!"

A chubby woman in faded blue pantaloons and a ripped silk blouse appeared at the cave entrance. Her black hair hung wildly on her shoulders. On her back was a naked baby, sleeping with his arms thrown about the woman's neck. Another child, about five years old, stood at her side, scratching his head and gaping at Portteus.

"Come forward!" the Marine shouted.

The woman didn't move. The older child looked up at her and said something. She stared down at him and then turned her head.

"Come!" Portteus cried again.

The woman began to walk toward him. She had taken about three steps when shouts came from the cave. She stopped. The shouts grew louder, angrier.

She gave Portteus a long glance, then wheeled and ran back into the cave.

Wearily, Portteus called, "Dete koi" again. This had happened before. "Usually they talk things over and come out," he said.

This time it was different.

Suddenly a blast shook the hill; sharp and metallic, like that of an exploding grenade. There was a second burst, and a third. A low wailing issued from the cave.

When the Marines went inside, they found 10 shattered bodies clumped near the center of the cave. The head of the woman in the pantaloons had been blown off. Her two children were dead. Another dead baby lay against the wall. Scraps of flesh in brown uniform cloth were stuck to the sides of the huge dugout.

At the far end of the cave a handful of natives huddled in terror. But when Portteus called for them to leave, they shuffled out in quick disorder, casting only brief glances at the dead ones.

At the command post, there were more Jap soldiers.

An English-speaking one who was aghast to learn that his officers were surrendering, too. A sergeant major who insisted he had tried to commit suicide first but that the grenade had failed to work. A superior private who said he liked to write poetry.

"Yah," said a fiercely mustachioed Marine, "that's the way I like to see 'em. With their hands in the air — or dead like those guys out there in the fields."

One of the prisoners gazed at the Marine.

"Mizu, mizu," he said.

"What's he sayin'?"

"He wants water to drink."

"Aah, water."

The Marine stared at the Jap. Then he unscrewed his canteen lid and poured some water in an empty ration tin.

"Well, what the hell! Here, Tojo, have one on me." He handed it to the Jap, who drank it in one gulp and mumbled agitated thanks.

"What's he sayin' now?"

"He thinks you're a good guy."

"Yaah, I'll bet. Damnedest thing, isn't it? Yesterday I was climbing up this hill tryin' to get this monkey or some other one like him and he was tryin' to get me and now I give him a drink of water and he thinks I'm a good guy. What's it all add up to?"

No one ventured an answer. A truck had rolled up to take the prisoners to the stockade at the rear area. The Jap who had asked for water bowed low to his benefactor before he clambered aboard. As the truck left, he waved.

"Aah, nuts," the mustached Marine bellowed. He walked back to his foxhole, frowning and mumbling. "What's it all add up to, that's what I'd like to know. What's it all add up to?"

END



Japs who would not surrender made their last stand on the beaches of southern Okinawa, all of which looked like this. Marines killed most of these troops, and the rest committed hara kiri

39



"... then we can have atabrine tablets for breakfast"



"And ask them what the hell happened to..."

AIR SUP and other matters



"Would you mind explaining that rota plan to me, again?"



"Well opened to our Marine air support."

SUPPORT

Letters by Sgt. Fred Rhoads
Leatherneck Staff Cartoonist



"It's about this close air support, sir. . . ."



"What's the matter, Perkins? You've been acting strange all day"



"Good news, Finigan — the island's been secured"



"Would you autograph my short-snort?"

ALL for ONE

by Sgt. Fred Lasswell



RECENTLY I met an old bag who wore on her head a stinky green bandanna. She claimed to be a "looker-into-the-future" and gave out with this story. I think it was cheap at half the price. The brews only cost me \$4.25, and look at the scoop I got.

"What do you see in the foam, Duchess?" I asked.
"The post-war Army, Navy and Marine Corps," she said.

"Desist," I cried. "Desist."
She picked up her glass with an outstretched pinky and splashed the amber fluid in my face. We both had a good laugh, and she continued, after ordering two refuels. On me, of course.

"The uniforms of the future are uniform," she said.

"Do you see me in pin stripes and brown suede shoes?" I queried.

"Hush, hush, you impudent young pup," said the Duchess, choking the neck of the beer bottle and sighting in on the contents. "I am getting a message." Like Garcia, I sweated it out.

"I see three guinea pigs," continued the old hag. "One is wearing a scoop hat, one has a comic book in his hip pocket, and the third has the six o'clock strangles. They are coming closer and closer. One is a Gyrene, one is a Dogface and one is a Swabbie. I hear a voice in the future. It is calling their names. One is PFC Mac, one is T/4 Joe and the other is 3/C Jack. They are sitting on a long bench, not speaking to one another. An enlisted colonel is giving them the word. I hear him speaking . . .

"Gentleman," says the colonel. "You are no longer members of the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps, respectively."

PFC Mac, T/4 Joe and 3/C Jack arise as one and ask with gleeful anticipation:

"Are we hereby given notice to evacuate the barracks, sir?"

"You are jumping at conclusions," the colonel says in sharp rebuff.

He goes on to explain:

"You people are now members of the recently organized Amalgamated Services of the United States. The Army is amalgamated with the Marines. The Navy is amalgamated with the Army. Officers are amalgamated with the enlisted men and vice versa. The Air Force is amalgamated with the Seabees, the Coast Guard with the USO. Gentlemen, everything is amalgamated. We are one. All for one and one for all."

"Saluting is taboo. Bub has replaced Sir as the official form of address. Enlisted officers will no longer wear their rank on their collars and shoulders."

"For a cold-blooded person I can readily see the advantages of the hat, Bub, Sir," 3/C Jack replies. "The east-west droop would serve as excellent ear muffs if one were stationed in the Arctic Circle, Bub, Sir."

The enlisted colonel speaks not another word to 3/C Jack.

About this time PFC Mac comes from behind the dressing screen. He goes through the obstacle routine, then fronts and centers.

"What do you think of that Navy suit?" asks the enlisted colonel.

"Plenty of room topside," PFC Mac replies.

"How about bottomside?" the colonel asks.

"Aye, aye, Bub, Sir," answers the Marine.

"Plenty of room topside, plenty of room bottom-side, plenty of room every-side?" queries the colonel.

"Not exactly room every-side," says PFC Mac, squirming.

"A binding sensation somewhere?"

"I would not call it exactly a sensation, Bub, Sir."

"But binding," the colonel insisted.

"Strangling," said the Gyrene.

"Middleside?"

"Aye, aye, on the poop deck, Bub, Sir."

"Front or back?"

"Fore and aft," explains the Marine.

The colonel is becoming most impatient and he bellows in a voice that starts a landslide in the Himalayas, 10,000 miles away.

"My God, man. Where on the poop deck? Be explicit."

"At six o'clock," PFC Mac replies, unruffled.

At this moment a gasping voice calls from behind the dressing screen:

"I am (grunt) having trouble (grunt) buttoning this (grunt) Marine shirt (grunt)," T/4 Joe says.

"Keep trying," the enlisted colonel encourages.

"In the meantime," the colonel says, addressing the two uncomfortable guinea pigs on the bench, "PFC Mac will put on that fine old Army uniform and give an intelligent reaction to its comforts and dignity."

When PFC Mac stands before the enlisted colonel, a great glow of pride is rekindled in the old man's eyes. He coos:

"How do you feel in that uniform."

"Like a bundle of wet wash," PFC Mac replies. That, as they say, did it.

The enlisted colonel takes out his wrath on the man behind the screen.

"Front and center, T/4 Joe," he screams.

T/4 Joe does not answer and the enlisted colonel gives PFC Mac a spot appointment to go and fetch him.

"He's out cold on the deck," PFC Mac says, from behind the screen.

They find T/4 has the shirt buttoned and asphyxiation is obvious. When T/4 is revived by artificial respiration and the circulation is back in his arms, the colonel loses no time in questioning him.



The Scoop . . . the Comic Book . . .

"What do you think of that uniform?"

"There ain't no back pockets to carry your comic books in," says Joe.

"Anything else?" asks the colonel.

"The hat scoops north and south instead of drooping east and west."

"Anything else?"

"I like Scotch plaid socks," Joe says.

"And how about the shirt?"

With the mention of the word, T/4 Joe passes out again, cold. The telephone rings and the colonel picks up the receiver. It is a long distance call from Washington. The whole project of designing a new Amalgamated uniform is to be scrapped immediately. It has come to light that there are 16,000,000 brand new Army uniforms stored in an Omaha warehouse. The enlisted colonel is beside himself with joy.

"Gentlemen," he says to the three guinea pigs, "report back to Guinea Pig barracks No. 1. Your uniforms will be sent to you by jet-propulsion express."

The looker-into-the-future stopped talking and frowned at her empty bottle.

"Go on, go on," I cried. "You can't leave me dangling in Guinea Pig Barracks No. 1."

"The vision is gone," she said. "I can't get a message through."

"But I must know how the Marine and the Swabbi made out with their Army uniforms. I must," I implored.

"The crystal ball is empty," she said, sadly.

I caught on and ordered two more cold ones.

"Now, what do you see in the suds, Duchess?"

"Ahh, the vision is coming back," she said, running her tongue counterclockwise around the outside of her mouth, securing the foam.

"I see Guinea Pig Barracks No. 1," she said.

"Have the boys checked in yet?"

"Ahh, yes," she said. "It is three months later and all of the boys are gathered around the corporal of the guard shack waiting for liberty to blow."

"Do you see our friends, PFC Mac, T/4 Joe and 3/C Jack," I asked, anxiously.

"Not yet," she said. "There is much confusion. They are all wearing the same uniform."

"I feel a little sick at my stomach," I said, remembering the good old days when we cut down the shirts and scooped our barracks caps with stiff bailing wire.

The old harpy interrupted my reminiscing with a shout.

"There goes liberty!"

"It doesn't matter," I said despondently. "We will never see our old friends again."

"There they are," she cried. "There they are!"

"Where, where?" I asked hysterically. "How can you tell?"

"Look," she said, pointing down through the neck of the beer bottle. "The scoop, the comic book and the six o'clock strangles."

END



Marine fighter pilot sits in his plane on the flight deck of carrier awaiting take off signal

STRIKE ONE!

By Lieut. J. Davis Scott, USNR

IT WAS the day before the strike. Tokyo was less than 400 miles away. Tomorrow, a few minutes before dawn, we would be only about 100 miles from the Emperor's palace in the Imperial City. Tomorrow at dawn the task force would launch a history-making carrier-based attack on Tokyo.

In Ready Room No. 3, hangout of the Marine Corps fliers aboard our carrier, there was an air of expectancy. An air of solemnity. Just ahead was the biggest battle these kids had every known — the ultimate of their long-ago eagerness to enlist, their arduous training in the sunny, peaceful skies over America.

They were concerned — that was true. But on that day these Marines, most of them green, untried 20-year-olds who had never tasted the bitterness of war, were finding time to relax. Tomorrow would come without sweating it out.

On a steel table at one side of the room a brown leather-covered phonograph was blaring forth with *I Guess I'll Go Back Home This Summer*. Jim Hamilton was doing a dance all by himself.

Two rows back, in the comfortable leather reclining chairs, Major David C. Andre, squadron executive officer, and tiny Lieutenant Wallace Hathcox were playing checkers. Howard (Bones) Sankey, Deane Erickson and Wendell Browning were kibitzing.

In another corner, George Murray, dreaming of his son whom he had never seen, and Bob Cook, talking about Kansas City and his wife, were adding the finest of edges to their jungle knives.

Near the door through which they'd go tomorrow to the flight deck was Major Herman (Hap) Hansen, the handsome, 25-year-old commander of the squadron. Around him, sprawled on the floor and in nearby chairs, were some of his boys — Shanty Callahan, who used to work in an office in New York's Radio City; the squadron funny man, Junie (Mung Ho) Lohan, Pinky Farmer, from out Oklahoma way; Norm Whittredge, who never let you forget he was a Bostonian; Randolph (Biscuit) Smith, whose profile was the movie hero type, and quiet, serious Bert Hanson.

The major was talking about tactics. He was a Guadalcanal veteran — winner of two DFCs, an Air Medal and a Purple Heart — and his pilots listened intently to every word. "Say, major, what about this Tokyo business?" asked Lohan. "What about it?" said the major. "I'm not sure. Tokyo is as new to me as it is to you."

Hunched over their cards, Major Everett Alward, seeing war for the first time as a sky commander, but remembering that Sunday morning when he was

a green, Annapolis-trained, Marine infantry second lieutenant at Pearl Harbor, and laughing Missouri Bob Cies were playing gin rummy. It seemed they were always playing — and Cies was always losing.

War Correspondent Bill McGiffin, who spent more time in the Marine ready room than anywhere else aboard, was playing cards with Big John Callahan, son-in-law of the famed General Sander son, Marine Corps hero who invented dive bombing.

About the ready room there were others. Major Tom Mobley, Captains Bill Cantrell and John (Goldie) Golden, back to war for a second time; Big Jim (Texas) Doolan, twirling his fast growing moustache; Chicago-reared Benny Benziger; Captain Dusty Deal, from down Louisiana way; R. B. Hamilton, from California's L.A. sector; Carroll King, a tiny little flier whose dad is an Army colonel; Minnesota Larry Sowles, Skeeter Webb, who someday will be preaching from a Methodist pulpit; Walter Stonebraker, who was always planning ahead; Captain Donald Owen and his roommate, Captain Percy Avant, two more Guadalcanal veterans who were back again.

Some were reading the latest intelligence. Others were writing carefully worded letters. Still others were clustered about the huge Tokyo flak map on the wall. In one corner a couple of fellows were sleeping. Forgetting it all.

The final briefings were held that afternoon.

A large map of the Tokyo area, carefully sketched by Marine Sergeant Bob Zeller, was stretched across the front of the room. Nearby, the radio war correspondents had set up their gadgets to make a recording of the session.

The intelligence officer gave us the scoop:

"Tomorrow the Marines, first in every big Pacific attack, will be first again in the greatest carrier-borne strike of the war. Your job is a tremendous one — and if successfully completed it might well shorten the war."

Then there was the important technical data — the data about weather, radio frequencies, latest intelligence on the enemy's strength, pointers on recognition, the schedule of strikes, caps, patrols and the rescue facilities in case anyone went down. Targets were pointed out on the map — and the routes to and from where discussed.

Southern fried chicken, ice cream and cake were menu features for dinner that night. The pilots took a last look at the huge Tokyo relief map stretched on the wardroom floor. Afterward Chaplain Weed held a Protestant communion service. On the suggestion of the ship's executive officer, we went to bed in our fighting clothes. It was early evening. It was



and the Six o'Clock Strangles . . .

STRIKE ONE (continued)

cold and blankets were needed. We were in the winter zone now.

Everyone ate a hearty, warming breakfast of oranges, ham, eggs, toast and coffee, climbed the ladders to ready rooms and flight decks and waited for the gong sounding general quarters. In the crews' library, Father Smith said mass. Flight quarters, then general quarters were sounded. In the Marines' ready room, the first flight checked their chartboards, their Mae Wests and flying gear. Warm air was being pumped into the air conditioning system. It was cold and raw outside and a chilling rain was falling.

The thoughts of the day before were gone now. This was it. This was whatever you liked to call it. This was reality. Stark and naked reality. Face to face. Even the usually cool-thinking majors found their pulses beating a bit faster.

"Is it cold or am I just nervous?" asked Bud Koons.

"I got everything I need," said Don Darfier, "everything but courage."

"Better give me an extra pencil," said Farmer, "gotta write my autobiography over Tokyo."

Skeeter Webb was puffing away on a big black cigar. He'd be a father someday soon and he'd bought the cigars to pass around. He figured this day was a big event, too, so he opened the box and filled his pockets. His mates figured he might be getting sick and tried to get him to stop smoking the cigar — but he just kept puffing away like a tycoon.

"Glad I got a haircut — wouldn't want to see the Emperor without a haircut," said Sankey.

"Wait until I tell the boys back home I was over Tokyo," said Huntington.

"I'm glad nothing happened," said Smith. "I wouldn't want to miss this for the world."

Cigarettes were in nearly every mouth.

Everyone was talking. Talking about the little, seemingly meaningless things that men talk about before battle.

"My fingers are all thumbs," said one lad as he fumbled with parachute straps and other gear.

"What's that around your neck?" Major Hansen asked George Murray, his wingman.

"That's my wife's yellow silk pajamas. They're my scarf today. And these blue booties on my helmet are for my son David Kim."

"I should've worn something, too," said Hansen.

Others stuffed their wives' and sweethearts' pictures into chart cases.

"Every time I look in here I'll see her — and them Japs will get hell," one flier explained.

You could feel the ship turning into the wind. The teletype machine, a miniature reproduction of the news tape that moves around the New York Times building, lighted up and told us about the wind, ship's speed, point option, target bearing line and other data.

Major Andre's flight was scheduled first. The first to take off in the entire task force.

"Pilots for the first flight — man your planes!" came the command through the squawk box. Andre and his division got up, squared their shoulders, picked up their chart cases and stomped out through a double line of back-slapping, shouting mates.

"Get 'em! Get the bastards!" they yelled.

Up on the flight deck it was cold. Bitter cold. A sleetly, soaking rain lashed the flight deck crew as it pulled and pushed the planes into position. The ship pitched and rolled in the rough sea. Off in the distance the Japanese coast was hiding in a murky, pea-soup mess. It was even difficult to discern the nearby carriers, battleships and cruisers.

The flight deck crew slipped and slid on the wind-swept deck. None were braver than they that day. It was dark and cold. And there was always the added danger of a whirling propeller. Two youngsters just missed being blown into one prop by neatly and expertly rolling beneath. Another owed his life to a mate who hadn't forgotten the things he learned as a high school footballer. Dangerously close to the deck's edge, the sailor was being virtually blown overboard — until his mate brought him down with a flying tackle. They looked at each other as they lay on the wet deck. The rescued one slapped the

other on the back and mumbled thanks — then the two climbed to their feet and went back to work.

In the ready room we could hear Andre and his men rev their engines — and in a few seconds the Corsairs were off.

The Padre, broadcasting over the ship's loudspeakers to keep the hundreds of men below decks informed, blessed the pilots as they took off — and said to his unseen audience:

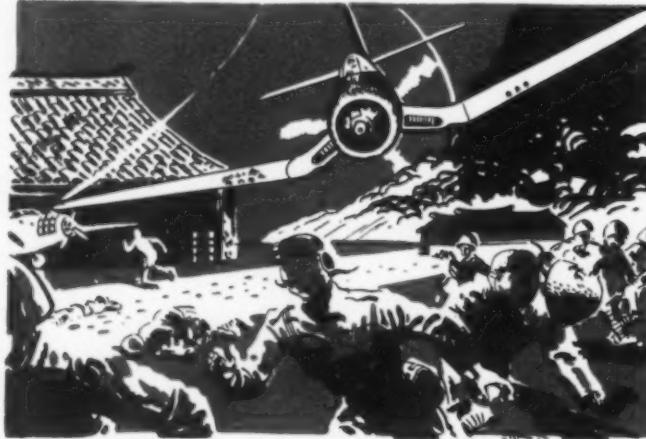
"The first section of the Tokyo Express is on its way. May God bless them. And may they have good hunting."

Within an hour, Major Hansen's Marine squadron was launched — and Lieutenant Commander Red Hessel's Navy Hellcat unit followed shortly thereafter. It was 0845 when the chaplain announced that the Tokyo radio had gone off the air.

A few minutes after 0900 there was a clatter at the door. Andre, King, Bob Hamilton and Sowles were back. All talking at once.

"There it was. A big Betty. Two engines. Big as life. Red meat balls all over the thing. Never even saw us. Sowles and Hamilton hit it first. Then Andre and King. Down it went in flames. Exploded when it hit the water. Yep, never saw us. Those Japs were plenty sleepy. Never knew what hit them."

It was the first of many incredible stories we were to hear all day long. Our mighty carrier task force had slipped through the Jap defenses until it was virtually on the Emperor's door step. And still the Japs didn't know it. Their patrols evidently were not even looking for us. All of which suited us perfectly.



The Japs went down before the Major's guns

Now there were three squadrons of fighters from our carrier on the prowl over Tokyo.

"The Nips must be catching it now," said the Padre. "Say a prayer for Hansen, Alward and Hessel and their fliers."

Hansen's Corsair was first back. His squadron followed, putting their planes down on the rolling, pitching deck. Everyone safe and sound after the day's first sweep. Murray had a Jap two-engine fighter Nick to his credit. He had destroyed it by ignoring the old service rule, "Rank has its privileges," and rushing by Major Hansen to blow the enemy plane apart — before the major's startled gaze.

Hansen had fun though. As he swept down on one airfield nearly 100 Nip soldiers made for cover as fast as their bandy legs could carry them. The major's .50 calibers sent them sprawling.

"That's for my old buddies at Wake," he said softly.

The squadron had visited three airfields. At each it was the same story. The Nips were surprised. Hardly fired a shot. The Marines had a field day with their machine guns. Nineteen planes destroyed on the ground, 17 damaged — and many buildings.

Major Alward's flight came aboard just after we had been served our noonday portion of K rations. Twelve had gone out — nine returned. Two were missing in action. One had been rescued by a destroyer.

A covey of Zeke had jumped Alward and his flight. It was Alward's first look at the enemy.

"At 12,000 feet the Jap plane looked almost like a tiny toy. It made a high side pass at me. I turned and set the Corsair on its tail. I gave him a blip — a good blip — and almost immediately he began to fall apart. The plane crashed and burned about five miles offshore."

George Spierring, who is almost out of sight when

he climbs into the cockpit, probably destroyed a Zeke, and Ed Rohricht damaged another.

Andre, with hardly time to munch a couple of sandwiches, was off again at noon — this time Tokyo airfields were his flight's targets.

Three hours later all were back. Through the mist, our ship flashed the message to the task group commander.

"Ten twin-engine Bettys destroyed on the ground. Three hangars set afire. Others damaged. One enemy plane destroyed in the air."

Bob Hamilton had destroyed the enemy plane. Four Tojos had been sighted climbing through the clouds in single-file Indian fashion. Hamilton zoomed up to intercept them. He opened fire on one from a good distance and continued pumping bullets into the plane until he was within 50 yards of it. Pieces began to fly from the engine cockpit, the wing root and the fuselage from the very start of Hamilton's run. Soon it was enveloped in flames and going straight down. Huntington, Sankey and Erickson had damaged other Tojos.

JUST before darkness wrapped itself about us, Alward's group returned from the second mission. Their rockets had shot up plenty of grounded aircraft. Major Al had shown his personal dislike of the Japs in a very personal way. Sweeping down until he was only 15 feet off the deck at one airfield he raced along with six guns blazing for nearly one-half mile — virtually blowing a Jap twin-boom fighter apart. On the way back he strafed a destroyer escort and set it afire.

We had K rations again. Everyone talked about the absence of Nip fighter interception.

"I just can't understand those Japs," said one pilot. "Imagine us back in Kansas City under attack by the Japs. Why we'd even send up sewing machines with guns on."

Then most everyone turned in. It was early. In the ready rooms the intelligence officers worked through the night. There were new targets, new briefings.

The weather wasn't any better the next morning. If possible, it was worse. Visibility was measured by yards around the task force — but it was clear and sunny over Tokyo.

For the Marines, Alward, last in the night before, was first to be launched.

"There go those Marines again — to pay a call on Tokyo Rose," announced the Padre.

Over Tokyo Bay, Alward's men met the kind of action they wanted. Jap fighters dove out of the low hanging clouds at the Marines, their guns blazing.

One enemy plane came directly out of the sun, made a pass at the low group and then pulled up toward Alward and his wingman, Archie Clapp. When the Nip pilot saw the Marines, he pushed over and tried to dive away. Alward overhauled him at 10,000 feet and with a long burst sent him spiraling downward into Tokyo Bay.

Ten minutes later there was more action. Clapp destroyed one Zeke and then severely damaged two more. Later he was to learn that at about that same moment his wife was giving birth to his eight-pound son back in New Orleans, La. Texas Doolan set one enemy plane smoking, while Darfier, Rutledge and Deal got in telling shots on others. That was enough for the Nips.

On their way back to the carrier, Alward's group rocketed a Jap freight locomotive and sent it skyward in a column of searing steam. The Marines flew right through the flying debris. Alward was so low his windshield was splattered with mud.

The day had other big moments, too. Major Hansen had two special thrills. One was when he got his first glimpse of Tokyo, the other when he destroyed a Jap fighter.

"Tokyo looked just like any other big city. Our carrier coming out of the fog was the best sight of all," he said.

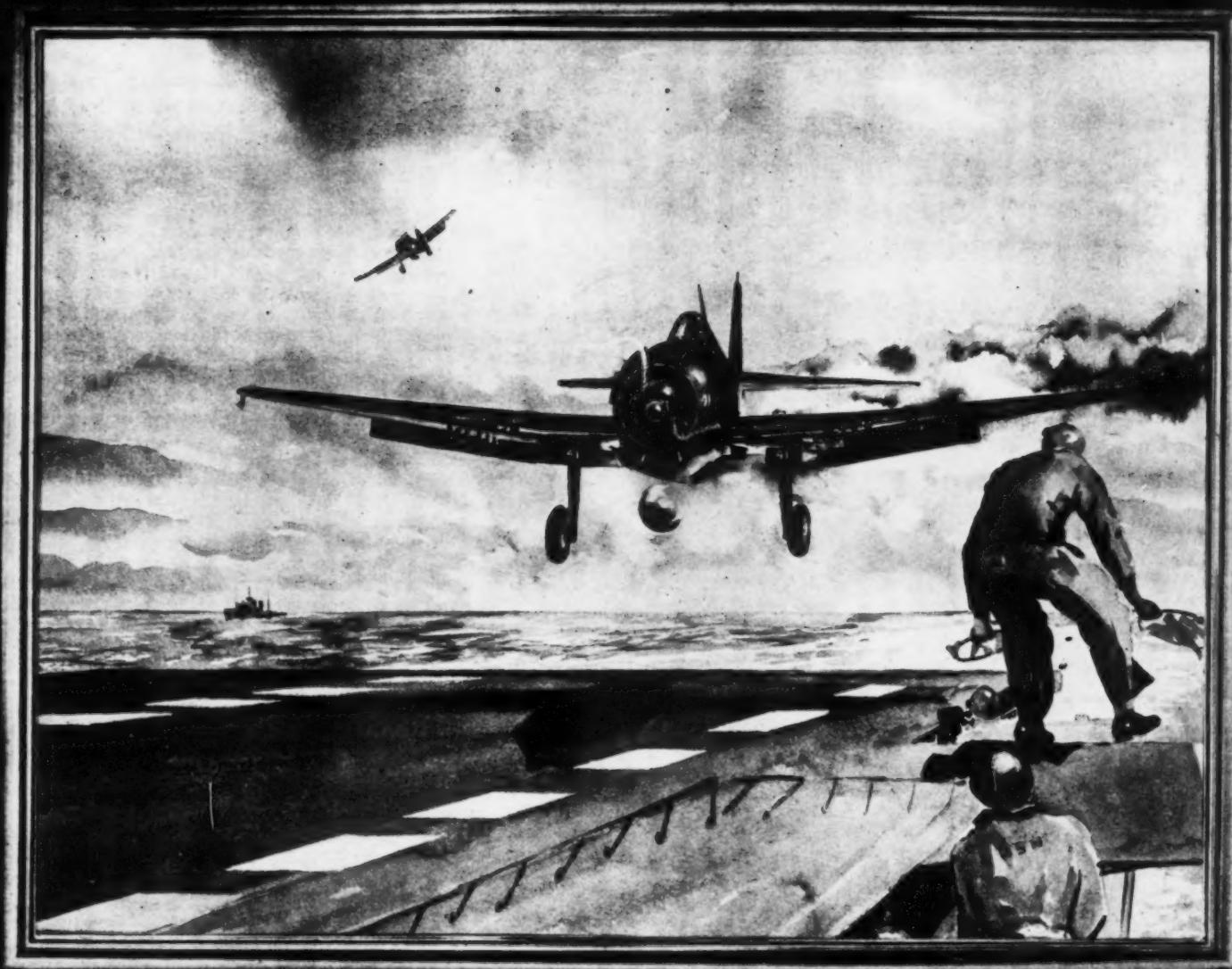
Owens' flight set several hangars afire. Other Marines put plenty of Jap planes out of commission before the task force began to retire.

As the ships swung about, the sun came out. The murkiness disappeared. Standing on the flight deck you imagined you could almost see the Japanese coast off in the distance.

As we moved away, Major Hansen turned to Capt. Avant.

"Gee! I wish Joe Bauer, Bill Marontate, Nat Clifford, Greg Boyington and the others we lost on Guadalcanal could have seen the Marines flying over Tokyo the last couple of days. It would have done their hearts good."

END



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Pensy's Fight



THE big, white ship, bearing some of the first casualties from Okinawa, cut deep into the Pacific as it headed straight into the hot sun that had just risen in the East. Below decks in Ward A, forward compartment, there was a hubbub of activity. Corpsmen were bustling back and forth bringing food, drink and bedpans for their patients.

A gangling corpsman was shaking one of his patients out of a sound sleep.

"Hey, Pensy! Wake up. Time for chow, old man. Waffles and ice cold milk."

The deeply tanned kid opened his eyes and said wearily:

"Don't give me that malarkey, swabbie."

The corpsman straightened his sheets.

"How did you sleep last night? Has the pain gone?"

"Slept like a top," said the kid, rubbing his eyes. "Yessir. And the pain just ain't anymore."

The public address system over the doorway blared out. Medics paused. The casualties cocked their heads to catch the words.

"Attention all hands. Attention all hands. We bring you a special broadcast, direct from San Francisco."

The speaker crackled and sputtered and then a distinct voice drifted through the ward.

"President Roosevelt" — the announcer paused for a split second — "President Roosevelt passed away this morning, Pacific War Time, at Warm Springs, Ga. I'll repeat that . . ."

There was no need to repeat it. Everyone heard it, but everyone found it hard to believe right away.

A hush prevailed throughout the ward. Slowly, the medics began moving again, deep in thought.

The gangling corpsman stood outside the ward with his hand still clutching the doorknob. A fellow corpsman spotted him and walked up.

"Don't take it so hard, Jack," he said, putting a hand on his shoulder. "We all feel pretty bad. He wouldn't have wanted us . . ."

His voice trailed off as the tall corpsman began to speak.

"You know," he said, "this war gets you some time or another. God, I thought I'd seen all there was to see out here. Me, a war-hardened guy. What a joker. I'm a two-year-old babe in the woods compared to some of these fellows. And what guts they've got. That kid from Pensy! Did you see him? Right after the broadcast, he comes up with a dirty, tattered photo he had managed to salvage, a picture of the President with the inscription: 'To a good soldier. From Franklin.' Then Pensy tells us how he got it."

The corpsman licked his dry lips and began again.

"Seems he had infantile when he was a wee bit of a guy. His folks were lucky to keep him alive, but both legs were pretty badly crippled. They sent him to the foundation at Warm Springs and he spent a little more than four years taking treatments and learning how to use his limbs again. He tried real hard, but everything seemed to go wrong."

"One day the President came to the foundation and called the kid over to talk to him. The President told him it's just like being in battle. You've got an enemy to fight and you must whip him to come out on top. He told Pensy he must have will power, courage and trust in the Lord to defeat this ever-present enemy, polio."

"After the President left, Pensy tried harder than ever and pretty soon was able to hobble around a bit. A year later, his legs were as good as they ever were. When he left the foundation, the President gave him this picture. Pensy says he's had it with him ever since."

The fellow corpsman tried to soothe his comrade. "Take it easy, Jack. He's got something to be proud of. Something he'll be able to tell his children."

The lanky corpsman was pale now, and he looked fiercely at his friend. "Man," he said, gritting his teeth. "Haven't you seen the kid? Look!"

He pointed through the glass-paneled door to the fourth bed on the right side of the ward. Pensy was still smiling proudly at his cherished photo. The fellow corpsman's eyes traveled from Pensy's face to his arms, his chest, his waist — and there his eyes stopped. From the thighs down there was nothing — nothing but the flat, white sheet.

PFC MICHAEL D. BROWN

POST WAR AVIATION OPPORTUNITIES

Bulletin



Bulletin



VOLUME 1

NUMBER 12

The Potential for Pilots

EMPLOYMENT

Where planes are concerned, the pilot is of necessity the first consideration in personnel. For this reason, postwar employment in aviation for Army, Navy and Marine pilots is considerably simplified. But the chances war pilots have for obtaining such jobs are probably not so well known. It is felt, therefore, that a few facts concerning airlines—by far the largest, most stable field of employment for pilots—and their requirements, present needs and postwar plans, will be of interest to many service pilots.

AIRLINE REQUIREMENTS

Pilot qualifications vary slightly with different airlines, but the requirements of Western Air Lines will serve as a general guide. Usually, above 700 hours of logged time are required and the individual must be able to secure a commercial license and a third-class radiophone license. These licenses are issued by the C.A.A. and pilots can obtain civilian tickets while still in the service. Some college education is preferred, though not essential. Co-pilot requirements also vary, but are easier to meet than first pilot conditions. Four-engine experience is of particular value to the airlines. In this connection, Western states that fighter pilots will be interviewed with the same interest as transport men—the primary interest being in the individual's flying ability.



Already considered as outmoded for postwar demands, the familiar DC-3 will be replaced by larger planes requiring extra personnel for operation and maintenance.

PRESENT PICTURE

In 1941, there were 16 domestic airlines in the U.S., employing some 2,184 pilots of whom 1,119 were co-pilots. A total of 359 planes were in use. At present, there are 361 planes on the airlines of the U.S. This does not include those operated for the government.

FORECAST FOR THE FUTURE

Estimates of all natures on the future expansion of air traffic have been made. The most conservative is the C.A.B. survey based on normal growth if the war had not occurred. On this basis, the forecast for 1946 was for about 5 times

the size of the 1941 domestic fleet. On the other hand, some airline executives have predicted a volume of 26 times the 1941 traffic in the first postwar year of operation.

Since only 285 cities in the U.S. are located on the routes of existing passenger airlines, the postwar establishment of a considerable number of feeder lines is almost a certainty. These lines will make their bread and butter from mail contracts, with passengers as an added source of income rather than a primary one.

In early 1944, there were approximately 400 applications on file

with the C.A.A. for new or additional air routes. Since these applications came from steamship lines, bus lines and railways, as well as airlines, pilots who seek transport jobs may do well to contact other travel sources along with existing airlines.

OTHER FIELDS

Fixed base operation, charter services, flying schools, crop dusting, police work, etc., are typical of pilot prospects in other fields. Previous Bulletins have investigated the more fruitful of these opportunities in detail.

(Note: This Bulletin has dealt only with the domestic airline picture. The international potential in airlines is still shrouded, partly by military security, partly by political movements, since the question as to whether the U.S. shall be represented abroad by one line operated under government supervision as a chosen instrument, or whether several lines will be allowed to compete for this market, is still unsettled. It is, of course, a foregone conclusion that there will be considerable increase in employment opportunities over anything established in the prewar era.)

The twelfth in a series of bulletins designed to acquaint ground and flight personnel of the Army, Navy and Marine Air Corps with new developments in the field of commercial aviation. Union Oil Company does not believe the war is won, but we do think many members of the air forces are wondering what they will do when peace comes. We believe they will be interested to know of any opportunities which exist for them. Inquiries are welcome, and we will be glad to furnish information to interested personnel. Address: Aviation Dept., Union Oil Company, Room 700C, 617 W. Seventh Street, Los Angeles 14, California.

AVIATION DEPARTMENT

UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA





SMILES by SMOKEY

FOR those Marines of the present-day overseas audience who have refined entertainment like holding hands with USO girls, a skit of the following type, perhaps, would hold no interest. The place is a South Pacific jungle clearing; the time, the immediate post-Guadalcanal period; the scene, a given guard post.

Sentinel (posted for the first time and nervously walking up and down the stage): "Halt!"

Officer of the Day (after a silence during which the sentinel is obviously trying to think of his next move): "Well, don't you know what to say next?"

Sentinel: (not recognizing the OD): "No, but you're going to stand there until I make up my mind what it is. . . Advance and be recognized."

OD: "Young man, what is your fifth general order?"

Sentinel: "I don't know, sir."

OD: "What is your seventh general order?"

Sentinel: "I don't know, sir."

OD: "Do you have any special orders?"

Sentinel: "I don't know, sir."

OD: "What did the corporal of the guard tell you?"

Sentinel: "He said to watch out for the OD because he's a, he's a . . ."

Sure, you saw it coming. But the boys in the audiences of those days used to roll in the long grass with mirth. Yet they were no less sophisticated than the modern Marine. The difference was Smokey. Smokey is a corn-fed gent from corn-feeding Ohio—Niles, Ohio—and what he dispenses is mostly corn. The name Mr. and Mrs. Smolka gave him is John, but no one ever calls him anything but Smokey. His present rank is corporal, although he once bore three stripes. Went over the hill, you know.

The main thing about Smokey is that he has an overpowering desire to provide entertainment, either personally or by promotion, it doesn't matter which. If there are no actors, musicians or athletes at hand, he'll stand around for a couple of hours and unburden his complement of gags. He resembles a gunny who has lost his chevrons but not his stomach.

To the First Division Smokey needs no introducing. He was with it 30 months overseas and for a great part of that time ran all or part of its entertainment. For a while, in rest areas, he was running the recreation show for three regiments, and later became division director of entertainment under a commissioned officer. His combat work was radio communications.

The corporal once strove to be a big-time umpire, without too much success. Everyone said, back in the 30's, that he was too young. Now, encouraged by the reception he received in the First Division and from Australians, he would become a professional master of ceremonies and radio entertainer after the war. He's had lots of background in making public appearances, playing professional football and baseball, umpiring, announcing wrestling and box-fighting contests, writing a column, conducting radio programs, producing stage shows, providing night-club entertainment, and calling more square dances than Uncle Cyrus could shake a leg at.

Nothing ever stumps him. When he was only five years old he found that, once the novelty had

worn off, carrying his old man's beer pail to and from the corner saloon was more work than pleasure. His father was a hard-muscled coal miner in those days, not used to taking no for an answer. So little Johnny charged candy and gum on the beer bill until Mr. Smolka took to carrying his own suds in defense of the family budget.

After years of umpiring all over the country, Smokey gave it up and was pleased to note that constant ducking of pop bottles had not spoiled his sense of humor. The fact seems to be that he instead suffered a violent reaction to all his former troubles. Before he quite realized it he was in the Marine Corps and people were screaming with laughter all around him. He's something funny that happens to everyone who comes into contact with him.

Behind his microphone manner lies a serious, conscientious character. If it's to make you laugh

A corn-fed Marine gives out with the corn and makes them love it

or give you a baseball game tomorrow afternoon, he'll work all night. For a dispenser of humor, though, he has precious few funny things happen to him.

"Tell me, Smokey, what is the funniest thing that ever happened to you?" someone asked him one day.

"Well," said Smokey. "I never laughed any harder than that day on the 'Canal when a bit of shell fragment ricocheted off three of us when we thought we had good cover in a ravine. I got hit on my bum shoulder, another guy got it on the arm and the third on the leg. Just got tiny scratches and we all laughed like hell."

This probably was a little amusing in contrast to some of the other anecdotes he has to tell. For instance, his football career ended abruptly one afternoon when he tried a flying block on the 265-pound All-American, Al Nesser. The 165-pound Smokey came up with a crushed right shoulder that, incidentally, also ended his baseball career. He toppled off a theater stage in Niles when they unexpectedly doused the lights just as he reached the stairs; he slipped through loose planking over the hold of a ship, catching himself on his outspread elbows; he fell between wharf pontoons on a black Pacific night and again managed to get rescued; he crashed into a Pacific bay in an observation plane and was yanked from the wreckage just in time by an old buddy, PFC Robert Walters of Youngstown, O.

Walters didn't know who was aboard when the plane splashed near his LCM, but he and a Marine lieutenant swam to the wreck. They couldn't get the pilot out before it sank, and never would have retrieved Smokey had not Walters thought to bring along the only knife the LCM boasted. He had to be cut free. The corporal had been enroute from the First Division's base on Pavuvu to Banika in the Russells to complete arrangements for procuring the Jack Benny show.

People of Australia's State of Victoria, to whom

Smokey taught the recreational values of softball and horseshoe pitching, were impressed with their mentor. So they made softball a curricular requirement in Victoria schools.

For a while there in the spring of 1944 he was busier than a star-spangled general. At one time he was in charge of schedules for movies throughout the division, for three regimental swing bands, for the division's 90-piece concert orchestra; emceeing the 5th and 7th Regimental shows; personally putting on two comedy skits a week, and umpiring the final game in a division baseball tournament.

Smokey has a very low inhibition quotient, and thinks nothing of stopping to chat with a general or admiral here and there in the course of his promotions. He also is very calm in combat. At the mouth of the Matanikau, during very heavy fighting along that Guadalcanal river, he overheard an excited second lieutenant say:

"Boy, if I could just get aboard that tin can!"

What he meant was if he could get to a passing destroyer he would be able to direct its five-inch fire against the Jap lines.

"If you want to get aboard, I'll get you aboard, sir," said Smokey in the same slow tone of voice he might use in introducing himself to a PX crowd: "With your kind permission I would like to entertain you for a while . . ."

The lieutenant accepted. It meant standing up many times on a beach swept with a tempest of Jap fire to wave signal flags. Three standups were required to attract the ship's attention. There were more long-distance conversations and finally, when everything seemed set, Smokey had to stick his neck out again. The ship's launch was coming in but it was proceeding in a direction that would make it miss the lieutenant who, having grown tired of waiting, already was swimming out to meet it.

For this Smokey had the Silver Star pinned on him the day he sailed with his division for the New Britain assault.

Smokey tries never to miss a chance to take over a ready-made audience, like PX or dance-hall assemblages. He'll walk in, turn off the juke box and, if it's a dance hall, start yelling square-dance changes until the good people drop from exhaustion.

tion. He gets going like a tobacco auctioneer:

"Up in the air, and when you come down, grab your honey and swing her around. All the men left, grand change right . . ."

Then, just when he thinks he has them all floored, some old gent will come up and ask for another serving of the "Grapevine Twist," wherein grandpa can again grab a young lady by "the little white wrist." The old ones delight in handing the girls around and refuse to quit while there's a frail still conscious.

If it's a PX, Smokey will launch a parade of jokes and ad libbed observations that keep the customers in paroxysms of laughter as long as he stays, which is usually a couple of hours. Some are pretty hoary with age and probably anyone else trotting them out would be thrown bodily from the joint.

At the moment, Smokey is attached to the recreation department at Quantico, where he has been doing a lot of umpiring. One recent day a USO show and Smokey converged on the Army's Woodrow Wilson General Hospital in Virginia. Smokey was with Quantico team, and after the game found himself in the slop chute. He was just getting his impromptu show started nicely when a civilian piped up:

"Will you hold it up just a minute while the rest of my bunch gets here? They'd like to hear this."

The civilian and the rest of his crowd comprised the USO troupe that, having come to entertain, were to be entertained by Smokey.

SGT. JOHN CONNER
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

MARJORIE RIORDAN

One of Warner Brothers' beauties who is destined to take over star billing in the ranks of moviedom



WE-the Marines

Edited by SGT. John Conner

Well Done, Third Corps

Lieutenant General Roy S. Geiger, commanding general of the Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, recently paid tribute to Marines of the Third Amphibious Corps for their achievements on Okinawa. Gen. Geiger was commanding general of the Third Corps during the operation.

In a Victory-on-Okinawa broadcast over the island's radio station, Gen. Geiger said, in part:

"We of the Third Amphibious Corps take a particular pride in having had a part in the capture of Okinawa, for it brings within striking distance the end of the long battle-marked road along which we have fought our way from the Solomons."

"The hardest and costliest part of our journey lies ahead, but the final victory is inevitable . . ."

"Functioning as a part of the Tenth Army, the Third Amphibious Corps fought side by side with the gallant troops of the 24th Army Corps. Our matchless Navy gave close support all through the campaign. The thundering guns of our ships neutralized target after target to help clear the way for the ground forces."

"Despite numerous and desperate thrusts by a fanatic foe, command of the air was won and maintained by our courageous flying men of the Navy, Army and Marine Corps . . ."

"Okinawa was not won without bitter cost. And it is with grim determination to secure complete and unquestionable victory that we shall go on. Anything less would not be keeping faith with those who now rest in our cemeteries so far from the land for whose freedom they died."

"To the men of the Third Amphibious Corps, I say with humble pride:

"Well done!"

Fabulous Johnny Returns

San Francisco's "fabulous waiter" — Staff Sergeant John R. (Johnny) Williams, is back in the States and the last we heard about him he was on Treasure Island, gazing wistfully across the bay at Frisco's beloved skyline.

"Tell all my friends in San Francisco I'll be back this way soon," said Johnny, evidently on his way to Dago. "Gee, but the old place looks mighty good."

Fabulous Johnny worked as a waiter for a number of San Francisco places, including Lefty O'Doul's. It used to be said that he was driven to work in a limousine and that he had as many tailor-made suits as any man in Frisco.

"About that limousine," he said. "I kept that for the use of the poor and needy. When I went in the Army back in 1941 I gave away about 50 suits, I guess."

Johnny, who is now 47, got out of the Army in 1942 and in June of the same year joined the Marine Corps to see more action and places. He was overseas 22 months. For some time he served as a cook-orderly for Major General E. C. Long.

"There was the day that General Vandegrift and a flock of other generals, including only two one-star generals, sampled the fried chicken I prepared," said Fabulous Johnny. "The Commandant of the whole Marine Corps told me that it was the best chicken he had been able to get this side of Virginia."

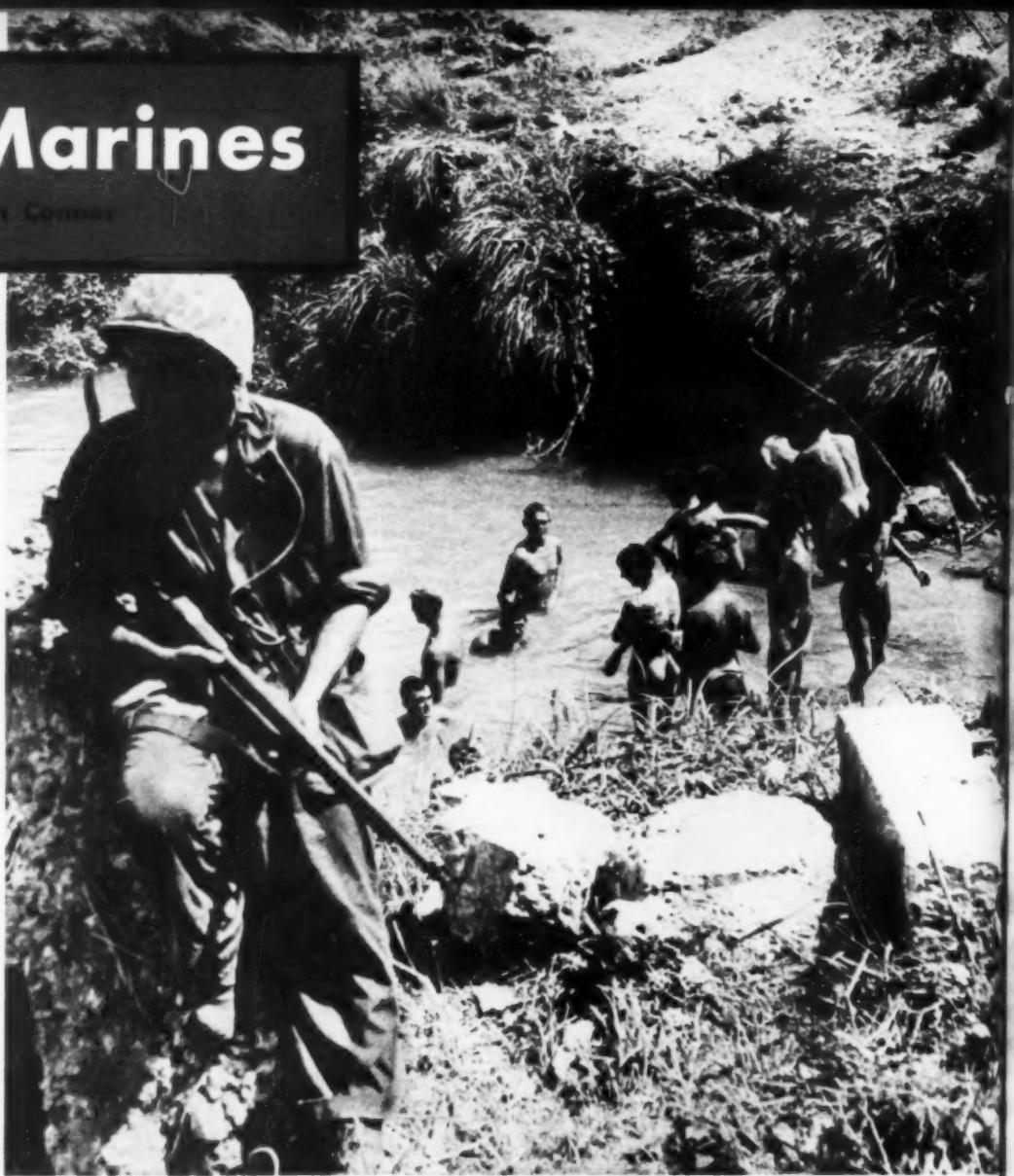
Tale Feather

Now and then Private Cecil Pye takes out the feather, which is a tail feather, and which is also, you might say, a tale feather. For whenever he takes it out he tells a tale. Which is:

One Iwo Jima night a fighting cock hopped into the foxhole that Mortarman Pye shared with Private James Davis of Springfield, Mo. Pye is from San Antonio, Texas. It was a beautiful bird, although a leg and wing were crippled and it couldn't crow. Pye and Davis crunched ration crackers and, softening them in water, fed them to the newcomer. They dusted its wounds with sulfanilamide.

Days later the cock was growing fatter, noticeably, and early one morning it regained its voice when the Marines were all set to move out to the attack. The cock crowed a mighty call to arms. After that, dawn on Iwo began to sound like home on the range to Pye.

This was really a fighting cock that disdained Jap gunfire. At first it wouldn't move at all from its post 10 feet behind the foxhole, but one night when the shells were coming in extra heavily it did slip in beside Pye and Davis. But just that once. Four days later a 77 mm dug a hole where the bird had been, and all that Pye had left was the feather, which was the end of the tail.



Leatherneck Photo

PFC Joseph Bowers of McKeesport, Pa., stands watch for Japanese snipers while buddies in the Second Marine Division take time out for a bath and swim between patrols on Okinawa

Buddy Roundup

The story of the persistency that lonely overseas Marines develop in hunting up buddies is told in a roundup written by Private George Liapes of San Francisco, a combat correspondent.

"Often meetings are accidental, but men help fate, too," Liapes wrote.

"They are incorrigible lookers-up. By devious grape-vine routes they will hear that so-and-so is at Rock Point, over on the other end of the island. Roads may be few or circuitous, but hitch-hiking or travel on foot quickly shortens the distance between camps. When Sunday liberty passes are available roads are lined with Marines dressed in holiday khaki exchanging visits."

Sometimes the meetings are in battle. There were countless incidents of this sort on compact Iwo Jima. The handclasp may be followed by death minutes or days later. Two brothers, both flame-throwers but attached to different divisions, met on Iwo for the first time since coming overseas. Both were wounded three days later.

On another island a PFC heard a buddy was on a sub-tender. Just before he was to sail for the Iwo campaign he spotted the tender in the harbor and looked up his friend. Enroute to a Pacific battlefield another Marine noticed a schoolboy chum standing watch on an escort vessel. Still another spotted a sailor leaving a submarine in port and discovered it was his brother-in-law.

Shortly before Iwo was secured, Private Robert Lassalle of New Iberia, La., saw Lieutenant Clarence Louviere, Jr., marching by with relief troops. Lassalle had been up at the front several days. He yelled repeatedly at the officer as he walked on but failed to make him notice until he used an old nickname "Lulu." Then Louviere came running back to his foxhole. They only had a minute together but Lulu said he would look up Bob back at their base after the campaign.

"Well, we'll never have that meeting," Lassalle said. "The next day Lulu was killed."

Flight of "Third Division"

There was something significant about the trip, something the Japs would understand better than anyone else. The B-29 was called the "Third Division." The 500-pound bombs that were speeding down toward Japan got the word from Major General Graves B. Erskine, who was aboard and operating the release mechanism as honorary commander of the plane.

A short while before, the General had appeared at ceremonies christening the "Third Division."

"Officers and men of the Third Marine Division are greatly honored and pleased that you have chosen to name this plane for us," said Gen. Erskine, commanding general of the Third Division. "We want you to feel that you now are a part of our outfit, too, and be assured that we will watch with more than casual interest the progress of your missions against the Japanese homeland."

The men who flew with Gen. Erskine on this day had to their credit more than 20 missions over Japan. They had flown them in their old plane, "The City of Santa Monica." Three times the Santa Monica had made emergency landings on Iwo. Twice it got away again, but the third time it came in with only two engines turning over and a landing wheel shot away. So it remained on Iwo, no longer any good for flying.

Gen. Erskine's Third Division and the Fourth and Fifth Divisions, bought Iwo from the Japs with blood so that fliers, like those who were host to the General, might have a better chance to get back from Japan. Said Major Eliot Tobin, the pilot and plane commander:

"Iwo is a beautiful piece of rubble."

Revenge for the 17

Through a last-minute change of orders Corporal Clark Kaltenbaugh of Krings, Pa., missed going on the patrol with 17 of his comrades. Later he helped bury all 17. They had been ambushed by the Guadalcanal

Japs. Kaltenbaugh swore he would kill 17 Japs in revenge.

At Guadalcanal, Cape Gloucester and Tarasea he reached and passed his goal. On the day he landed on Peleliu he had 29 to his credit. Peleliu brought the figure to 40.

When Okinawa got under way, Kaltenbaugh, now a lieutenant, restrained himself. For two months he directed the mortars. Then he got the feeling. He couldn't forget his 17 buddies. The enemy was reported infiltrating, so he set up an outpost on a road and manned it himself.

The night was bright with moonlight, and the Japs started crawling in early. The first one died on the road. A second was wounded and as he tried to crawl away through the brush the lieutenant stalked him, following the blood trail. A quarter of a mile away he caught and killed the wounded Nip.

Dawn was now in the sky, and figuring the Japs would no longer dare try to come through, he returned to his foxhole. He was still only half asleep when a grenade rolled into the hole beside him and didn't go off. He waited. The Jap jumped and Kaltenbaugh let his Tommy stutter in the enemy's face. It was so close that Jap blood splattered on his cap and combat jacket.

"That," said the lieutenant, "makes it 43. I may make it 50."

China, Here I Come

Master Technical Sergeant Alfred Dona of Los Angeles is one in a million. His post-war plans are completed and, not only that, he's going west, straight through to China. His will be no blind stab into the future, for he has known the Orient as a China Marine.

The MT is rounding out 19 years of Marine Corps service. When he has completed his twentieth he plans to return to civilian life, war permitting. In the meantime, smashing the Japs is proving to be quite enjoyable, for the sergeant had personal contact with them in pre-war days.

"I sampled the inside of Jap jails at Nagasaki, Japan, and got roughed up a bit," he said. "I don't like them."

Dona was with the old 6th Marines at Tientsin in North China when Chiang Tso Lin was trying to overthrow the government in those parts. In 1929, he went to Shanghai where he joined the 19th Company of the famous 4th Marines, and later in the same year launched on a tour of duty aboard the old coal-burning cruiser, *Pittsburgh*.

He also served at Olongapo in the Philippines and at the San Diego destroyer base. Returning to China, he went aboard the old *Houston*, then the new flag ship for the Asiatic fleet. He was with the US forces that

went up the Yangtze river to Hankow during the great flood, and was on Soochow creek with the old 4th when the Japanese invaded Shanghai in 1932.

On his third trip to China four years later he, as a member of an MP company, had a box-seat view of the Jap invasion of 1937. When the Marines were withdrawn from China, Dona went back to the States and eventually wound up in the Fourth Division, with which he saw action in the Marshalls, the Marianas and Iwo Jima.

"A lot of China Marines insist they want a little chicken farm after they get out," Dona points out, adding: "Nuts. What would I do with a flock of chickens? It's back to China for me. China is a big country and I don't think a man will grow old if he moves around over there and keeps up with the development that's going to take place there after the war."

An III Wind

In all seriousness, no one likes to appear indifferent or cold-blooded about war tragedies, like the terrible death and destruction that occurred aboard the carrier Bunker Hill when two Jap suicide planes crashed onto her decks. But the story of Staff Sergeant Layard Zarling of Plainview, Minn., is too good to not relate.

Zarling of Fairview, Minn., is too good to relate. Zarling is a perfectly normal guy who hates dentist chairs like hell won't have it. But he was, nevertheless, gloomily on his way to the ship's dental office aboard the Bunker Hill when the planes struck. The explosion lifted him into the air and knocked all thoughts of dentistry from his head.

They're still looking for the dentist's office. It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, they say.

Wharton's Blade

A very long and ornate saber that was worn by a Marine Corps commandant 127 years ago has been presented to General A. A. Vandegrift, the present commandant.

The blade had put in its last official appearance at a commandant's office when it was worn by Lieutenant Colonel Franklin Wharton, second commandant of the Corps. It is at present the property of great, great grandson PFC Franklin Wharton, Jr., who was serving with the Second Marine Air Wing on Okinawa when his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Wharton of Washington, D. C., made the presentation.

"Our son intended to make an indefinite loan of the saber to the Marine Corps," said Mrs. Wharton. "Now that he is on Okinawa we all felt that this was a fitting time for the presentation."

GI Harom

The trouble with doing duty in the Pacific always has been the lack of liberty spots that have women available. Marines have been wont to look back over their shoulders at Europe now and then and enviously note that doughboys were struggling through throngs of women in places like Paris. But the public prints recently carried a story concerning a situation that will make things much harder for the Leathernecks to bear. There is a certain GI — Sergeant James Meyers — whose sole job is to keep 75 Nazi women happy.

Meyers is in charge of the women's ward of the 100th Division German PW Camp and Discharge Center in Ulm, Germany. His greatest "problem" as the dispatch puts it, is keeping clothes on the girls, who love sun baths. Otherwise, the story adds, GI Meyers, with his five battle stars, "takes the Army as he finds it."

Sound Effects on Okinawa

From the "Halls of Montezuma" to the shores of Okinawa is no lyrical bit of phraseology to Marines who less than a year ago performed on the famous "Halls of Montezuma" radio program. Now, with the 82-day Ryukyu campaign behind them, they have a first-hand knowledge of the acts of heroism they formerly re-enacted from a studio script.

Some of them are Sergeant Eddy Prendergast of New Orleans, a former sound effects man and now a radio correspondent; Warrant Officer Frederick Lock of San Diego, former musical director of the "Halls" program and now Sixth Division band officer; Corporal Bill Lundigan of Hollywood, former motion picture actor and now a motion picture photographer, and Sergeant Bud Sewell of Des Moines, former "Halls" master of ceremonies.

During the operation Sgt. Prendergast met First Lieutenant Robert Tuckman of Syracuse, N. Y., on the island battlefield.

"Back in the States," Prendergast told Tuckman, "I would sometimes spend hours trying to perfect battle sounds. Three weeks ago, outside of Naha, I had my microphone ready to record and describe the Naha fighting, when a Jap opened up with a Nambu. I jumped from the jeep and took cover. I could hear bullets ricocheting all around. That was really first-hand knowledge of sound effects."

TURN PAGE



WE THE MARINES (continued)

Home Sweet Home

There is no topic more dear to the overseas Marine than that of home. After listening to men of the Fourth Division talk and talk on the subject, Staff Sergeant J. B. T. Campbell, Jr., a combat correspondent, sat down and wrote a piece about it.

"You can see them weaving the fabric of their own disillusionment," said the CC. "Some of them are certain to be disappointed anyway by those they love, by their government or by fate. But when you hear them talk about home it becomes clear that all of them will know a certain lack of fulfillment of their dreams."

"It can hardly be otherwise, since in the minds of most of them the word 'home' conjures a picture not quite of this world. As they look back over the bitter wastes of the Pacific, they do, indeed, see an America the Beautiful, whose alabaster cities gleam undimmed by human tears."

"They talk about Scranton, Pa., and Sweetwater, Texas, as though they were the Hanging Gardens of Nineveh. If it is suggested that man is born to trouble and privation, and doesn't quite escape it even in Sioux City, Iowa, the invariable reply is: 'I know, but I'll take the chance. Trouble in Sioux City is better than pleasure out here.'

"It doesn't take even an amateur psychologist to see why these Fourth Division Marines have conceived these exalted notions of home. They've seen a lot of combat at Iwo Jima, Saipan, Tinian and in the Marshall Islands, and they'll have to go again one of these days. The nerve and will power they have had to display in these engagements makes the most demanding aspects of peacetime living seem trivial in comparison. Therefore, over the distances of time and space, they see their peacetime civilian existence as utterly painless.

"It is accepted as fact that war breeds disillusionment. The futility of war is said to be the breeding ground. But listening to these men talk of home, one wonders if part of disappointment doesn't spring from nostalgic dreams of the men who do the fighting."

Village Site Unseen

Things like this happen all the time in the Western Pacific, but since Staff Sergeant George Voigt, combat correspondent, thought it worth a story, we'll pass it along. It's typical of what our Jap-fearing artillery can do.

A Marine on a battlefield telephone was irritated.

"No," he yelled into the mouthpiece. "I don't give a damn what the map says. There ain't any village around here."

Turning to Lieutenant Edward Sullivan of Minneapolis, Minn., he said:

"Mr. Sullivan, artillery's forward observer insists there's a village around here. Do you know of any?"

"Yes," said the lieutenant. "You're standing in the middle of it."

The Marine looked sourly at a few piles of stones and smoldering debris and turned back to the telephone:

"Okay. There's a village here. I'm standing in the middle of it. All I got to say is you artillery guys ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Road Magic

Traffic was jammed temporarily at a road intersection on Okinawa near Yontan airfield while Seabees filled in a boggy section. Finally, a Marine truck driver got tired of waiting. He got out of his cab and walked up to the next vehicle.

"Say, Mac. Where does this road to the right go?" he asked the other driver.

"You got me, fellas. I drove by here a couple of hours ago and there wasn't any road there."

Which is about the way the Seabees have been acting up all over the Pacific, getting you all fouled up with their mass production of highways.

Tour in Sick Bay

This is about a guy who liked to get around, even if it was just in a hospital. He's a doughboy, but we thought it worth mentioning here anyway. He dropped into Manila General hospital to have a pair of eye glasses replaced. He had broken them during front line action. While he was hanging around the eye clinic he was found to be suffering from sinus trouble. This meant having an operation.

Recovering from the operation he got himself a skin rash, and while they were administering penicillin he stopped taking atabrine. So he came down with malaria. But just as soon as he got over the malaria he showed off again for the eye clinic, picked up his glasses and got the hell out of there. Back to combat.

Not Up in the Air

The use of planes for removing wounded from battle areas is considered an excellent plan, not only by the authorities but also by the wounded themselves. All except one. He was a Marine who had been hit by machine gun fire in Okinawa's Itoman area. When his ambulance rolled onto the tiny Itoman airstrip and stopped, the sufferer suddenly took on to such an extent that you might wonder which was worse, being severely wounded or flying.

"Don't let 'em take me out in one of those things," he yelled. "I've never flown before and I don't want to start now."

To hell with a speedy cure, if that was the way he was to have to do it.

Suspense

The strain was terrific. So was the rain. As you know, when you go to a movie overseas like as not you sit either on the ground or in the mud, depending on whether it is raining or not. Well, in this particular case it was raining, constantly. But the Marines stuck it out through murder after murder, through Jap raid after Jap raid.

The trouble was that they could seldom get through much of the movie killing because every time the Jap killers came over the movie area was cleared and they had to wait for another chance at Jack the Ripper on the following night. Finally, after six nights of hell, they were able to see the end of the motion picture called "The Lodger." It was a tremendous relief and you could feel the departure of an edginess that had permeated the whole camp. But it would happen again on other movies.

"Let me get back to the lines," groaned one of the more articulate sufferers. "I can't stand six more days of suspense like that."

Game of Soldier

The hour of 0300 on a Pacific island, with the nation in a state of war, is a hell of a time and place to be playing soldier, but that is what happened, nevertheless.

A Marine was seen to be walking his post rather sleepily. The Officer of the Day noticed it too, and decided to teach the man a lesson. He approached quietly and prodded a fore-finger into the sentry's back. The Marine knew he had been caught napping, but he was as equal to the situation as anyone could have been under the circumstances. He spun around and pointing his rifle, stated in a loud, clear voice:

"Bang, bang! You're dead!"

Carpenter's Day Off

"Ho-hum" yawned Corporal Russell Spring of Williamsport, Pa., on innumerable occasions. Corp. Spring always had wanted to be a sniper, but his eight years as a carpenter in civilian life led to his getting the same duties in the Marine Corps. There were many idle moments in which he dreamed about being a sniper. He had shot expert in boot camp.

Then one day he got an idea. Why not snipe in his spare time? Ordinarily a carpenter carries supplies to rifle platoons in combat. During the lull on Oahu peninsula he slung his rifle and strolled up to the company observation post just behind the lines. He soon saw two Japs being driven into the open, 600 yards away. One dropped dead at his first shot.

On each of the following three days Corp. Spring resumed his vigil at daybreak. He got another Jap at 900 yards. The closest one, met by surprise at night, was shot at six feet. Other hits were scored at from 100 to 600 yards.

In four days he sent nine Japanese to their Shinto heaven.

Kamikaze Priority

Aircraft carriers were the No. 1 target, the piece de resistance, for the Emperor's kamikaze fliers, but when there were no carriers available or the air around a flattop was too crowded, Hirohito's heroes found destroyers high on their priority lists.

Sailors on the tin cans were well aware of this. When a destroyer came up to deliver mail to a carrier of the Essex class the crew saw a large sign on the smaller ship. Under a huge arrow were these words:

"THIS WAY TO THE CARRIERS"

The destroyer men, of course, were optimistically assuming the Nips could read English, or had interpreters along to read the road signs.

No. 6 Bad Luck

The English-speaking prisoner of war smiled contentedly.

"The No. 6 Marines," he said, referring to the Sixth Division. "The No. 6 Marines are fierce fighters. Glad not captured by them."

"Who do you think we are?" asked First Lieutenant Carmine Motto of Valhalla, N. Y.

"Don't know," replied the Jap. "But you not No. 6. You too kind."

"But we are the No. 6 Marines," said the lieutenant. The English-speaking prisoner of war no longer smiled contentedly.



The first Spur to report for duty in Alaska, PhM3c Margaret E. Prior of Los Angeles, Cal., smiles prettily as she steps down the gangplank to release Coast Guardsmen for combat



Bridget Hogan, mascot of Marines on Okinawa, eats anything from ration tins to dungarees

Bridget's Buffoonery

Bridget Hogan, the Okinawan goat, is a "self-inflicted" mascot. No one owns her and no one will, for Bridget is nothing but trouble. She somehow or other became vaguely attached to Headquarters Company, First Division.

Bridget has a number of faults. One of them is an appetite for written matter. In the course of one morning, for instance, she had eaten through four letters freshly signed by the chief of staff, chewed through a month's file of Letters of Instruction, and digested seven pages of questions and answers in "The Guide to Marine Corps Administration."

And there was also the sergeant major incident. A certain Top — believe this or not — was in the act of washing his own dungarees. Maybe it was just that Bridget was horrified at the sight, but anyway she butted the NCO's hind quarters and sent him scrabbling into shell hole full of water.

That was a grave breach of politics, but nothing compared to the incident that finally got her tied up to a tent pole. Bridget was captured while eating mosquito netting in the commanding officer's tent.

Greatest Tribute

When First Lieutenant Michael E. Flynn of Burlington, Iowa, was killed on Okinawa's Kunishi Ridge, everyone who knew him paid the highest tribute they possibly could.

Throughout the entire campaign, they would tell you, Lieutenant Flynn was conspicuous in his leadership of a machine gun platoon. He was among the first to reach the crest of bitterly-contested Sugar Loaf Hill.

He was the best liked man in his battalion, they would continue. Throughout the regiment he was known for his kind and gentle manner; for his complete selflessness. Many of the men in the lines knew the warmth of his smile, the courage gained from his presence with them in action.

"One word could be used in describing Mike," said Father Eugene B. Kelly of Spring Lake, N. J., the regimental chaplain. "That word is 'lovable.'"

But the greatest tribute of all was paid by Platoon

Sergeant Elbert C. Black, Jr., of Raleigh, N. C. While he was leading the way up Kunishi's steep and rugged side to establish a company CP Flynn and his patrol were pinned down. He was struck by a sniper's bullet as he moved to deploy the men. In an effort to drag the stricken officer to safety Sgt. Black, too, was killed.

Rum Requests

"Please," wrote a Third Division Marine to a buddy in the States, "Please send me a recording of 'Rum and Coca Cola.'"

One of his overseas buddies, leaning over his shoulder, postscripted:

"If you can't get the record, just rum and coca cola will do."

A second of his overseas buddies, also leaning over his shoulder, added postscript No. 2:

"If you can't ship any of these two, send the Andrews sisters."

Which is really getting down to rock bottom, what?

DEEP SIX

This incident is recorded in the medical records for the Fourth Marines: PFC Arnold Fugate of Hindman, Ky., was hit in the back of the head by a sniper's bullet. It entered the flesh at the base of his skull, glanced upward and bounced away. A hard-headed guy.

Aviation theory says it's impossible, but Lieutenant Paul Chambers of Chanute, Kan., had to do it, so he did it. He found himself 55 minutes' flying time from his Zamboanga base, with only 36 minutes' worth of gas in his Corsair. Using every fuel-saving trick he knew — capitalizing on wind currents, flying at the slowest speed — he made it.

No surer proof that Okinawa was secured was needed by a group of Marines who, a few days after the end of the campaign, took a sight-seeing trip to the south end of the island. In Naha an MP asked them for their liberty cards.

The Japs don't know much about winning friends and influencing people. Five Marines had a hen on Okinawa that laid at least five eggs a week. When the Jap planes came over one day everyone jumped into his foxhole, not figuring the Japs would bother with the chicken. But they did. The nasty Nips shot the hen down in cold blood.

Unsung and generally ignored for nearly three months of the campaign, mess cooks of the Sixth Division's Headquarters Battalion could stand it no longer. On the headquarters mess tent they posted this sign:

"This is our 250th consecutive hot meal of this campaign!"

Cracked a C ration weary Marine:

"Yeah, and I've eaten every damn one of them."

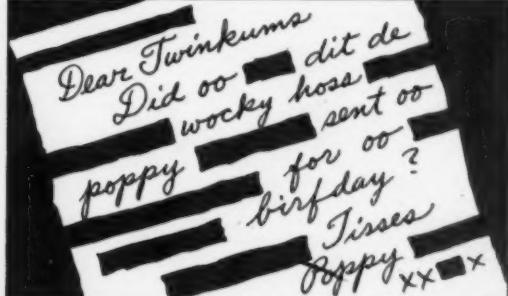
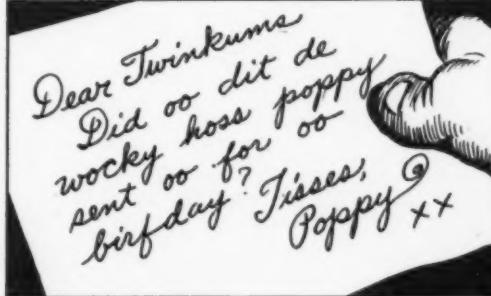
Food conditions must be bad on a certain island "somewhere in the Pacific," to use the threadbare words of a censor. Communications men were having a hell of a time with wire breaks when they discovered the trouble — ants were eating the lines. They had to use a special paint which even the ants would not touch.

During mopping-up operations on Okinawa a few Marines contracted some sort of let's-buy-bonds advertising outlook. They went out on patrol with bright red, white and blue cards tagged on their lapels. The cards, product of some Stateside novelty company, proclaimed:

"Let's nip the Nips."

The Okinawa Japs were taking all kinds of precautions against possible gas attacks. PFC Denver Kaiser of Barnesville, Ohio, found a rubber suit for a horse, complete even to an extension for its tail. The gas mask that went with it looked like a feed bag. The rubber suit was empty and Kaiser never did find the horse.

TURN PAGE



WE THE MARINES (continued)

Ticklish Tokyo Trip

One of the most unusual assignments to fall to the lot of a Marine in this war went to Lieutenant Earle W. Johnson of Little Rock, Ark. When Don Pryor of the Columbia Broadcasting System wished to do a short-wave broadcast from over Tokyo Lieut. Johnson went along as an official press censor.

They made the trip in a photo-recon B-29 operating out of the Marianas without a fighter escort. The trip took 15 hours, two of which were spent cruising like a clay pigeon over the Japanese homeland. The trickiness of the situation didn't really occur to the lieutenant until the plane had been droning along over the Pacific for a long time.

"Then I began to wonder whether I should have volunteered for the job I was on," said Johnson. "What's more, the crew kept telling me they would show me how to put on a parachute and how to use it. But on the way back — and only then — did I discover I didn't even have a 'chute. However, I'm certain I wouldn't have bailed out over Japan."

Pryor's broadcast was the first to be made from skies over an enemy capital. The Japanese broke in on the plane's frequency, and on two occasions attempted to jam the broadcast. But that was the extent of their efforts to spoil the day for Pryor and Johnson, sitting up there at a height of between 16,000 and 17,000 feet.

Once Pryor inadvertently started to tell the audience the plane's altitude. Johnson stopped him with a signal, for the Japs would have been able to set their AA guns right on the Super-Fort. So Pryor instead described his altitude by comparing it with the height of 25 or 30 Chrysler buildings.

"Right away I imagined I could see a Jap officer leaping madly through a World Almanac to find the height of the Chrysler building, multiplying it by the comparison Don made, and then letting us have it with all the flak in Japan."

But the Japs put up not one burst of fire, and Lieut. Johnson returned with the distinction of having been the first Marine censor to operate in Japan.

Introducing Jeannie Marie

PFC Carl Bell of Weatherford, Texas, jerked his jeep to a halt. The Marine who had thumbed him down ran up and handed over a bundle. It was a baby, wrapped in a woolen shirt.

"How about droppin' this off at some hospital?" asked the Marine.

PFC Bell jolted on to a naval hospital for Okinawa. Nurses reached for the child and walking inside, read a casualty tag tied to a dimpled wrist:

Name — Jeannie Marie Higgins.

Organization — USMCR.

Age — Not more than a month.

Diagnosis — Dirty.

Treatment — Washed face.

Remarks — Don't change her name!

Bogey Bait

The Marine airmen on Okinawa are telling this one. It seems that the communications people were sitting around one day listening in on battle talk when a rich southern voice began a play-by-play radio report on a little sky polo that was turning out disastrously for the Jap team.

"Here come three bogeys, and I'm a-going after them," said the voice.

There was a moment's silence.

"Spa-lash one."

Ditto silence.

"Spa-lash two."

Then:

"Splash three."

"Well, what do you know? Here come fo' mo'."

Silence, then once more:

"Spa-lash fo'."

"Spa-lash five."

His drawl still belying excitement, he continued:

"Here come eight mo'. Say, yo' better send some mo' boys up heya, or yo' gonna lose a hell of a hot pilot, 'cause I'm a-coming home."

Captured by Cupid

Gunnery Sergeant Onnie E. Clem, Jr., who escaped from the Japs, has been captured again. This time Cupid did the trick. For the gunny recently was married to Staff Sergeant Cecile Julien of Fiskdale, Mass. Clem is from Dallas, Texas.

Captured when Corregidor fell, the gunny was held by the Japs for almost three years at Cabanatuan and Bilibid prisons. He was among about 750 prisoners who were placed aboard a prison ship. This ship was torpedoed off the Philippines by an American submarine and all but 82 of the prisoners perished. Clem and other survivors made their way to an island in the Philippines, from which they later were rescued by a US sub.

Staff Sergeant Julien is a sister of the late Platoon Sergeant Joseph Julien, who was killed on Iwo Jima.

Practical Prediction

Marine First Sergeant Neal Davis of Pierre, S. D., is going through what he predicted 25 years ago. Davis fought through the major American campaigns in World War I as an Army lieutenant, then served with the occupation forces in Germany. Before he came home he was convinced another war was in the offing.

"I said then that the fighting stopped before the Germans ever really learned what war was like," the Top will tell you. "I told my buddies that I'd rather fight another year than have to send a son of mine off to war 20 years later."

Absolutely correct! He has a 23-year-old son, Marine Sergeant Durwood Davis of Los Angeles, in the present war.

Snappy Hara Kiri

When there was nothing left of the Japanese Imperial Army on Okinawa but a few small and isolated groups, a lot of Hirohito's sorrowful soldiers naturally started figuring on the happiest way of conducting themselves into the presence of their ancestors. One found an unattended amphibious tractor standing in a field and immediately hit on an idea. He clambered aboard, mounted the gun turret and stood stiffly at attention. Marines nearby did the rest.

This system of *hara kiri* appears to have been almost as effortless as the hold-the-grenade-to-your-chest system, and had the added virtue of being militarily on the ball. You can't beat standing at attention for looking sharp.

Quick, Watson

There is quite a fluttering of old school ties in the Fourth Division these days. Princeton men are breaking out with an orange and black rash as they look suspiciously upon colleagues. Naturally, they suspect a Yale man.

In the division's USO there is a book. In this book college men are privileged to inscribe their names and enter other dates they consider pertinent. All this with a view to effecting reunions with classmates. But among the names there recently appeared:

"Tom Clarke, Princeton."

Which is likely to affect, rather than effect, reunions. And adversely.

Bottle Bait

No matter where you go, even in the Pacific, there's always some fisherman or fishermen with a story to tell about the big one that got away. Listen to this:

Some Marines were fishing off a tiny island not long ago, and because the day was hot they took along a bit of beer. This particular brand of beer bore bright red labels and pretty soon a couple of dead soldiers were bobbing up and down in the waves. It was easy to see the bright red labels, and some sharks saw them.

The Marines noticed one of the bottles bouncing crazily and realized the sharks were on. More bottles were heaved overside — empty of course — and in a few moments at least 30 sharks were swarming around in the sea foam.

A quick-thinking, quick-drinking Leatherneck empaled his bottle and tied it on his line near the hook. An eight-footer snapped at the bait, gave it a yank and severed the tackle. Next time a bottle was tied to a shorter line to bring the quarry to within pistol range. But the rocking boat and the speed of the sharks foiled the marksman.

Finally a Seabee chief made a big hook from a bent nail, tied it to some half-inch line and using another bottle and a piece of meat for bait, cast the lure into the sea. This time a big one was hooked. With the help of another Seabee — the Marines seemed out of the running, now — the chief managed to haul it to the boat's side. But that was all. The shark jettisoned the nail and slid into the darkness of the deep, contentedly munching meat and bottle. Or so the story goes.



Gunnery Sergeant Onnie E. Clem, Jr., of Dallas, Texas, taken prisoner on Corregidor and held three years, has been "captured" again by Staff Sergeant Cecile L. Julien, his bride

END

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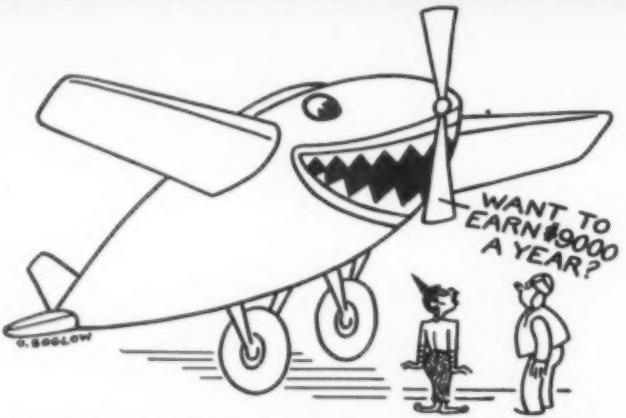
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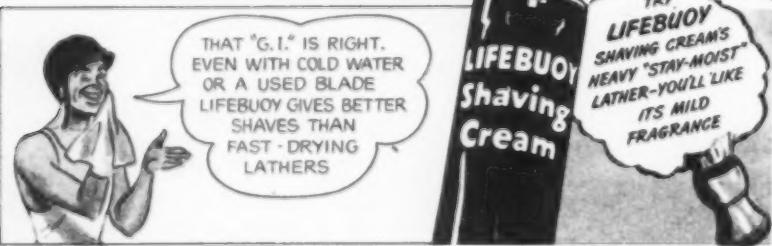


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The History of the First Division

This is a history of the Marine Corps' famous First Division. The account starts back in February 1, 1941, when the First Marine Brigade became the First Division. The history carries through the Okinawa campaign, last ground battle before the occupation of Japan itself.

All of the "First's" campaigns — Guadalcanal, Tulagi and the smaller Solomon Islands, New Britain, Peleliu and Okinawa — are covered in the history. The Leatherneck plans from time to time to run a similar history of each Marine Corps division.

Prepared by
JOEL D. THACKER
Historian, Historical Division, USMC

ON FEBRUARY 1, 1941, one of history's greatest fighting units — The First Marine Division — was born. It came into existence by change of designation from the First Marine Brigade.

At that time the brigade was under the command of Brigadier General (now Lieutenant General) Holland M. Smith, and was composed of the 5th Regiment; the 1st Battalion, 10th Regiment; and the First Marine Aircraft Group. The 5th Regiment was commanded by Colonel Charles D. Barrett. Lieutenant Colonel Raphael Griffin commanded the 1st Battalion, 10th Marines. The First Marine Aircraft Group was led by Colonel Field Harris.

Strength of the brigade was approximately 2000 officers and men.

Before the "First" was born, the brigade had carried out practice landing operations in the Caribbean area and had participated in amphibious maneuvers with the United States Atlantic Fleet.

About two months after formation, the division's strength had been increased to approximately 306 officers and 7288 enlisted men. It was composed of Division Troops and the 1st, 5th, 7th and 11th regiments. This division later was to lead America's offensive in the Pacific.

Early in June, 1941, the division participated in joint maneuvers with the US Army and the Atlantic Fleet. On June 13, Gen. Smith relinquished command to Brigadier General P. H. Torrey, and assumed command of the First Corps (Provisional), US Atlantic Fleet.

When the Japanese made their treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, the First Division consisted of 518 officers and 6871 enlisted men. Spurred on by the need of American fighting men in the Pacific, the division had increased its strength to 577 officers and 11,753 enlisted men by July 31, 1942. Meanwhile, Gen. Torrey turned over his command to Major General Alexander A. Vandegrift on March 23, 1942.

Expansion from a pre-war nucleus to a war strength division presented serious problems in training, equipping, and quartering, which were complicated further by the early detachment of a provisional brigade for immediate service in the Samoan Area.

Formation of this brigade, built around the 7th Marines (reinforced), withdrew from the division a considerable number of officers, non-commissioned officers and men trained and experienced in amphibious warfare.

The loss was too great to overcome immediately so the division was reconstituted as a two-regiment division with supporting units. It remained a two-regiment division until the arrival of the 7th Marines at Guadalcanal on September 18, 1942. Arrival of the 7th returned the division to the original triangular form of organization.

All units of the division (except the 1st Regiment, which remained inactive until March, 1942) participated in intensive training at New River, N. C., during the period between December, 1941, and April, 1942.

Each reinforced combat team of the 5th Marines and one team from the 1st Marines, engaged in a 10-day landing drill at —

prophetically enough — Solomons Islands, Md. This came during March and April.

Although training had been proceeding at top speed, it was believed that the division not yet had attained a satisfactory state of readiness for combat.

Then in mid-April came the first intelligence of a plan for the establishment of the SoPacAmphFor (The "Lone Wolf" Plan). The plan called for early transfer of the division (minus the 7th Marines, reinforced) to New Zealand. A training base in New Zealand and intensive amphibious exercises there in preparation for actual combat were planned.

At that time it was estimated the division would not see action before January 1, 1943.

In accordance with the "Lone Wolf" Plan, camp sites were secured in the vicinity of Wellington, New Zealand. The division was scheduled to ship out in two echelons.

The first echelon, composed of Division Headquarters Special Troops, 2nd Battalion of the 11th Marines, and the 5th Marines (reinforced), embarked on the *Wakefield* (formerly the *SS Manhattan*) at Norfolk, Va., and sailed on May 20, 1942, via the Panama Canal. The *Wakefield* arrived at New Zealand on June 14.

The bulk of the remaining troops went from New River to San Francisco by rail and sailed June 22, 1942, on the *SS John Ericson*, *Barnett* and *Elliott*. By July 11, the remainder of the division, including the second echelon (1st Marines, reinforced, and the 11th Marines), had arrived at New Zealand.

Just 12 days after the first echelon arrived in New Zealand, the division commander was informed of a plan for an offensive operation in the South Pacific. It was indicated the First Marine Division would draw the attack assignment. They were to be reinforced, according to plan, by the 2nd Regiment of the Second Division, 1st Raider Battalion, and the 3rd Defense Battalion.

The Solomon Islands area was named as the proposed theatre of operations with the Tulagi-Guadalcanal area as the probable specific objective of a landing attack.

ALL concerned realized that perhaps the Jap sneak-attack at Pearl Harbor had cut short the normal training routine. The urgency and high national importance of the projected undertaking provided the answer — the "First" would attack.

At 0900 on July 22, the transport group carrying the division left Wellington under naval escort for Koro Island in the Fijis. There they rehearsed the forthcoming Guadalcanal operation, after which they held a rendezvous with the remainder of the task force. At sunset on July 31, the entire force left the Koro area and began the approach to the Solomon Islands. The "First" was shoving off to make history.

The weather was on the side of the Marines. During the final two days of the approach to the Solomons the sky was generally overcast, with a low ceiling and occasional rain squalls — ideal weather for a landing.

At 0240, August 7, 1942, the task force split into two groups: The Tulagi group passed to the north of Savo Island, and the Guadalcanal attack group slipped in between Savo Island and Cape Esperance.

Beginning at 0740, August 7, the First Marine Division (reinforced) opened America's offensive against Japan under command of Gen. Vandegrift. Marines went ashore on the north coast of Guadalcanal and on the smaller islands of Florida, Tulagi, Gavutu and Tanambogo while two naval task forces and other naval units gave their support.

The 1st Raiders, under Lieutenant Colonel Merritt A. Edson, reinforced by the 2nd Battalion of the 5th Marines, landed on Tulagi; and the 1st Parachute Battalion landed on Gavutu and Tanambogo.

Gen. Vandegrift was in personal command of the forces landing on Guadalcanal while the assistant division commander, Brigadier General William H. Rupertus, was in general command of the landings of the smaller islands.

By the end of the first day, beachheads had been established on all of these islands with the exception of Tanambogo. A small American flag was hoisted at Kukum on Guadalcanal — the first marker on the long road back to Tokyo.

The bulk of the division took part in the Guadalcanal landing and met with light resistance. They soon seized the partially completed landing field. This airstrip became the center of war impact for ground, sea and air activities in the South Pacific — until the Japs were driven from the island on February 9, 1943.

Meanwhile, landings on the smaller islands to the north met with considerable opposition and desperate fighting continued for two days.

It soon became apparent that the First Division was going to see some "rugged duty" on Guadalcanal. Shortly after the beachheads were established firmly, it became necessary to withdraw the carrier-borne air support — the flattops were operating

TURN PAGE

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FIRST DIVISION (continued)

close to Japanese-controlled waters and were in grave danger.

When the carriers shoved off the Marines were left without air support except for the little coverage provided by long range patrol and bomber planes.

There were no troop reserves in the Southwest Pacific with which to reinforce Marines in the Solomons. No land-based aviation was available and the night naval battle off Savo Island, in which the Allies lost four heavy cruisers and suffered heavy damage to a number of other vessels, had eliminated any possibility of immediate naval support.

Without air or sea protection the transports and supply ships were forced to flee to safer waters.

The Japs didn't wait long before taking advantage of the Marines' lack of air and naval support. They began bombing our positions on Guadalcanal and made the adjacent waters almost untenable during daylight hours. Their surface forces, coming in at night, bombarded the airfield at will.

The Japanese High Command, incensed at reverses ashore, began assembling troops to reinforce their scattered units, which had been routed from the vicinity of the airfield. They made plans for counterattacks against First Division forces defending the airfield perimeter.

The Japanese apparently underestimated the strength of the "First" or had little respect for its fighting ability. They landed reinforcements to the east of the airfield about 10 days after the Marines had landed. Hardly waiting for adequate artillery and other supporting elements, they hurled a detachment of approximately 1200 men against Marines near the Ilu River.

At that time the Ilu River was thought to be the Tenaru River and this action was termed the "Battle of the Tenaru." This Jap attack was repulsed by the 2nd Battalion, 1st Marines, and supporting artillery. The enemy suffered heavy losses.

The 1st Battalion, 1st Marines, then crossed the river farther upstream and attacked the Japs on their flank, driving them into



the sea and killing or capturing the entire force.

The Japanese then concentrated substantial naval reinforcements in the general area. Apparently their purpose was to cut off communications of Marines to the south.

Our naval forces moved in to stop this threat and the Battle of the Eastern Solomons was the result. This naval action proved somewhat indecisive because the enemy retained practically full control of the sea, and the only supplies that reached the Marines on Guadalcanal during the remainder of August, were those rushed in on light vessels.

Japanese naval units made no serious move for several weeks. Ashore, the Japs reinforced their forces on the flanks of the Marine positions — poised for another attack to recapture the airfield.

Gen. Vandegrift knew the enemy was preparing to attack, but he was unable to determine definitely the direction or probable force of the anticipated assault.

Then it came. Following the procedure they had used during the first attack (The Battle of the Tenaru), the Japs launched an attack on the south side of the Marine perimeter during the night of September 13-14. The spearhead of the attack hit a comparatively thin line held by the 1st Marine Raiders under the command of Col. Edson. They were reinforced by the depleted 1st Parachute Battalion.

The issue was in doubt for several hours but the battle-worn Marines rallied against great odds and put up one of the most gallant and determined fights in the history of the Corps. About dawn of the following morning, the 2nd Battalion, 1st Marines (Division Reserve) reinforced the Raiders and Paratroops. All Marines on the line joined in a smashing counter attack and the Japanese forces were thrown back with heavy casualties. The



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FIRST DIVISION (continued)

enemy troops were chased right back into the jungle fastness.

Later it was estimated that approximately 2000 Japanese were used in the attack. More than 600 dead were left on the field and many more were killed in mopping up operations that followed. During the afternoon of September 14, the Japanese also attacked from the Matanikau River along the beach road, while another force struck across the Tenaru River in the vicinity of the "Big Bend." Both attacks were repulsed and the Japs again suffered heavy losses.

After the battle of Bloody Ridge, there was a brief lull in the fighting except for extensive patrolling by the Marines. Patrol reports indicated the Japs were building up practically an entire division to the west, in the vicinity of Kokumbona, in preparation for an all-out attack to recapture the airfield.

In the meantime, Gen. Vandegrift advanced his lines to the Matanikau River to prevent the enemy from moving artillery within effective range of the airfield.

When a Jap naval force moved in for the obvious purpose of heavy bombardment — to cover the landing of additional troops and to knock out Guadalcanal's aviation — our naval units came out to meet them. On the night of October 11-12, the two sea forces clashed. Both sides suffered some losses.

THE enemy sea units returned the night of October 13-14 and shelled the airfield and vicinity. The shelling proved a prelude for an attack on the morning of October 14 by enemy land forces. They struck at the Marine lines from the east, west, and the south. Bloody fighting raged, but the enemy was thrown back.

On the afternoon of October 21, following an artillery and mortar barrage, the Japanese launched another attack — this time on the Marines' forward patrol positions at the mouth of the Matanikau River. They used tanks, supported by infantry. The attack was broken up, with the enemy losing at least one tank.

During the afternoon of October 23, the Japanese again laid down a heavy barrage on Marine positions at the mouth of the Matanikau and followed up the bombardment with an attack by tank and infantry across the sand spit at the mouth of the river. Our 75 mm guns on half-tracks and 37 mm anti-tank guns knocked out one enemy tank after another and the Japanese infantry which trailed the tanks, was slaughtered by machine gun, mortar and rifle fire.

The battle raged for nearly eight hours but the Marine lines held fast. One Jap tank succeeded in penetrating the line, but was put out of action by a Marine who slipped a grenade under the track when the tank passed over his foxhole. Thirteen tanks were destroyed and Jap casualties were high.

The enemy struck again during the night of October 24-25. A Japanese regiment made a thrust from the south through the woods between Bloody Ridge and the Lunga River. Fierce fighting continued until dawn when the enemy fell back, leaving their dead and dying sprawled over the battlefield and in the jungle which cloaked the retreat. The Japs hit again the following night — heavier than before — but again were repulsed.

At the same time, a strong Jap force, which had crossed the Matanikau the night of October 23-24, attempted to out-flank the Marines' Matanikau lines. They succeeded in breaking through at one point but a hastily organized force, composed of the band and Headquarters and Weapons Companies of the 7th Marines, counterattacked and threw back the Japs. The fighting was bitter and at close quarters in the darkness.

Meanwhile, the Japanese were moving fleet units toward Guadalcanal. Our carriers and naval forces moved out to intercept. And thus the Battle of Santa Cruz was joined. Our planes gained an early advantage in the fight by putting two enemy carriers out of action. Our fliers practically wiped out four Jap air groups. The engagement turned out to be a battle of carriers and definitely broke up Japanese attempts to bombard Guadalcanal.

The "First" had won its spurs in battle. On December 9, 1942, after four months of continuous fighting, the division was relieved by US Army troops and units of the Second Marine Division. Major General Alexander M. Patch, Jr., US Army, became the island's commanding officer.

The First Marine Division (reinforced) received the Presidential Unit Citation for the campaign.

On July 8, 1943, Gen. Vandegrift turned over command of the division to Gen. Rupertus.

The "First" was launched on a glorious career.

After the Guadalcanal campaign the First Division went into South Pacific rest camps, but it was back in action again on December 26, 1943, when Marines hit the beach at Cape Gloucester on the western end of New Britain.

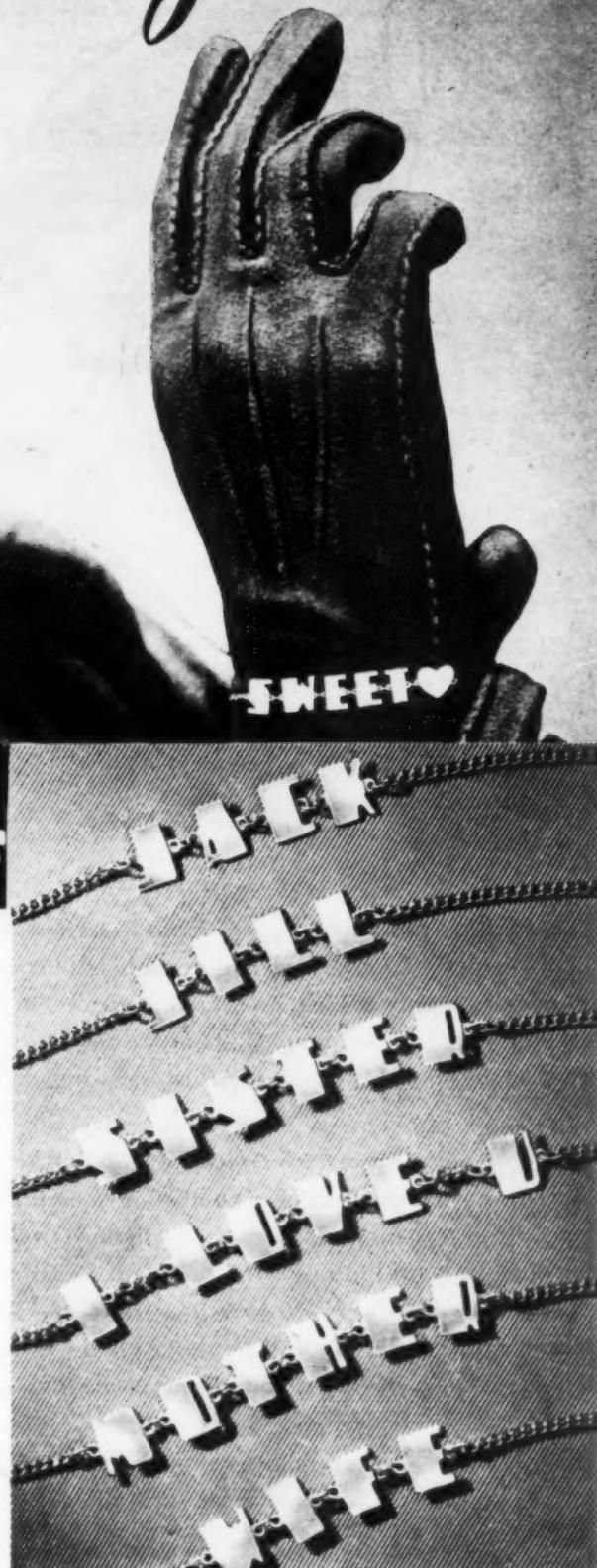
The 7th Regiment, under Colonel Julian Frisbie, made up the first wave. A beachhead was established north of Silimati Point. The 1st Battalion, 7th, advanced to the southeast and secured Target Hill while the 2nd and 3rd battalions pushed inland,

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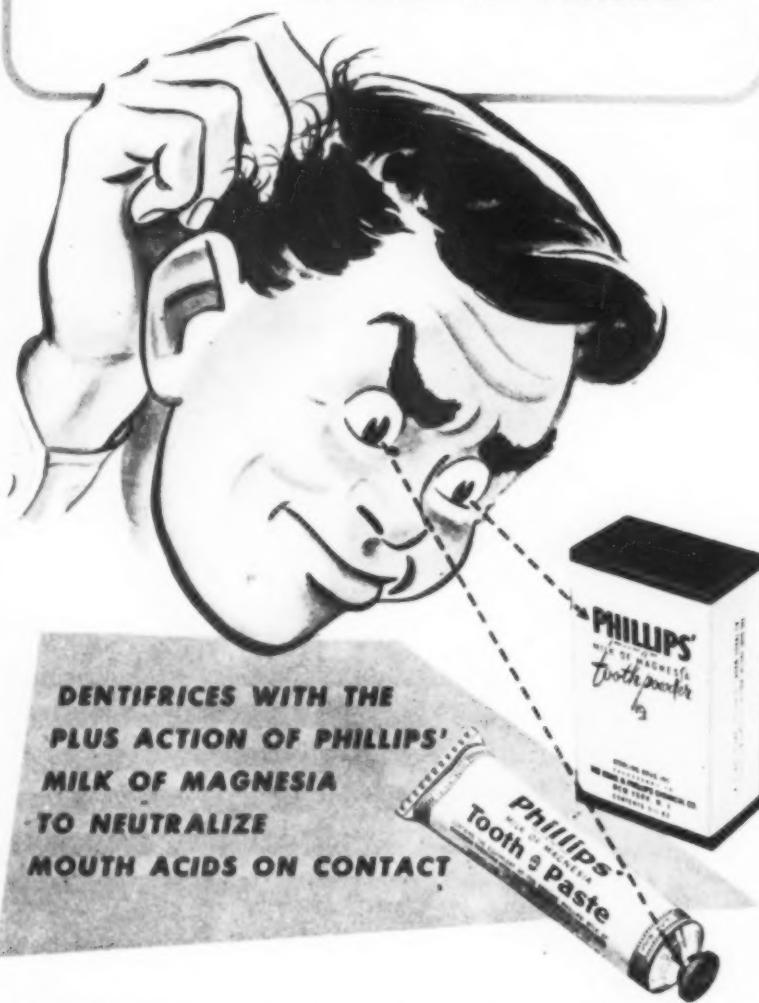


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FIRST DIVISION (continued)

expanding the existing beachhead farther to the westward.

The 1st Marines, minus 1st and 2nd battalions, came in about 30 minutes after the 7th. The 1st Regiment was commanded by Colonel William J. Whaling. The 2nd Battalion, 1st Marines, landed on the opposite side of Cape Gloucester to block escape routes on the west coast and to prevent enemy reinforcements from reaching the airfield area.

The first night ashore Marines repulsed a number of strong enemy counterattacks, and the next morning, December 27, continued their advance on the airfield. The 1st Regiment pushed its lines to a point about one and one-half miles from the airfield. Meanwhile, the 7th Marines expanded the beachhead perimeter and improved their defense positions.

On December 29 at 0800 the 5th Marines, under Colonel John T. Selden, began landing on Cape Gloucester. Just seven hours later an all-out attack was launched on the enemy-held airfield.

The 5th Marines advanced inland to a grassy ridge southwest of the airfield, then attacked to the northwest in an enveloping maneuver. The 1st Marines, supported by tanks, advanced to the west along the coast.

By nightfall, the 1st Marines reached the airstrip and set up a perimeter defense covering the southeastern side of the air-drome area. The 5th established a line to the west of the air-strip, from the coast to the right flank of the 1st Marines. The airfield was secured.

Shortly after midnight, December 30, an enemy force moved up from the south and attacked positions held by the 2nd Battalion, 1st Marines, on the west side of Cape Gloucester. The action that followed was called "The Battle of Coffin Corner." Nearly 100 Japanese were killed and the rest of their force fled into the jungle.

SPORADIC fighting and mopping up operations behind the air-drome area continued during the morning of December 30. At 1300 Gen. Rupertus, as commanding general of the division, sent a message to the Commanding General of the Sixth Army. It read in part:

"First Marine Division presents to you as an early New Year's gift, the complete air-drome of Cape Gloucester"

At 1200 on December 31, the American Flag was raised over Cape Gloucester by Gen. Rupertus.

During the next few days, First Division forces were reorganized and a perimeter defense was established around the air-drome.

After capture of the air-drome, the 7th Marines, the 3rd Battalion, 5th Marines; the 1st and 4th Battalions, 11th Marines; the 2nd Battalion, 17th Marines, and other units of the division were placed under the command of Brigadier General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., the assistant division commander. They were then assigned the mission of driving the Japs from the Borgen Bay area.

The initial attack force shoyed off from the beachhead perimeter at 1000 on January 2, 1944. They advanced toward the rugged hills and ridges to the southeast.

For two weeks they fought courageously against a fanatical enemy heavily entrenched along the rivers and streams. The Marines had to overcome swamps and mud, the devilish kunai grass, tropical storms and other almost impossible obstacles of terrain and nature. The wily Jap took full advantage of the terrain.

Hill 150 fell to the Marines on January 6, and Aogiri Ridge was seized in a bloody battle on January 9. The enemy threw a series of savage counterattacks at the ridge, but Marines held their positions. Hill 660 (called Manju Yamma by the Japanese) was attacked by Marines on January 13 and 14. The fighting was savage, but the Marines took the hill on January 15.

On January 17, the 7th Marines were relieved by the 5th Marines, and the Borgen Bay phase of the New Britain campaign came to a close.

From January 22 to February 15, 1944, extensive patrolling of the western part of New Britain was carried out by First Division units. On January 23, an amphibious force from the 5th Marines, supported by tanks, landed and captured Natomo Point. Then they advanced eastward to the Natomo River. A strong patrol was sent to Turitei, and on February 6, forward elements of this force reached Nigol, enroute to Gilnit to contact an Army patrol from Arawe.

On February 11, Col. Fuller's force arrived at Gilnit. They waited 48 hours for the Army patrol and then returned to Turitei, leaving one platoon at Gilnit. Contact with the Army unit was made on February 17, and the next day Col. Fuller's force began the trek back to the First Division perimeter at Cape Gloucester.

A landing on Rooke (Umboi) Island, in the Dampier Strait, was made on February 12, 1944, by Company B, 1st Marines (reinforced). The unit met no opposition on the island, which lies a short distance west of New Britain.

It was on March 6, 1944, that the 5th Marines (reinforced)

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under the command of Colonel O. P. Smith, moved from Iboki Plantation and landed near Volupai Plantation on the western coast of the Willaumez Peninsula. The battalions fanned out across the area, and on March 8, a patrol from the 2nd Battalion occupied the Talese Airfield.

The three battalions of the 5th, supported by artillery of the 2nd Battalion, 11th Marines; 1st Tank Battalion, 1st Special Weapons Battalion, 1st Amphibian Tractor Battalion, and other small units, launched a coordinated attack against the Waru villages on the morning of March 9.

By 1300 the entire Talese area was cleared of Japs. Defense positions were set up around the airfield and Talese Point, and a perimeter defense was established around the Waru villages.

During the following week, units of the 5th Marines patrolled the Willaumez Peninsula area, wiping out pockets of resistance and driving the enemy forces westward toward Rabaul. The 5th Marines were relieved on April 25, 1944, by an Army regiment.

Meanwhile the 1st Battalion, 1st Marines, had landed March 11, 1944, at Linga Linga Plantation on Eleanora Bay. After covering the area with patrols, which killed and captured more than 100 Japs, the unit returned to Cape Gloucester on March 18.

The division was relieved in the Cape Gloucester-Talese area on April 28, 1944, by Army forces under the command of Major General Rapp Brush.

Thus ended another phase in the history of the First Division.

After the Marianas campaign, the Pacific offensive shifted to the south and west. .

On September 15, 1944, the First Division stormed ashore on Peleliu, in the wake of a lengthy naval and air bombardment. The division met strong opposition from veteran Japanese troops and encountered one of the worst coral reefs since Tarawa. Despite these obstacles, the "First" made a successful landing.

Opposition increased as Marines moved inland. The Japs again had taken advantage of every feature of the terrain. They had machine guns concealed in caves, and snipers in the crags and trees. These defensive points inflicted heavy casualties on the advancing Marines.

Japanese mortar shells walked up and down the beach in a bloody procession and enemy artillery churned the water into a dirty, debris-laden froth.

The Japs made three well organized and determined counter-attacks during the afternoon of the first day. They first hit at the center of Marine lines, then smashed at the left, and finally rallied for one more assault on the center. These attacks were spearheaded by enemy tanks, but most of them were destroyed by US tanks, bazookas and anti-tank guns.

At dawn on the second day, Marines began cleaning out enemy caves and pillboxes. They threw bazookas, flame-throwers, mortars and tanks against the entrenched Japs, but heavy mortar fire, the intense heat, and stiff resistance from concrete fortifications slowed the advance of three Marine regiments.

This second day saw more enemy tanks on the attack. During the morning, seven Jap tanks, attacking a detail of the division's commissary unit, were knocked out by a Sherman tank and three planes. Shortly after noon a free-for-all tank battle broke out. Fifteen Jap tanks were knocked out while the Marines lost one of their own.

BY NIGHTFALL the Peleliu Airfield was in the hands of the First Division. Marines were then in position to assault high ground to the front.

The "First" picked up the attack again on the morning of September 17, lashing out under a cover of naval gun fire, artillery and air bombardment. The day's heavy fighting resulted in the capture of the south part of the island, including the town of Asias and tiny Ngarmoked Island off the southern tip of Peleliu. During the day the Eighty-First Infantry Division landed on tiny Angaur Island and forestalled any move by the Japs to harass the Marines on Peleliu with artillery fire. This landing was supported by Marine heavy artillery emplaced on Peleliu.

On September 19, at 0700 the "First" again moved to the attack. On the right, the 5th Regiment advanced rapidly and seized the area of Ngardololok to the northwest while the 1st Regiment continued its difficult operations against rugged terrain and determined resistance along the west coast.

By September 20, the 5th Marines had a secure hold on the eastern coast and the 1st Marines were making slow but steady progress in their sector. During the day, the 7th Marines moved into position on the right of the 1st Regiment.

An all-out attack by the 5th Marines completed the seizure of the entire eastern coast on September 21. However, very little progress was made against the ridges along the west coast.

During the afternoon of September 22, advance elements of the 321st Infantry Regiment, Eighty-First Division, moved from Angaur to Peleliu to relieve the 1st Regiment which had suffered heavy casualties in the bitter fighting on the ridge north of the airfield. After being relieved the 1st Marines moved into the area

TURN PAGE

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FIRST DIVISION (continued)

held by the 5th Regiment. The 5th was then sent into Division Reserve.

The attack was resumed the morning of September 24, after an intense air and artillery bombardment. The 321st Infantry captured the village of Garekoru and then moved eastward. This advance was slowed by enemy resistance from Kamilianul Mountain. During the afternoon a Marine squadron of night-fighting Hellcats from the Second Marine Aircraft Wing and a group of transports and patrol planes landed on Peleliu airfield.

The advance began to roll again on the morning of September 25. The 321st Infantry Regiment reached the ridge line east of Garekoru. Shortly after noon the First Marines took over the line positions of the 5th Regiment. The 5th then passed through the 321st Infantry and launched an attack to the northeast. Then they moved up the west coast of the island and dug in for the night in front of Amiangal Mountain near the northern tip of the island.

By September 26, the Jap defenses on Peleliu had begun to crumble under the terrific pressure applied by our troops. Both the 5th Marines and the 321st Infantry chalked up new gains. Although the Japs fought desperately, the 5th Marines took the hill about 1000 yards southwest of Amiangal Mountain and a second height which flanked this mountain on the north.

"Old Glory" was raised in front of the First Marine Division command post at 0800 September 27. This was official confirmation of the fact that the situation on Peleliu was "well in hand."

By nightfall the 5th Marines had advanced around the northern point of Peleliu, capturing the remainder of the high ground on the northern part of the island. Although the enemy put up a stubborn defense from caves and natural barriers, Marines secured the larger portion of the island, except for a few pockets of resistance that still remained to be wiped out.

On the morning of September 28, the 3rd Battalion, 5th Marines, supported by armored LVTs and Sherman tanks crossed



the coral reef along the northern coast of Peleliu and seized Ngesebus Island. Warships, aircraft and First Division artillery on Peleliu, supported the attack. Corsair fighter planes of Marine Fighting Squadron 114 covered the landing.

Shortly after noon, this small amphibious force had captured the airfield and overcome all enemy resistance on Ngesebus with the exception of one pocket on the northwestern tip. Our forces also controlled the adjoining island of Kongauru. A smaller unnamed island nearby was also in our hands. Capture of these islands eliminated the threat of Jap gun fire to the Peleliu Airfield.

On September 29, only one pocket of enemy resistance remained—Umurbrogol Mountain (Bloody Nose Ridge). Meanwhile the 3rd Battalion, 5th Marines, completed the mopping up of Ngesebus Island. They were relieved by the 321st Infantry Regiment. Other units of the 5th Regiment continued blasting the Japs from their last stronghold on the northern tip of Peleliu.

The main assault phase of the Palau Islands operation ended on October 12, 1944, although fanatical Japanese in the remaining pocket of Bloody Nose Ridge continued to offer stubborn resistance. This pocket finally was wiped out on November 27 by elements of the Eighty-First Infantry Division. This Army unit had relieved the First Marine Division during the middle of October. The 1st Battalion, 7th Marines, the last unit of the First Division remaining on the lines, was relieved on October 17.

First Marine Division casualties for the period from September 15 to October 14, 1944, were: 842 killed, 4963 wounded, and 126 missing—a total of 5931 casualties.

At 0830 on April 1, 1945, the First and Sixth Marine Divisions, Third Amphibious Corps and the 24th Army Corps, which made up the newly-organized Tenth American Army, began landing on the west coast of Okinawa, largest island of the Ryukyu group.

The invasion of Okinawa, the strongest link in the Ryukyu chain that stretches from Formosa to the Japanese home islands,

marked the end of the "island hopping" drive against Japan which began at Guadalcanal on August 7, 1942. More than 3300 miles had been covered and many changes had been made since that memorable date. When the First Division hit the beaches at Guadalcanal, less than 250 planes covered the landing; at Okinawa more than 1500 carrier-based aircraft covered the assault.

The Third Amphibious Corps encountered light opposition on the Okinawa landing and even during the early advance inland. The beach area, however, was spotted with strong hill and trench positions.

Within four hours after the landing, the Marines had taken Yontan Airfield and the 24th Army Corps on the right had secured the Katena Airfield.

The Third Amphibious Corps was commanded by Major General (now Lieutenant General) Roy S. Geiger. Major General Pedro A. del Valle led the First Division and Gen. Shepherd the Sixth Division.

The First Division struck out to the east and by April 3, had reached the east coast. By the next day, Marines of the Third Amphibious Corps had occupied Katchin Peninsula on the east coast. The Marines stretched their lines across the narrow neck of the island from Yakada on the west coast to Yaka on the east.

After the northern part of Okinawa had been secured by Marines of the Third Amphibious Corps, the First Marine Division (reinforced) was relieved from Tenth Army Reserve and attached to the 24th Army Corps. This came on April 30.



Shortly before daylight on May 2, 1945, Tenth Army troops, supported by tanks and flame-throwers, opened a coordinated drive against the heavily fortified positions in southern Okinawa. The Japs fought back with savage fury.

The Seventh Infantry Division on the east coast bypassed Yonabaru Airfield and drove a deep salient into Jap positions which extended beyond the southern end of the field. The Seventy-Seventh Infantry Division, reinforced by the First Marine Division, pushed ahead in the central and western sectors, driving toward the three major cities, Naha, Shuri and Yonabaru.

The Japs had massed tremendous concentrations of artillery and mortars. They had installed elaborate machine gun nests in pillboxes, concrete blockhouses and reinforced caves. They were prepared for a last-ditch stand.

On May 4, the enemy hurled a vicious counterattack against the American forces. The Japs brought into play their tanks, suicide boats, planes and pilot-guided flying bombs.

On the heels of this attack, four amphibious units attempted pre-dawn landings on both coasts — behind the American lines. The landing forces were composed of about 600 men.

Three of these Jap assault units managed to land on the west coast, but were trapped and quickly wiped out.

At dawn, more than 3000 Jap troops, spearheaded by 20 tanks, attacked Seventh Infantry Division positions. The attack came under cover of the enemy's heaviest barrage of the campaign to that date. Marine Corps and Army heavy guns smashed the tanks, and Seventh Division infantrymen blocked the enemy charge in fierce hand-to-hand battles.

The First Division remained in the thick of the bloody Okinawa fighting until June 21, when Gen. Geiger announced that organized Japanese resistance on the island had ceased. The last ground battle before the occupation of Japan itself had drawn to a close.

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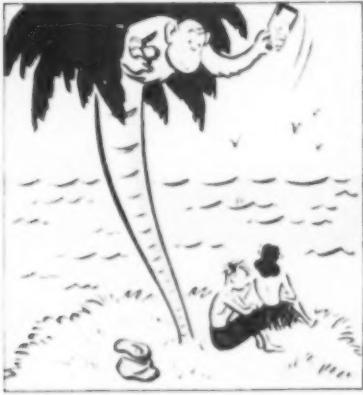


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USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

*

ADMIRAL'S HILL



THE lieutenant said Admiral's Hill was the most frightful thing he had ever seen. And he had seen plenty. Everybody who went in there that morning said the same thing.

All except one fellow. He said it was so interesting he didn't pay much attention to the carnage, the stench of old and new death, the maggots and the eeriness that gripped the place in a cold, damp hand. They looked at him the way you look at a friend the first time you decide he's been out too long, or when you hear he has just carved up his dear old grandmother in the bathtub for no reason whatsoever.

Admiral's Hill is the name they gave it later. On the morning they found out what was in there, it was just another mound at the base of Oroku Peninsula, with a commanding view of Naha and the harbor. The peninsula had been declared secured the day before, but the patrolling that continued was a mop-up on a big scale.

There was a whoppin' big cave under the hill. Not the biggest on the island, but three men could walk abreast in its main tunnels, a good nine feet high. The main tunnels formed a lopsided cross, burrowing through the entire hill from end to end and side to side for 300 yards. Dozens of low corridors ran at right angles, and in long, sweeping curves.

These led into squad rooms, officers' quarters, galleys, store rooms, a big communications center, a paymaster's headquarters and other offices. Some were concrete-lined. Others were rough-timbered, like a mine shaft. One was a staff room, with a long conference table. It was as cozy as a haunted house, but a good place to be during a barrage. There were nine entrances. A chart showed a plan of evacuation like the ones we had at school for fire drills. Each unit had its own exit.

The day before there had been a fire fight outside one of the main entrances. The bodies of 35 Nip soldiers lay where they had fallen. The patrol, under Lieutenant Daniel Brewster of Baltimore, Md., had ventured into the blackness a few feet. Grenades greeted their flamethrower. They tossed in an over-size satchel charge that rocked the area. When the roof stopped falling, two naked chickens, glassy-eyed and wobbling like drunks in a Disney movie, staggered out through the smoke and dust. There was not a feather on them, and after a few steps they keeled over. The patrol heard at least a dozen grenade blasts echo and re-echo down the long, black passages. The sun was setting. They secured for the night.

The next day was June 12. It was hot under the Okinawa sun, and the 19 men of the new patrol were sweating like stokers when they went in. It was cool inside, and clammy. Five minutes later the sweat felt icy on their hands, although the temperature was moderate. The fingers of light from their battle lanterns and flashlights seemed feeble, and reached weakly into the long tubes of blackness. The silence was deathly and mysterious, magnified by the darkness. The sound of a rifle butt banging against a concrete wall shattered the stillness like an explosion. Everybody jumped and listened, while it echoed from room to room, down damp stairs and around long, curving passages.

Dead Japanese soldiers and naval troops lay along the walls of the tunnels for endless yards. Occasionally one would be sprawled across the passage, and everybody would have to hop over him. There were groups of them in the squad rooms, eight to a dozen cadavers on their triple-deck sleeping shelves, like a Sax Rohmer opium den.

The experienced eyes of the squad noted the time element. They were of L Company, 3rd Battalion, 4th Marines, with a solid background on such matters. Some of the Japs had died of wounds as long as a week ago. Most had been dead three or four days. Those were mostly suicides. A few had been dead a matter of hours. Just once was there a sign of life. A form stirred under a blanket in a dark corner. A .45 roared out. You don't take chances deep in the other fellow's dungeon. It's not exactly healthy.

Almost all the suicides had been by grenade. But the fashion had been slightly different. Usually they are held against the

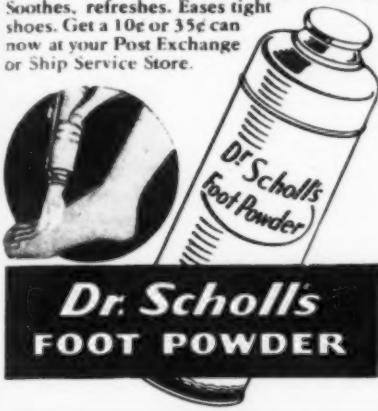
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stomach or chest. Here they were held against the throat.

The flies were in command. Millions of them. They flew blind in the blackness, into the men's faces. They swarmed up from their roosts with a buzz that seemed to rise into a roar and crackle, like flame.

The patrol was under Lieutenant Marvin Plock of Lincoln, Neb., a field assistant for Travelers Life Insurance Company in civil life. They probed carefully from room to room, always deeper into the blackness and stench. They did not move forward from idle curiosity. They had seen all they cared to see. The word was that there was a lot of brass around this area, and it was their job to find out for sure.

In a concrete-lined room near dead center of the labyrinth they found what they were after.

The bodies of six men were there in a row. Each was dressed in a clean, freshly-pressed uniform. They lay with feet outboard from the wall, each on his low, Jap-style sleeping platform. The platforms were covered with blankets, with neat military corners. Their swords and shorter naval dress sabers were slung from the Sam Browne-type belts on their bodies. On a row of low tables against the wall opposite each sleeping platform were their uniforms in straw suit cases, pressed and carefully packed. These men's method of hara kiri had been different from the others. These men's throats were slit. Each lay on his back, his hands behind his head.

The second corpse was the body of Vice Admiral Minoru Ota, one of the princes of the Japanese naval hierarchy. He wore black silk socks, and his pallet was the only one covered by a mattress. He was stout, weighing about 180 pounds. When he joined his ancestors, he was in command of the Okinawa naval base area. Once he had commanded the Seventh Naval District, the Japanese home waters.

He commanded the Jap naval landing forces when they took and tried to keep New Georgia. His last command was not his best. It was rather motley, because, in addition to its original force of trained men under naval academy officers, it had been absorbing ship wreckage from whatever went down around Okinawa, the rear guard of Okinawa insular guardsmen, and straggling Korean labor troops who stumbled onto Oroku peninsula for a last stand with Ota.

With him in death were a Captain Maikawa, Captain Hanada of the naval air force, a Commander Tanamachi, an unidentified lieutenant commander of naval engineers and an enlisted man, thought to be his orderly. Their pistol holsters were empty, and everyone guessed that the Jap soldiers of the underground com-



mand post had taken them, perhaps for their own suicides. They had been dead about four days.

Outside in the sunlight each Marine except Lieutenant Plock had a souvenir sword. They examined them with less than the usual interest. Gunnery Sergeant Ernest Imus of Kingman, Ariz., had Admiral Ota's short dress saber. Its sheath was covered with lacquered black snakeskin. The gold mountings were delicate and hand-tooled. The fine engraving under the handle grip said it was older than America's government — made in 1651 by a famous Japanese armorer. The names of its former owners were engraved there. The last name was Ota's.

Private First Class Kenneth Frye of Jacksonville, Ill., and Lieutenant Everett Hedahl of Minot, N.D., examined the saber's matched partner, a fine Samurai sword, bearing the same minute inscriptions.

"I wonder," mused Corporal Robert J. Guisti of Elko, Nev., thinking of what he had seen.

"What do you wonder?" asked Private First Class Donald P. Vaughn of Hamilton, O.

"I wonder what those guys were doing on December 7, 1941."

They could hear the angry buzz of the flies at the mouth of the cave.

SGT. RALPH W. MYERS
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

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your breath while it cleans your teeth. Yes, scientific tests prove conclusively that in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate Dental Cream *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. Buy a tube of Colgate Dental Cream... today!

Private Punchy's Passing

THE grave marker beside the Potomac at Quantico doesn't say much. It bears merely the words "Private Punchy" and stops there, apparently assuming that you will know that Private Punchy is dead and no more need be said. Which is entirely the wrong attitude.

Private First Class Alex Mackrell of Collingswood, N. J., first saw him one cold night standing beside a guard booth and shivering with all the might of his five-inch frame. Mackrell picked him up and skeptically dug up a hot dog nearly as big as the pop-eyed pup. But PP slashed his way through from one end to the other and thereby got his start as a chowhound.

He moved right into the MP barracks on the other side of Cinder City. Everyone soon loved him as his own and it probably never occurred to anyone, at first, that PP's warm interest had chiefly to do with the mess situation. The MPs have early and late chow formations three times a day, which added up to six meals a day in the pup's book. He made them all with alacrity and it was no secret that he would have liked more.

First suspicion that his affectionate demeanor might conceal ulterior motives was aroused when on his second meal PP tumbled down a six-foot stairway in his haste to reach the mess hall. Being very small he bounced separately on every step, but when he hit the lower deck he was right side up and all four feet were spinning.

When he grew up, PP turned out to have big flapping ears and a low-slung chassis that, when the bugle tooted "Come to chow," could develop tremendous speed. There was always a hell of a scramble anyway, but PP never placed anything less than first. Between meals he contented himself with chewing dress shoes or switching them around from sack to sack.

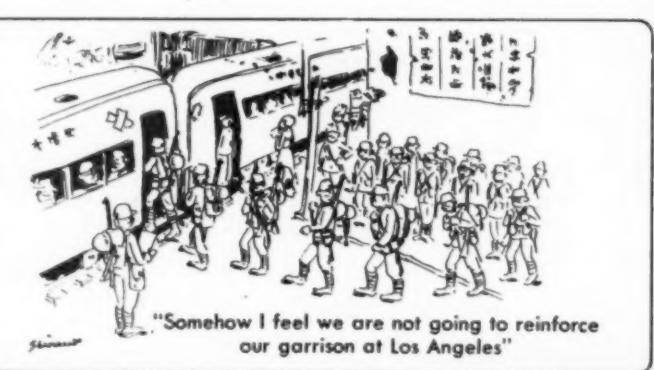
The MPs, of course, chipped their teeth a lot about their mascot and, as a result, he was stolen a couple of times. Other Marines took him on maneuvers in the boondocks, not realizing their plans would be upset by the dry field rations, which PP despised. Punchy got back home twice, walking all the way the second time when no one would give him a ride, and the thieves gave up. He was AWOL a third time and would have remained permanently so had the dog pound people been able to take it. He had been picked up while chasing a pretty, well-civilized bitch. His jailers were glad to get rid of him, for he was a heller when his stomach was empty. It always was on only three meals a day.

The greatest thing about him was the sort of job he did at guard mount each morning. He was superb. No Marine ever looked sharper as he pranced along behind the band, head and tail erect. His markings well suited the role, for there was brown on his head, and on his body a white coat that came up to his chin in a high, military collar.

He started out each morning with the guard, marched with it past the Marine Corps Schools building, under the railroad-crossing viaduct and down Barnett Avenue, where the band picked them up. He sat up front and left during the ceremonies, only leaving his post behind the sergeant major to take part in the inspection of the guard.

Then one day he was late—ate too long. The guard was blocks ahead when he started out on the double. Tearing along through the underpass he and an automobile tangled, and in a moment PP was dead. But he rests in peace, for his green grave on the high river bank is well within nose range of the galley and its odoriferous vittles.

SGT. JOHN CONNER
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



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THE movie starts at 2000, but half an hour before that the wooden benches are crowded with Marines. As they walk into the area, rate and rank are immediately apparent. The bulk of the spectators jam the seats set apart for those from private to buck sergeant. In a smaller area sit the first three pay grades; in another, even smaller, the officers.

As it grows darker, the glow of scores of cigarettes runs through the audience like an irregular line of fire. Voices raise as long-range conversations vie with the PA system sending out pre-movie music. Anxious eyes turn skyward as heavy clouds come piling in from the mountains. Those who didn't bring ponchos mutter uncomplimentary phrases about themselves.

On the hour, the music stops and the show begins. The first short is a community sing affair. An organ plays, a chorus sings, and the words appear on the screen. No more than a dozen voices — and these with self-conscious exaggeration — take up the words. The first song is over, and the second is on.

There is a shout of laughter as the screen shows:

(Girls)
Down by the old mill stream,

(Boys)
Where I first met you.

But even more astonishing than the request for girls to sing is the response of this all-male Marine audience. Spontaneously and seriously, as though rehearsed, a hundred voices immediately take up the part for girls. Those who sing raise their voices, making them shrill but not mocking. For a moment, there is the illusion that girls are singing. Then, all restraint gone, the rest of the men sing the part for boys.

It goes like this throughout the entire song, a strange choral effect that is mostly comic, but in it you can feel the longing to be with a girl like the one shown on the screen — to be back home again.

In this singing, as well as in the familiar songs that follow, the audience seems to change. It is as though everyone has suddenly dropped a mask. There are no privates, no staff NCOs, no officers.

It is suddenly a group of boys singing. Their eyes are bright, their faces relaxed. There is neither war nor camp life, nor rate or rank. There is only the mixture of all voices, singing. It is a group of college boys, of high school boys, of hometown kids from all the hometowns in the States, singing the old songs. A great feeling of unity seems to weld them together in this musical moment.

The short feature ends. The main feature starts. A cowboy walks on the screen. A few Marines get up and leave. Others light more cigarettes. Somebody shouts at somebody else to take off his hat. The moment musicale is over.

Watching the picture are privates to sergeants in their section, staff NCOs in theirs, officers in theirs. A boy without a poncho, who was singing like a girl a few moments before, feels a drop of rain, and turning his face to the sky addresses words to the clouds that are brief, masculine and Marine. The show goes on.

SGT. HENRY FELSEN
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

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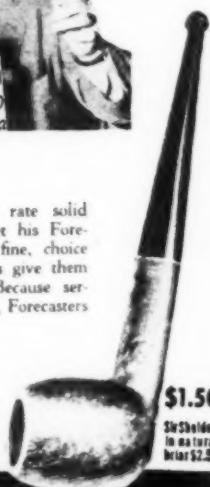
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A Story About WILLIE

WRITE a story about Willie," said First Lieutenant Robert McNeil of Petaluma, Cal. The enlisted men took it up. "Write a story about Willie," they said, one right after another.

Willie was PFC William A. Mollus of St. Joseph, Mo., killed during the taking of Naha on Okinawa.

"He was my runner," said Lieut. McNeil, the CO. "The best runner the Marine Corps ever had."

Willie was a little fellow, maybe five feet, four. He was fair complexioned and didn't tan. He just got red. He had blond hair and a smile that made you smile back.

"He was the neatest little guy I ever saw," said another of the 4th Marines, a platoon mate of Willie's.

Willie always had a clean face — shiny clean. His clothes were spotless. He had a knack for that sort of thing, come mud or high water.

"You remember the mud?" asked one Marine. "We were living in it and we looked wicked; all except Willie. Heaven knows how, but he managed to look as though he'd just stepped out of the barracks at San Diego."

"He was always on the move," said a third Marine.

"Willie hustled up wood for fires. He found places for the rest of us to take baths. He was good at finding chow; always on the jump and never still."

"He liked everything neat and kept the platoon area that way," said a fourth Marine.

Willie would spend his spare time picking up paper, for instance, or stacking boxes of rations just so. When they'd ask him what he was doing, he'd say he was just fooling around. And then he'd grin.

"He said he was 17," said another of his friends. "Maybe he was, but I doubt it."

Willie didn't look a day over 15. Everyone looked out for him, like a bunch of big brothers.

"And, boy, was he cool under fire," added still another.

Willie had guts all right. They never had to look for him when they wanted him to carry a message. He was right there all the time, grinning and ready for anything.

"You can imagine what he meant to the platoon's morale," said the CO. "You just couldn't stay glum very long with Willie bustling around."

"The platoon can't forget him. He was such a great little guy."

SSGT. ED MEAGHER
USMC Combat Correspondent



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Casualties

Marine Corps casualties, missing and dead, released to the press from 11 July 1945, through 10 August 1945.

SAFE FROM POW

MICHIGAN
HUINZENGA, Richard M., 1st Lt.

MISSISSIPPI
McALISTER, John A., 2nd Lt.

PENNSYLVANIA
BODNAR, John P., Sgt.

TEXAS
McBRAYER, J. D., Jr., 1st Lt.

WASHINGTON
KINNEY, John F., 1st Lt.

SAFE FROM MISSING

MASSACHUSETTS
ROGERS, George A., Pvt.

OHIO
MURPHY, Harold E., Pvt.

PENNSYLVANIA
DERR, Harold J., Corp.

SAFE FROM DEAD

MICHIGAN
YAKIMOVICH, Stephen, Corp.

NEW HAMPSHIRE
BOISVERT, Benoit J., PFC

DEAD FROM POW

ARIZONA
AMOS, Robert A., Sgt.
BILLINGSLEY, Jack M., PFC
FOWLER, Harry P., Corp.
MADDOX, Morris B., PFC
STAPP, Kenneth W., PFC

ARKANSAS
SELBY, Harold V., Corp.

CALIFORNIA
ANDERSON, Albert B., PFC
ANDERSON, Herman R., Lt. Col.
ANDERSON, Robert L., PFC
BOOTS, Morris A., PFC
BRAINARD, John T., WO
BROWNE, Edward R., 1st Sgt.
CLARE, Golland L., Jr., Capt.
CORBIN, Leonard K., Corp.
DAVIS, Richard J., Sgt.
DUROIS, William L., WO
FULTON, James W., Ssgt.
GEISMAN, Willis T., Capt.
GRIFFIN, Lewis E., Mtsgt.
HARRIS, Adrian F., Corp.
HENDERSON, Ralph L., Jr., Corp.
JAMES, Howard E., PFC
JONES, Paul R., PFC
KAIL, Charles W., Major
KIRKLAND, James R., PFC
KUBETH, Joseph, PFC
LOGAN, Carl E., PFC
MARSHALL, William E., GySgt.
MERCURIO, John, GySgt.
MILLER, Wayne K., 1st Sgt.
NOLAN, Everett F., Ssgt.
OSBORNE, Howard R., Sgt.
PARKS, Edgar G., PFC
PRICE, Theodore J., PFC
REIFSCHEIDER, W. J., Sgt.
RICE, John H., WO
SMITH, Jim D., Pvt.
SMITH, William A., Sgt.
SPECHT, Eugene L., PFC
STAKEY, Darrell S., 1st Sgt.
STOKES, John B., PFC
TOOHIG, Thomas D., Jr., Sgt.
VICENTINI, Tullio V., Corp.
WAGNER, Lloyd E., Capt.
WEBBER, Lawrence E., Corp.
WOOD, Jack W., Corp.

COLORADO

BALDWIN, George W., PFC
DAVIES, James E., PFC
GARRETT, Donald J., PFC
YAKOVICH, Anthony, PFC

CONNECTICUT
CHAMBERS, Robert, Jr., Capt.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
HEIL, John J., Major
ROBITTON, Roy, Capt.

FLORIDA

KING, Stuart W., Major

GEORGIA

ADAMS, John P., Lt. Col.
BIGGERS, Huey A., PFC
HICKS, Thomas R., Ssgt.
LUTZ, Frederick C., PFC

IDAHO

DEMOUTH, Lester J., PFC
FAWCETT, Albert W., PFC

ILLINOIS

BARNES, Roy F. Jr., PFC
BRESE, Paul R., PFC
DUDLEY, William A., GySgt.
JONAITIS, Charles F., PFC
KATAUSKAS, Frank J., Corp.
KOVALCIK, John P. Jr., PFC
KRIGAS, George M., WO
LASCH, Lewis E., Pfc.
LUTHER, William G., PFC
RUZICKA, Albert, Corp.
SMITH, Hobert L. Jr., Pfc.
SNYDER, Robert C., PFC
STUDNICKI, Edward J., PFC
THOMAS, Frederick, PFC
WHITE, Wilbur W., PFC
YAKOWCHYK, William, Corp.

INDIANA

CLUBINE, Robert M., PFC
LINVILLE, Bert S., Pfc.
RUGE, Robert F., Capt.

KANSAS

HALE, Robert L., PFC
HARTER, Harlan D., Corp.

LOUISIANA

BRENT, Claude L., Sgt.
CARRIER, Wilton M., PFC
PORCHE, William R., PFC

MARYLAND

FRENEY, Samuel W., Lt. Col.

MASSACHUSETTS

FITZGERALD, John P., Sgt.
IANUZZO, George R., PFC
MANNING, Allan S., 1st Lt.
YAMOLOVICH, Albert J., Corp.

MICHIGAN

CLARK, Duane J., PFC
DUNCAN, Richard, 1st Sgt.
LEWIS, Robert S., Corp.
TRUPIANO, Peter J., Corp.

MISSISSIPPI

BROWN, Joseph C., Corp.
BYNUM, Cecil W., PFC
HARTZOG, Shelton, PFC
HODGE, Roy R., PFC
HOGABOOM, William F., 1st Lt.
HUBBARD, A. G., PFC
MILEY, Clifton S., PFC
MOORE, J. W., PFC
MURRAY, Grady, Corp.
TAYLOR, James E., Pfc.
VAUTER, Olice J., Sgt.
WHITE, John T., GySgt.

MISSOURI

HANSON, Charles W., PFC
HOBBS, Earl R., Sgt.
ROSSELL, Frank G., Jr., Pfc.
SCHLEGEL, Stanley R., Sgt.
SIROTA, John F., Corp.
TAYLOR, James C., PFC

MONTANA

KENNEY, Don W., MesSgt.
KEOUGH, Stanley J., PFC

NEBRASKA

BROWN, Lyle J., PFC
STAHLCKER, Harold R., Corp.
VanHOENACKER, J. A., PFC

NEVADA

GIRARDOT, Carl F. Jr., PfdM1c

NEW MEXICO

MARQUEZ, Trancito G., Corp.
SANFORD, Egbert E., PFC

NEW YORK

CURRY, Edwin D., SgtMaj.
HOLDREDGE, Willard B., 1st Lt.
LAPOINTE, Henry D. Jr., PFC
PICKUP, Lewis H., Capt.

NORTH DAKOTA

HUDDLESON, Clyde R., Capt.
KELNER, John R., PFC

OHIO

OLSON, John C., WO
PENICK, Ralph R., 1st Lt.
WELLS, Noble W., 1stSgt.

OKLAHOMA

BURDEN, Joe D., PFC
CRAIN, Kenneth E., Pvt.
HAYNES, William, Pfc.
HOBBS, Richard A., Pvt.
HUMPHREYS, Howard W., PFC
JENKINS, Louis, PFC
JENNINGS, Hugh D., PFC
NOWLIN, James A., PFC
ROARK, Clyde E., Corp.
WRIGHT, Elmer R., QMSgt.

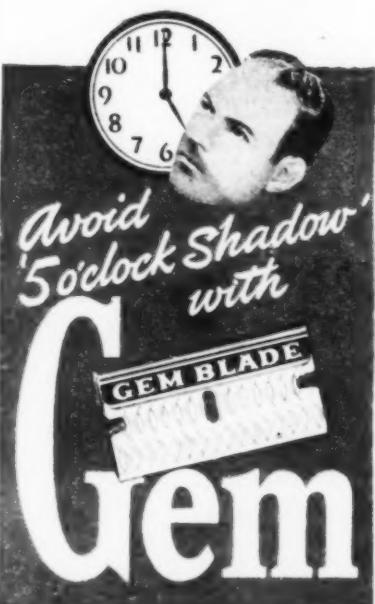
OREGON

GRENZ, Jesse E., PFC
HOFF, Ruben S., FidM Corp.
LEADERS, John G., Corp.
MCIVITTIE, Ernest C., Pfc.
RICE, Granville J., Sgt.
SMITH, John W., Sgt.
WALLACE, Ray W., PFC



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MIKULA, Joseph E., Corp.
NULL, Robert N., Ssgt.
ZINK, Joseph J., PfcSgt.

SOUTH DAKOTA

BINGHAM, John C. Jr., Sgt.
MATHIAS, Robert A., PFC

TEXAS

BARKER, Russel P., PFC
CLARK, Max, Major
CONDER, Archie W., PFC
CRAIG, Kermit E., Corp.
HUCKABEE, Uri L., Jr., Sgt.
JOHANSON, Willie, PFC
KOehler, Linroy, Corp.
MCCOY, Marvin M., PFC
MILES, Walter, PFC
MILLER, Roy W., PFC
MURRAY, Sylvester E., Corp.
ROBISON, Francis E., PFC

UTAH

DAVIS, Rex V., FldCk.

VIRGINIA

BRADLEY, James V. Jr., Major

WASHINGTON

CLARK, John W., Capt.
HALL, Jack Q., Ssgt.

WEST VIRGINIA

HELMICK, Raymond A., Sgt.
PICKERING, Ray W., WO

WISCONSIN

AUSTIN, John H., PFC
BROSKI, Xavier U., Sgt.
HAVLENA, James J., PFC
SCHADE, Lester A., 1st Lt.

WYOMING

MCVAY, William A., PFC

DEAD FROM MISSING

CALIFORNIA

BISHOP, David S., 1st Lt.
BUHLER, Wilbert E., Corp.
CHAVEZ, Rudolfo R., Pvt.
DeLANCEY, John B., Capt.
FAGUNDES, Harry F., PFC
GARDNER, Harold E., Capt.
McDOWELL, Edwin J., Sgt.
O'NEIL, Albert S. Jr., GySgt.

CONNECTICUT

MACRI, George S., PFC
PERRY, Alfred R., PFC

FLORIDA

GORDON, Lewis, Capt.
WALK, Winton G., Sgt.

ILLINOIS

BECKER, Edward J., 1st Lt.
REUCK, Roy A., PFC
VanDERHAEGHEN, Robert F., Sgt.

INDIANA

SNELLING, George W., Pvt.
STARK, Mark E. Jr., ACk.

IOWA

WERTS, Gordon H., 2nd Lt.

KANSAS

ANDERSON, Roy A., FldCk.
JOHNSON, Harold G., Ssgt.
JOHNSTON, Lawrence R., 1st Lt.
KELLY, John D., FMic

MASSACHUSETTS

ALLEN, George E., 2nd Lt.
BRENNAN, David M., 1st Lt.
BRYNE, Edward J., Sgt.
GARRITY, Joseph F., PFC

MICHIGAN

HOFFMAN, Joseph W., PFC

MINNESOTA

ERSKINE, Robert B., Major
HOLM, Elmer C., Corp.

MISSISSIPPI

LASETER, Marion K., Corp.

MISSOURI

McLAUGHLIN, Joseph E., Sgt.

NEW YORK

MASEK, Charles H., Pvt.
MIECKOWSKI, Stephen, PFC
O'LOUGHLIN, Robert H., Pvt.
THOMMEN, Richard E., PFC

NORTH CAROLINA

BROADWELL, Walter A., Pvt.
COVINGTON, R. P. Jr., 2nd Lt.

OHIO

LEININGER, Paul W., PfcSgt.
McKNIGHT, Richard N., Sgt.

OKLAHOMA

STOUT, Don H. Jr., 1st Lt.

OREGON

HASHAGEN, Wayne D., PFC
HUNT, Grover V., PFC

PENNSYLVANIA

AIGELDINGER, Harry R., PFC
BUCKLEY, C. S. Jr., Ssgt.
FARNER, Luther F. Jr., PFC
POLINSKY, Peter, Pvt.
SCHEIBLE, Joseph R., Pvt.
YANIK, Edward W., Corp.

RHODE ISLAND

MURRAY, Reuben E. Jr., PFC

TENNESSEE

POWELL, Ernest A., Capt.

TEXAS

DAY, John C., PFC
FITZGERALD, Herbert J., Pvt.
HAWKINS, Jewel T., Ssgt.
HUDDLESTON, Travis L., Tsgt.
IRION, Albert R., PFC
MORGAN, John L. Jr., Capt.

UTAH

HAYNES, John E., Pvt.

VIRGINIA

SIMPSON, Carter B., 2nd Lt.

WASHINGTON

MOYNIHAN, M. H., 1st Lt.

WEST VIRGINIA

MCARDLE, Robert H., 1st Lt.

WISCONSIN

McGRAVER, Leon V., Pvt.

DEAD

ALABAMA

BATES, Grady P., PFC
BAXTER, Alonso C. Jr., Sgt.
BLACKWOOD, L. E. Jr., FldCk
CHEATWOOD, Wayne B., Corp.
COLLINS, Doyle L. Jr., FldCk
FREEMAN, Orvil W., PFC
GILMORE, Clyde N., PFC
HYCHE, Chester A., Pvt.
LUCAS, William R., PFC
MAGAHA, James E., Pvt.
McDONALD, Lincoln J., PFC
MANNING, Ernest O., Sgt.
NEWMAN, Donald L., Sgt.
ROY, Ernest P., Pvt.
SHAW, Frank W., PFC
TONEY, Lawrence E., Pvt.
TURK, Edwin R., Pvt.
WELCH, Oscar O., PFC
WILSON, Robert C., Corp.

ARIZONA

CARRILLO, Stephen T., PFC
CLAH, George, Pvt.
HILL, Melvin L., Sgt.
HINTON, Marion W., Pvt.
KIRK, Leo, Pvt.
MATHEWS, Eugene O., PFC
NELSON, Claude E. Jr., PFC
RUSSELL, William L., Pvt.
RUTKOWSKI, Frank J., Pvt.
SANDOVAL, Juan D., Pvt.
STONEBURNER, Cly福德 M., PFC
WILLIAMS, Jack E., Pvt.

ARKANSAS

BEDINGFIELD, Luther H., Pvt.
COLLINS, Glendon W., Pvt.
DAWSON, Robert L., Corp.
GRIGSBY, Ernest N., PFC
HILTON, Jack, Pvt.
HOWSLY, Harold W., Corp.
HUGHES, Floyd W., Pvt.
ISLEY, Marvin E., PFC
JOHNSON, William M., PFC
McCOWN, Dorian, Pvt.
LASSITER, Kyle, PFC
WHITE, James F., PFC
WILLETT, William R., Pvt.

CALIFORNIA

ZAPETIA, Clemente E. Sr., PFC
BAIRD, Paul J., PFC
BECKHAUS, Ronald F., PFC
BECKMAN, James W., PFC
BERTOLI, Dale C., PFC
BLANTON, Charles S., 1st Sgt.
BLOOD, Bryce M., Corp.
BOERMAN, Robert, Corp.
BOND, Utah F., Sgt.
BRACELLS, William, PFC
BROWN, Arthur T., Sgt.
BROWN, Marshall C., Corp.
BURKHEAD, Pearson A., 2nd Lt.
CARSTENS, Clarence C., 2nd Lt.
CHAPIN, Duane L., Pvt.
CIMENTAL, Dennis, Pvt.
CONDON, Emesey, PFC
COTA, Louis Jr., PFC
CRAWFORD, James B., 1st Lt.
DeSCHRYVER, T. J., PfcSgt.
DUNNING, Ray H., PFC
ELLIS, Paul A., Pvt.
FINZEN, Maynard M., Sgt.
FITZPATRICK, David J., Sgt.
FOWLER, Charles B., Corp.
FRY, Earl E. Jr., PFC
GAINAY, Richard E., Pvt.
GALINDO, Albert, PFC
GOLAR, Donald G., Corp.
HAIL, Robert E., Pvt.
HAMIEL, Leo L., Pvt.
HARTLEY, Owen S., Pvt.
HAYES, Calvin J., PFC
HENDERSHOT, Cecil F., Corp.

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Smoking Pleasure
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Here's a star performer on your hit parade—King Edward, a big-time 40 minutes of smoking pleasure that gives you true, economical enjoyment! King Edward is made from finest tobaccos, is mellow-mild, satisfying and cool. Ask today for King Edward—America's Most Popular Cigar!



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FRANCES MORRISON
was born in Georgia,
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is now a favorite New
York model. Frances
likes to travel and has
done a lot of it. Enjoys
swimming and dancing.
Blonde, blue eyes. Height,
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IS GOOD, TOO—
SHE USES OUR
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IS HOT, SWEATY WORK . . .
CAN'T WAIT TILL I GET
BACK TO COOL OFF AND
CLEAN UP WITH LIFEBOY

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE
THAT LIFEBOY LATHER IN
THE TROPICS. AS LONG AS
I CAN GET LIFEBOY I'M
NOT AFRAID OF THE
HEAT. IT HELPS REMOVE
GERMS, TOO

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GIVE Lifebuoy's mild, purifying lather a try. See what a grand job it does on dirt, grime and perspiration. See how clean it makes you feel—how refreshed. Get a big, he-man cake of Lifebuoy at your PX or ship store. Use it daily to stop "B.O."



CASUALTIES (cont.)

HERNANDEZ, Nicolas, Corp.
HODGES, Wendell R., Corp.
HOMAN, John, Pvt. R.
HOWELL, Jack E., Pvt.
HULL, Warren E., PFC
HUNT, Dean W., PFC
JACKSON, Reed, PFC
KINNEY, Carl L., Jr., Pvt.
KOONTZ, Boyce L. J., Pvt.
LAWSON, L. W., Jr., 2nd Lt.
LEMONS, Charles, PFC
LIEBERMANN, Donald B., PFC
LIVESAY, William R., PFC
LIVINGSTON, Claude D., PFC
MCCLURE, Alton L., Corp.
MCULLOCH, Hugh L., Corp.
McDONALD, Dale J., PFC
MCINTOSH, Robert V., Pvt.
MEEHAN, Clyde M. Sr., Pvt.
MERRILL, Clyde G., Pvt.
MEYER, Robert G., PFC
MINKE, Kenneth W., Pvt.
MOAK, David E., G.Sgt.
MOSER, Herbert A., PFC
MYERS, Robert C., Pvt.
NELSON, Roy V., Pvt.
NETHINGTON, Lydia P., Pvt.
OWEN, Donald C., Capt.
OWENS, Barrett, Jr., Pvt.
PACK, Clyde A., Pvt.
PARRISH, William R., PFC
PIERCE, Raymond B., Pvt.
PFORTMILLER, Walter H., PFC
PORTER, James F., PFC
PRENK, Nick, Corp.
PRICE, Herbert J., Pvt.
PUSATERI, Santo E., PFC
RAMSEY, Lawrence W., PFC
RANNELLS, Merrill C., Corp.
RICHARDS, James D., Pvt.
RIOS, Robert C., Pvt.
ROHE, Edward C., Pvt.
RUSSELL, Lavern O., Pvt.
SCHRACK, Carl E., Pvt.
SEPER, Oren D., Sgt.
SHAFER, Beverly C., Pvt.
SILVA, Wilfred H., Pvt.
SOTO, Stanley H., Sgt.
SOUZA, Albert, Pvt.
STEVENSON, John K., 1st Lt.
STUBBY, Mayo M., Corp.
SUMMERS, Clint J., PFC
SYKES, Floyd E., Pvt.
TAYLOR, Charlie E., Pvt.
TAYLOR, John R., Pvt.
TOBIASSEN, Carl L., Corp.
TOUT, Richard L., Pvt.
TUITE, Alan J., Pvt.
TURNER, Walton L., Major
TWIFORD, Marvin C., Pvt.
WALLACE, Dean W., Corp.
WIGHTMAN, Ray P., PFC
WOOD, Joseph E., Pvt.
WRIGHT, Robert C., PFC
YANULEVICUS, Edilberto, Ssgt.

KELLY, Ashby R., Pvt.
MCKOWN, Charles H., Pvt.
MCUREOUS, R. M. Jr., Pvt.
MILLER, Robert, Pvt.
MOORE, Richard W., PFC
NEAL, Hugh, PFC
NORRIS, George V., Pvt.
OLIVER, Thomas E., PFC
PARRA, Albert R., PFC
PETERS, Robert L., Pvt.
RAXIN, Arnold, PFC
TISON, James E., Pvt.
WOODS, Harold M. Jr., PFC

GEORGIA

BROWNING, Walter C., Pvt.
CLAY, Nelson, PFC
DUKES, George H., Pfc.
FERGUSON, Ralph, Pvt.
FOLDS, Levy L., Pvt.
GAFF, William E., Pvt.
GRAVES, Robert C., Ssgt.
GULLEDGE, Herman C., Pvt.
HELTON, Charles E., Pvt.
HENDLEY, Robert L., Pvt.
HENDON, William A. Jr., PFC
HESTER, James T. Jr., Pvt.
HILL, James T., PFC
HODGES, George P., PFC
HOOD, Millard C., Pvt.
HUDSON, James S. Jr., Pvt.
HUTCHINSON, James B., Pvt.
JONES, Charles B., Corp.
JOYNER, Harry, PFC
MC DANIEL, Durwood C., PFC
NEWSOME, James E., Pvt.
RUSSELL, Burnet D., Pfc.
SHAW, Charles B., Corp.
SMITH, Henry B., PFC
SMITH, Walter G., PFC
SPAIN, Wilburn H., Pvt.
STARKS, Robert J., Corp.
STOCKTON, Emerson S., Pvt.
WHITE, Howard L., PFC
WIGGINS, Marvin J., 2nd Lt.
WINN, William R., 1st Lt.
WOODRUFF, Wilbur H., PFC

IDAH0

BROCKIE, John, Pvt.
FERRIN, Floyd T., Pvt.
GARDNER, Stephen J., Pvt.
JONES, Arville L., Pvt.
LAPACEK, William A., PFC
PINKSTON, John P., Pvt.
ZIMMERMAN, James D., PFC

ILLINOIS

ALLSOOP, Charles E., PFC
BALANCH, Frank J., PFC
BOOTH, Donald A., Sgt.
BOYD, William C. Jr., Ssgt.
BUTKOVICH, Anthony J., Corp.
CARLSON, Glenn A., Pvt.
DELISE, Mariano R., Corp.
FEWER, William J. Jr., Pvt.
FULLER, William J., PFC
GALGANO, George W., PFC
GROLLA, Harold F., Pvt.
HARLIN, Bernard L., Corp.
HAWS, Ralph F., Pfc.
HAYHURST, Maynard J., Pvt.
HENRY, Charles R., Pvt.
HINMAN, James A., PFC
HODGSON, Kenneth I., Pvt.
HOUGAS, Irwin L., PFC
HURD, Franklin E., Sgt.
JANISZEWSKI, Leonard, PFC
JONES, Harold A., ACK
JONES, William F., Pvt.
KARLOVICH, William L., Pvt.
LINCOURT, Willie L., Pvt.
LOSMAN, Bernard B., Pvt.
LYNCH, Bernard J., PFC
MAHER, Theodore B., Pvt.
MAJCHROWICZ, Eugene C., Pvt.
MAYER, Edward J., Pvt.
MEISENER, Merlin E., Pvt.
MEISENHEIMER, Douglas K., Corp.
MILLER, George W., Corp.
MILLER, Robert B., PFC
OTIS, Arthur F. Jr., PFC
PATE, John M., Pfc.
REES, Daniel T., PFC
RICHARDS, Walter G., PFC
RODENBERG, William E., Corp.
RUANE, Laurence S., PFC
SANJACA, Walter J., PFC
SHARP, Ray B., Pfc.
SHEEHY, James F., Pvt.
SIWEK, Walter, Jr., PFC
SMITH, Kenneth D., Pvt.
SMITH, Lester I. Jr., PFC
SMOLINSKI, Raymond S., Pvt.
SNYDER, Bernard J., 1st Lt.
SPACKMAN, Robert D., PFC
SPAIN, Robert E., Corp.
SZOKE, Frank, Sgt.
TIBERIO, Joseph L., PFC
VANHUSS, Millard O., Pvt.
VAUGHN, Noel J., PFC
WACHEWICZ, Leonard J., PFC
WALCK, John W., Corp.
WALLACE, Glen Jr., Pvt.
WALTER, Clyde P. Jr., PFC
WASNIEWSKI, Mitchell F., Pvt.
WERNEX, Raymond C., Corp.
WILLIS, William F., PFC
WILSON, Samuel B., PFC

INDIANA

ALFORD, Leonard W., Capt.
BELCHER, William F., Major
CATES, Donald R., PFC
CONRAD, Billie L., PFC
CONRAD, Eugene L., Sgt.
DUFFY, Donald D., Pvt.
ENFIELD, Burton N., Pvt.
FOY, Ernest L., Pvt.
HALL, Winfred C., PFC
HARRIS, Robert N., PFC
HARTMAN, Robert J., Corp.
HOLLAND, Linus N., PFC
HOLTZLIDER, William M., PFC
HOWELL, Marion P., Corp.
HUFFMAN, Roger W., PFC
JOHNSON, Edwin F., Pvt.

KEENEY, Robert E., Pvt.
LYNCH, John C., Pvt.
NEWMAN, Charles L., PFC
PAYNE, Charles E., Corp.
PEKINPAUGH, Paul E., PFC
ROBERTSON, Arthur N., Corp.
SELLERS, Edward, Pvt.
SHEPHERD, Andrew C., Jr., ACK
SISK, Frederick C., PFC
SUTTON, Robert L., Pvt.
TROUP, Wilbert K., Pvt.
WILLIAMS, Marshall B., Corp.
WOOD, Frank E., Corp.
WYANT, Ivan L., Pvt.

IOWA

ANDERSEN, Wayne S., Pvt.
BARTON, John F., CCK
CHAFFEE, James A., 2nd Lt.
CLARK, Alfred D., PFC
COLE, David M., Pvt.
FENTON, Richard L., Pvt.
FILMER, Lionel E., Corp.
FLVNN, Michael E., 2nd Lt.
FRANK, Paul A., 1st Lt.
GRAY, James A., Pvt.
HARDER, Lester, Pvt.
HARRIS, William S., Pvt.
HAWKINS, Donald G., Pvt.
HELLER, Lloyd J., PFC
HENNIGAR, Bruce D., Pvt.
HERTEL, William G., Corp.
HOILAND, George, T Sgt.
HUBER, David F., PFC
KELCHNER, Evan R., Corp.
MENADUE, Robert N., Pvt.
RUDKIN, Bernard W., PFC
RYAN, Marciud J., Sgt.
SAMIS, Charles E., 2nd Lt.
WILKENING, Donald J., PFC

KANSAS

BREES, Vernon L., Pvt.
BROWN, Robert T., Pvt.
BULLOCK, Forrest L., Pvt.
BURNAM, Leonard T., Sgt.
CRAWFORD, Charles E., PFC
DUNSWORTH, Buford G., PFC
EGGLESTON, Robert E., Sgt.
EUBANK, Loyd H., Pvt.
GERMAN, Robert M., Pvt.
HARTELL, John G., Pvt.
HEATH, Harold C., Pvt.
HENKEL, Harold H., Sgt.
HEROLD, William F., Sgt.
HORTON, William M., PFC
LAMBERT, John P., Pvt.
LAWLER, Robert G., Pvt.
REEVES, Clifford C., PFC
SCHUMACHER, Edwin A., Pvt.
SNELLBACKER, Harvey K., 2nd Lt.
WALL, Edward D., Pvt.

KENTUCKY

BALDRIDGE, Elbert O., Pvt.
BEIERLE, James P., Pvt.
BRUNNHOEFFER, Richard R., Pvt.
BURCH, Frederick F., Pvt.
CREPPS, Duane F., Corp.
DENNY, Charles F., Jr., PFC
ECHOLS, Minor M., Corp.
GODBEY, Oval, Pvt.
GROW, Curtis P., Pvt.
HALLER, Carl F., Jr., Pvt.
HANNAH, William R., PFC
HARTLEY, William M., Gy Sgt.
HEINEN, Richard H., PFC
HOWARD, Daniel, PFC
HOWARD, James A., Pvt.
JOHNSON, Ollie Jr., PFC
LEWIS, William C., Pvt.
LYNCH, James W., Pvt.
MOUNCE, Irvin L., Pvt.
PAULLEY, James M., Gy Sgt.
RATLIFF, Bart J., Pvt.
RAYHILL, Hayden L., Pvt.
SKAGGS, Phillip E., Corp.
SOUSLEY, Franklin R., PFC
TYREE, Jay J., Pvt.
WARD, Elbert W., Pvt.
WHITT, Forrest, PFC

LOUISIANA

ARRINGTON, Dean T., PFC
BARRILLEAUX, Louis A. M., T Sgt.
BROWN, Robert E., Sgt.
CLEMENT, John W., PFC
DISOTELL, Otto L., PFC
FUSELIER, Woodrow J., Pvt.
GARVIN, Roy W., Capt.
GUIDRY, Louis B., Jr., PFC
HYDE, Harry D., PFC
JOHNSON, Neily, Pvt.
LEE, C. L. A., PFC
MALONE, Leasly F., PFC
NUNEZ, Daniel P., Jr., Pvt.
OWENS, J. E., Sgt.
SCHORR, Joseph J., PFC
SHORES, Phil L., PFC
SPELL, Rhynette A., MGy Sgt.
WIKE, Everett W., Pvt.

MAINE

COFFIN, Andrew L., Corp.
HOWARD, Preston O. Jr., Sgt.
NOYES, Robert T., PFC
RENY, Leo L., Corp.
SIVISKI, Joseph P., PFC

MARYLAND

BARNES, Thomas M., PFC
BIGELOW, Roger C., Pvt.
HASTINGS, Leroy, PFC
HEALY, Francis B. Jr., Corp.
HEBRANK, John H., Corp.
HOOD, Clarence C., Corp.
HUBBARD, James H., Pvt.
IMHOFF, Harry N. Jr., Pvt.
KNIGHT, Samuel Y., PFC
LEONARD, Edward F., Pvt.
LILLY, Griffin P., PFC
LOWE, Richard A., Pvt.
NASUTA, Thomas L., Pvt.
O'CALLAGHAN, Owen T., Pvt.

OSTERREICHER, Thomas C., Corp.
RACCIATO, John, Sgt.
WASSERMAN, Sidney, 2nd Lt.

MASSACHUSETTS

ALLARA, Ugo A., Corp.
ANDROS, Anthony J., PFC
BALDYGA, Chester S., Corp.
BANNERMAN, George W. Jr., PFC
BENTLEY, John F., PFC
BOUDREAU, Henry L. Jr., PFC
BROWN, William J. Jr., Pvt.
CONTI, Nicholas, PFC
CROWELL, Stanley R., 1st Lt.
CUTLER, Ronald T., PFC
DANCAUSE, Robert E., PFC
DESMOND, Richard M., PFC
DOUCETT, Justin T., Corp.
DOYLE, Alexander E., Pvt.
DUGAN, Charles D., Corp.
ELLIOTT, Theodore S., PFC
FIORE, Ralph G., Pvt.
FRENCH, William J., Corp.
GARRITY, William C., Corp.
GUERTIN, Donald M., PFC
GUNDEL, Frederick W., Pvt.
HALADEJ, John, Corp.
HALE, Richard F., 1st Lt.
HALL, Wallington J., PFC
HANNIGAN, William F., Corp.
HEALEY, Robert K., PFC
HOWLETT, Joseph F., Pvt.
HUNTOON, Richard F., PFC
HYDE, Richard C., Pvt.
JONES, James F., Ssgt.
JUDGE, Robert L., PFC
LE MOINE, Raymond F., Pvt.
MAGUIRE, Philip F., Corp.
MCCARTHY, Joseph F., Pvt.
MCDONALD, James, ACK
O'BRIEN, Charles R., Pvt.
O'BRIEN, Walter G., 1st Lt.
PAGE, Ernest F., PFC
PANETTA, Dominic, Corp.
PINEO, Melvin H., Pvt.
PRUNIER, Joseph H. Jr., PFC
PULESKY, Joseph, PFC
QUINN, John, PFC
REYNOLDS, George H., Pvt.
RUDSTEN, Leon S., PFC
RUIZ, Edward J., Corp.
SHAUGHNESSY, Arthur F., Sgt.
SIMANSKI, Edward L., Pvt.
STORM, Charles P. Jr., Corp.
STURGIS, Charles R. L., Pvt.
SURETTE, Joseph J., PFC
THOMPSON, William J., Sgt.
TIROLE, Salvatore S., Pvt.
WARREN, David F., PFC
ZIPKAS, Frank A., Pfc

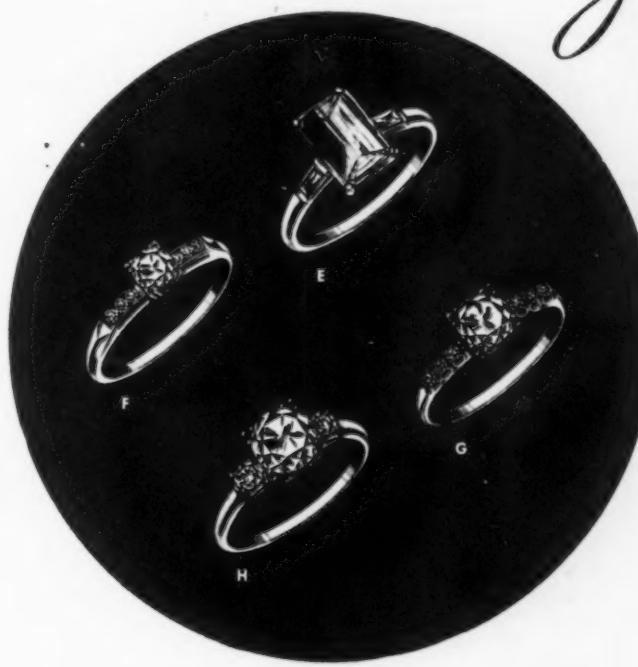
MICHIGAN

ABBOTT, Adrian R., PFC
ATKINS, William A., Pvt.
BEENEY, George F., PFC
BENEDICT, Richard C., Pvt.
BLUE, Donald M., Pvt.
CHVOJKA, John T., Pvt.
COOK, Thomas C., 2nd Lt.
DECKER, Clayton A., Pvt.
DE SHONE, Maurice, ACK
DUNHAM, Edward H., Corp.
ECKERT, Richard E., ACK
EISENHOOD, J. D. Jr., PFC
EPERJESY, Jesse A., PFC
FACCIANI, Gerald D., PFC
FAWLEY, Robert C., Pvt.
GARN, Robert E., PFC
GOBBA, Russell E., Pvt.
GODIN, Morgan K., PFC
GREENMAN, Earl Jr., PFC
HAGERMAN, Dwaine L., Corp.
HEATH, Clayton D., PFC
HOLLADAY, Frederick N., PFC
HOUSEKNECHT, George, Jr., Pvt.
IRWIN, Thomas C., PFC
JAROSZ, Joseph J., PFC
KALINA, Ernest T., Pvt.
KAMPO, Joseph, Corp.
KAPPLINGER, Marvin M., Corp.
KERN, Richard O., Pvt.
KOLASA, Robert W., Pvt.
KURCHINSKI, Franklin R., 1st Lt.
LA RUE, Frederick T., Pvt.
LEFLER, Warren H., Pvt.
LESSARD, Robert J., Pvt.
LEWIS, Edward I., PFC
MC CONACHIE, Robert J., Pvt.
MORSE, Robert L., Corp.
NORMANDIN, Philip F., PFC
PASCOE, Roy G., PFC
PAWLOSKI, Edward F., PFC
RAMSAY, George F., PFC
REARDON, Paul J., Corp.
RENGER, Edward, Jr., Pfc
SCARRONE, Armando J., Pvt.
SCHREUR, Gerald J., PFC
SHATTUCK, Truman A., Pvt.
SHEFFER, Jack L., PFC
SKUZINSKI, Walter J., Pvt.
SMAIL, Troy A., PFC
SORENSEN, Carl G., PFC
THOMAS, Howard A., Pvt.
THOMPSON, Robert H., PFC
TOKATLIAN, George, Pvt.
TOOKER, Lawrence A., Pvt.
TOUSIGNANT, Allan K., Pvt.
TUCKER, Robert W., Ssgt.
VERGA, Louis E., PFC
VOLWAY, Clyde, Pvt.
WARDEN, Donald R., Pvt.
WATROUS, Walter G., Pvt.
WHITTAKER, Joseph H., PFC
WIOSKOWSKI, Joseph J., Pvt.
WOOD, Alain E., PFC
WYKA, Edward T., PFC

MINNESOTA

BERGMAN, John J., PFC
BYLUND, Albert B., PFC
COWLES, Gerald H., Pvt.
CROWELL, Wendell H., Pvt.
DOTSON, Donald K., PFC
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OGLE, William T., Pvt.
ROSKY, Arthur J., Corp.
SAVLES, Dorn C., Pvt.
SKARFELT, Robert W., PFC
SORENSEN, Orville D., Pvt.
VAN GUILDER, James S., PFC
WICKLUND, Marvin A., Pvt.
WILSON, Donald B., ACk.

MISSISSIPPI

AHREND, Charles J., TSgt.
BAGLEY, Edwin R., PFC
BOALS, Clinton W., PFC
BOULANGER, Columbus, PFC
BYNUM, Gaines C., Pvt.
CAMP, Leo D., Sgt.
ELLINGTON, Claude, PFC
FOLGER, Edward W., PFC
KEMP, William M., PFC
LUSTER, Miles J., Jr., Pvt.
MALONE, James W., Pvt.
MOORE, John T., Pvt.
NEAL, Oscar M., Pvt.
PITTS, William S., PFC
SIMMONS, Thomas C., PFC
SUMRALL, Robert, Pvt.
TANNER, John H., Sgt.
THURMOND, Kenneth L., Sgt.
TUCKER, Julius S., PFC

MISSOURI

BARBER, Leroy W., Sr., Pvt.
BARNHART, Charles W., PFC
BARTELS, Melvin E., Pvt.
BECKER, Clarence H., Pvt.
BEEVER, Buell C., GySgt.
BOXLEY, Otto N., Pvt.
CARMAN, Beauford L., Pvt.
CASH, William C., Sr., Pvt.
CLAMPITT, John J., PFC
CORCORAN, Thomas P., Pvt.
HENDERSHOT, Homer L., PlSgt.
HENSON, Charles E., Sgt.
HOLCOMB, Lloyd L., Pvt.
HOLLAND, William T., Ssgt.
HOROWITZ, Charles, PFC
HUMPHREYS, Willard J., Pvt.
JONES, Charles B., Corp.
JONES, Ralph L., Sgt.
KESTERSON, Bobbie L., Pvt.
MCCAIN, Harold J., Corp.
MORGAN, Avon E., PFC
MURPHY, Richard D., Corp.
MUSSENBROOK, Richard W., Corp.
PEAK, John P., Pvt.
RICHARDS, Harold E., Corp.
RIPPEE, Burl H., Pvt.
SCOTT, Charles Jr., 1st Lt.
SONZ, Richard L., Pvt.
SUCHY, Robert A., FldCk.
WHITE, George A., Jr., 2nd Lt.
ZERA, Frank S., Corp.

MONTANA

PARKER, Virgil V., Corp.
SAMPSON, Sanford O., Pvt.

NEBRASKA

ANDERSON, James D., Pvt.
BLODGETT, Lyle T., PFC
BUTTS, Lenard, Pvt.
CLEMENTS, Robert W., PFC
HUNTER, Clarence R., Pvt.
RHODES, Alfred F., Pvt.

NEVADA

HALL, Chancel A., Sgt.
LOWREY, Richard L., Pvt.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BERNARD, Philip P., Ssgt.
BOISVERT, Benoit J., PFC
DUPONT, Philip G., PFC
HUTCHINSON, Theodore E., ACk.
LEDOUX, Napoleon E., ACk.
MANNING, Alfred R., Sgt.
MARTINEAU, Joseph R., Sgt.
SILVA, William J., Pvt.
VENNE, George A., PFC

NEW JERSEY

ALBANO, Peter, Pvt.
ALBE, Arthur L., Corp.
AZZOLINI, Vincent, PFC
BARNES, John H., Corp.
BENSIN, Louis J., Pvt.
BERRY, Joseph L., PFC
BETLOW, Nicholas, PFC
BITTIG, John A., 2nd Lt.
BOOTH, Joseph F., Corp.
BULLWINKEL, Herman, PFC
CHAMBERS, Walter M., PFC
CORELLA, Daniel F., Pvt.
CZIVA, Michael, Corp.
DAILEY, William J., Jr., PFC
DAVIS, John J., PFC
DIMARCO, Joseph J., PFC
DOWNS, Harold L., Pvt.
DUNN, Joseph T., PFC
EAGER, Joseph A., 2nd Lt.
GORDON, Timothy A., Pvt.
HAUCK, Robert C., Corp.
HENRY, William J., Corp.
HOGAN, Robert R., Pvt.
HOOTY, Carl W., Pvt.
HORNBECK, Edward R., PFC
HYNES, Patrick J., PFC
JORDAN, Robert H., PFC
KEGEL, Milton B., PFC
KOLLAR, Julius, TSgt.
LADELLE, Edward M., Corp.
LAYTON, Gerald B., PFC
MAGLIARO, Pio R., PFC
MILLER, Arthur W., Corp.
MILLS, Charles L., Corp.
MORATI, Frank A., Jr., Pvt.
NIADER, William V., Pvt.
NISHANIAN, Nisban A., Pvt.
RYAN, Thomas J., Corp.
SEMPREVIVA, Vincent, Jr., 2nd Lt.
SHAVER, Robert E., FldCk.

SOPCVAK, Stanley M., PFC
SWEENEY, William J., PFC
WILLIAMS, Joseph T., PFC
WISHNEWSKI, John, Jr., Corp.
WOGAN, Roderick J., TSgt.
ZAYAC, Joseph A., Jr., PFC

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CASH, James F., Pvt.
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ROBERTS, Edwin T., Corp.

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ANNIS, Walter J., PFC
ASCHER, Robert H., PFC
BASSETT, Ernest W., PFC
BENNICE, Frank V., PFC
BIETTE, William B., PFC
BLEIER, Robert S., Corp.
CACCIOLETTI, Anthony D., Corp.
CADDOW, George W., Corp.
CAMPBELL, Daryl D., Corp.
CANNONE, Stephen V., Pvt.
CAPPARELLO, Nicola, PFC
CAROLA, Charles N., PFC
CARRAHER, James D., Corp.
CORDOVA, Albert, PFC
CRESCO, Albert, PFC
CURRAN, William E., PFC
DENTON, Theodore H., Corp.
DOLLAWAY, Kenneth, Pvt.
DRABEK, Walter J., PFC
DRAPER, Thomas G., Jr., PFC
DUFF, Donald J., 2nd Lt.
DUNN, Jack A., Pvt.
DUVERNEY, Hubert E., Corp.
EFSTATHIOU, Thomas, TSgt.
ERICKSON, Guy F., Pvt.
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EVERS, Robert, Corp.
FARGO, Melvin P., Pvt.
FETES, Howard R., Pvt.
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FUFIDIÓ, Walter J., ACk.
GARAFALO, Vito, PFC
GERULIS, Albert C., PFC
GETCHELL, Stephen W. Jr., Pvt.
GIGLIO, Frank, Pvt.
GRAVER, Roy L., PFC
GRIFFIS, Oakley T., Sgt.
HAMPLE, Henry J., Pvt.
HARDIMAN, Bryce E., PFC
HARRIS, George V., Jr., Pvt.
HAWKINS, James M., Jr., 2nd Lt.
HEITZ, John A., PFC
HOJNACKI, John E., PlSgt.
HONSINGER, Joseph M., Pvt.
HOPKINS, Walter G., Jr., Corp.
IRISH, James H., Jr., PFC
JUNTEENEN, Peter J., 1st Lt.
KACHUK, Alexander, Pvt.
KOEHLER, Dick J., Sgt.
KRAUSE, James J., PFC
KREJCI, Stanley, Sgt.
KRIEGER, Norman F., Sgt.
LaRUE, George J., Pvt.
LaTORRE, Gerard M., Sgt.
LEBZAU, Richard T., Pvt.
LeMAY, Omer J., PFC
LOESCHER, Donald P., Pvt.
LOPEZ, Julie R., Pvt.
LUDLOW, David J., GySgt.
McDERMOTT, Melford W., Pvt.
McGONIGLE, Joseph B., Pvt.
McGRATH, John F., 2nd Lt.
McGUINNESS, Arthur R., PFC
McNULTY, Edward A., Corp.
McNULTY, Leo J., Pvt.
MARITATO, Albert A., PFC
MATTERA, Salvatore J., Pvt.
MELLACE, Ernest J., Pvt.
METZ, Robert G., Pvt.
MEYER, Daniel E., PFC
MURRAY, John J., Jr., Corp.
NICHOLSON, Praxiteles C., PFC
OATES, Charles F., Jr., EdMic
O'HARE, Donald F., PFC
OLSEN, Samuel M., Jr., 2nd Lt.
ORLANDO, Joseph, Pvt.
PACE, Robert A., 1st Lt.
PADRON, Joseph, PFC
PALMER, Clarence E., Pvt.
PERS, Gordon R., Pvt.
PETERSEN, John F., Pvt.
POLLACK, Clement, Jr., Corp.
POTTER, Edward D. Jr., PFC
PURVES, George T., Jr., Pvt.
QUATTRINI, Joseph H., Pvt.
QUINN, John B., Jr., PFC
RICHARDS, Eugene A., Corp.
SACCO, Dominic J., Corp.
SALVAGE, Joseph, PFC
SANDERS, John F., PFC
SAYER, Adrian H., Pvt.
SHORTELL, Thomas F., Pvt.
SIMONS, Leslie J., Pvt.
SIMS, Hubert L., Sgt.
SPINALE, Salvatore A., Sgt.
STOCK, Robert A., PFC
SWITZER, Howard J., PFC
TAYLOR, Gerald R., 2nd Lt.
TEMTEL, Alfred F., Corp.
TOBIN, John P., Corp.
ULRICH, John P., Pvt.
VanBUREN, Clifford M., PFC
VIOLA, Joseph, PFC
WINTERS, Francis G., Pvt.
WRIGHT, Harold A., Pvt.
WUDARSKI, Henry A., Corp.
ZITKO, Peter P., PFC

NORTH CAROLINA

BANKS, Leslie T., PFC
BARBER, Marshall D., Pvt.
BARWICK, William A., PFC
BLACK, Elbert C., Jr., PlSgt.
BRADY, Trent E., Pvt.
BROOME, Grover C., Jr., PFC
BULLOCK, Bruce A., Pvt.
CALDWELL, Charles F., Pvt.
COX, Ralph Q., PFC

DELLINGER, Howard J., PFC
 DEW, Graham R., PFC
 DICKEY, Nathan M., Pvt.
 DUNCAN, Clarence A., Pvt.
 FOSS, Joshua D., PFC
 FOWLER, Roy F., T Sgt.
 FREEMAN, Walter E., PFC
 GANTT, Derrell B., Pvt.
 GARDNER, Clyde N., PFC
 HARRIS, Wallace L., Pvt.
 HICKS, Fred E., Pvt.
 HOBBS, Bernard E., Pvt.
 HODGE, Thomas, Pvt.
 HOLCOMB, Robert P., Pvt.
 HOLLIFIELD, Blaine, PFC
 HOOKER, Melvin M., PFC
 HUDSON, William O., PFC
 HUMPHREY, John B., Pvt.
 HUDSON, James C., Pvt.
 LOCKLEAR, Samuel S., PFC
 MITCHAM, William G., PFC
 RIDDLE, William P., Sgt.
 ROBERTS, Albert F., PFC
 ROGERS, Ted J., PFC
 ROWE, Johnnie G., PFC
 SARGEANT, Robert L., Pvt.
 SIMPSON, Robert E., Pvt.
 SPEARS, Jewell H., Sgt.
 SUTPHIN, Raymond L., PFC
 TUCKER, Charles W., PFC
 WALKER, Ernest A. Jr., Pvt.
 WEBB, Fred R., Corp.

NORTH DAKOTA

BEATON, Eugene C., Pvt.

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ABELE, Edwin L., PFC
 AHOUSE, Eugene C., Pvt.
 ANDREASON, George H., Pvt.
 ARTHUR, Stanley W. Jr., Corp.
 BARTLEBAUGH, C. H., Corp.
 BRATTEN, Robert C. Jr., Sgt.
 BUTCHER, Isaac L., Corp.
 CASEY, William T., PFC
 COUGHLIN, Lawrence J. Sr., ACk.
 DE BOARD, Amos, PFC
 DE FABIO, George C., Capt.
 DICKEY, Dick A., Sgt.
 FLETCHER, Howard K., 1st Lt.
 FRAZIER, Russell H., PFC
 GABHART, Arthur L. Jr., Corp.
 HALL, Maurice C., Pvt.
 HARRIS, Walter Jr., Sgt.
 HARTENSTEIN, William H., Pvt.
 HELTON, Kenneth W., Corp.
 HERREN, Richard L., Pvt.
 HILLIARD, Alfred M., PFC
 HOLMES, John B., Corp.
 HOWER, Raymond E., PFC
 JONES, Glen, PFC
 KAPUSTA, Daniel G., PFC
 KOLP, William P., Pvt.
 KUNKEL, Robert G., PFC
 LOWMAN, Harry E., Corp.
 LUYSER, Thomas O., Pvt.
 LYNCH, James A., Pvt.
 MARGUS, Walter, Pvt.
 McCULLOUGH, James E., PFC
 MILLER, Bill E., Pvt.
 MISAMORE, Kelvern O., 1st Lt.
 MOHME, Harold R., Corp.
 MONNIER, Delbert J., Pvt.
 NEBESKY, Pete, Corp.
 PAYMENT, Albert L., Corp.
 PERRINE, Ralph E., PFC
 PUCKETT, Orville J., PFC
 ROCHE, William E., 2nd Lt.
 ROUSH, Robert H., Pvt.
 SCHIFFLER, Joseph L., Corp.
 SEELEY, Frank E., Sgt.
 SEER, Andrew M., Pvt.
 SEIPEL, Richard A., Pvt.
 SELLERS, Roy J., PFC
 SHARP, William R., PFC
 SHAWBERRY, Neile, PFC
 SHOULDER, Enoch H., PFC
 SIEKKINEN, Paul E., PFC
 SIMS, Raymond E., PFC
 SLACK, James H. Jr., Corp.
 SMITH, Louis A., PFC
 SOBOTKA, Eugene, Corp.
 STEELE, Donald H., PFC
 STRUGAREK, Richard L., 1st Lt.
 SULLIVAN, Raymond R., Corp.
 WILLIAMS, Carroll J., PFC
 WILLIS, Lloyd W., Pvt.
 YAEGGER, Richard L., PFC
 ZOLTANSKI, Eugene P., Pvt.

OKLAHOMA

ALLEN, Jasper W., Pvt.
 BENNETT, Robert M., Sgt.
 BOYD, Raymond C., Pvt.
 COLE, Kenneth A., PFC
 FARRIS, Robert E., PFC
 FLOYD, Howard L., PFC
 GRANT, Scott H., PFC
 HARRIS, William E., PFC
 HOSKINS, Alva, PFC
 LESTER, Bernard M. Jr., PFC
 MURPHY, Floyd L., Corp.
 POWELL, John D. Jr., Pvt.
 REED, Jessie L., PFC
 ROLEY, Estol E., Corp.
 STEPP, Russell J. Jr., PFC

OREGON

DONAHUE, William W., Corp.
 DUNHAM, Roy L., Pvt.
 GARRETT, Walter G., PFC
 HICKS, Beachard, Sgt.
 JONES, Lloyd M., Corp.
 LYMAN, Robert C., Corp.
 McCABE, Edward J., PFC
 MEYERS, Harold C., PFC
 ROGERS, John D., Corp.
 SAUER, Paul J., Pvt.
 SMITH, Gerald E., Corp.
 WELLS, Earl H., Pvt.
 WILLIAMS, John H., Corp.
 WOOD, Samuel W., PFC
 YOUNGREN, Raymond F., Pvt.

PENNSYLVANIA

AYRES, Harris C. Jr., Sgt.
 BARRON, Nicholas R., Corp.
 BEERS, Elmer L. Jr., Sgt.
 BERGEY, Howard E. Jr., Pvt.
 BERNSTEIN, Alan D., Pvt.
 BICONIK, John, Corp.
 BLUMENSTINE, Richard W., PFC
 BONNER, Herbert C., Corp.
 BROWN, Ralph J. Sr., PFC
 BROWN, Raymond J., PFC
 BUTTERBAUGH, Homer P., PFC
 CHOBANIAN, Anthony, Pvt.
 CORSON, Charles E. Jr., PFC
 CRILLEY, Melvin J., Pvt.
 CURTIN, Paul D., PFC
 DARRON, John C., Sgt.
 DETTOR, Leo A., Corp.
 DOBRZYN, Stanley J., PFC
 DOMITER, Joseph S., PFC
 DUBICK, Nicholas P., PFC
 DINKLE, August A., Pvt.
 DRURY, Patrick F., PFC
 FAHRNER, Charles A., PFC
 GRAHAM, Ralph Jr., Corp.
 HARDY, Charles F., Corp.
 HARTLE, William A. P. Jr., Pvt.
 HARTLEY, Edward B., Pvt.
 HEINBACH, Calvin C., Corp.
 HENNIGAN, Vincent J., Pvt.
 HERSHBERGER, John E., Pvt.
 HERTZOG, Richard I., Pvt.
 HOAR, Glenn U., Pvt.
 HOFFMAN, Carl M. Jr., Pvt.
 HOFFMAN, Eugene E., PFC
 HOFFMAN, Raymond G., Sgt.
 HOLT, Richard W., PFC
 HOSTICK, Melvin C., Pvt.
 HOWARD, Lawrence L., PFC
 HUGGINS, James T., Pvt.
 HUNTON, Raymond J. Jr., Pvt.
 HYLAND, Joseph P., Corp.
 IRWIN, Chalmers D., PFC
 JONES, Richard W., PFC
 KELLY, Vincent D., PFC
 KLOOS, Charles T., PFC
 KLOTZ, Andrew, Corp.
 KMICCINSKI, Valentine W., PFC
 KNICKERBOCKER, Dale H., Pvt.
 KOBINETZ, Theodore, PFC
 KOHLER, Robert W., Corp.
 KOPACKO, Robert W., Pvt.
 KUTALEK, Paul, Corp.
 LAUCKS, Charles A., Sgt.
 LEACH, Roy K., PFC
 LEE, Robert H., Pvt.
 LEWIS, Owen R., Pvt.
 LOWTHER, Edgar H., PFC
 McCLAFFERTY, John C., SSgt.
 MACKIN, H. J. Jr., 2nd Lt.
 MARTIK, Albert, Corp.
 MENEAR, Robert E., Corp.
 MICKLAS, Robert F., PFC
 MILLER, John J., Corp.
 NELSON, Harold J., PFC
 NICKOLAS, Louis, Pvt.
 O'BRIEN, Robert D., PFC
 OLYHA, Frank, PFC
 O'NEILL, William H., PFC
 QTOCZKI, Albert A., Pvt.
 PAUL, Wesley E., Pvt.
 POST, John B., PFC
 PRICE, Luke S., Pvt.
 PUGLIESE, Joseph J., PFC
 RATLIFF, Howard D., PFC
 READ, Eugene B., 1st Lt.
 REED, Martin L., PFC
 REEDER, Robert S., Pvt.
 RODACK, Edward F., PFC
 SELAK, Roy E., Corp.
 SELWAY, Calvin A., PFC
 SERSEN, Steve E., PFC
 SHANNON, Jack E., PFC
 SHEER, Joseph M., Sgt.
 SHERIFF, Rawland W., PFC
 SHERRY, Edward J., PFC
 SHOUCK, Walter D., PFC
 SHUTAK, Steve, Pvt.
 SIGLIN, Marvin A., PFC
 SOYA, John J., Pvt.
 SPELLMAN, George, Pvt.
 STANKIEWICH, Charles J., Pvt.
 STEIGERWALD, G. A. Jr., Pvt.
 STOWINSKY, Fred, PlSgt.
 STRINGER, Francis J., Sgt.
 STUTZ, Joseph F., Pvt.
 SUTTON, William H., Pvt.
 SWANEY, Jack W., Sgt.
 SWARTZENTRUBER, D. L., Pvt.
 THOMAS, Charles C., PFC
 THOMAS, William D., Sgt.
 THOMPSON, Ralph W., Corp.
 TOBIN, William J., PFC
 TOMKO, John E., Sgt.
 TULLY, Clarence D. Jr., PFC
 TURNER, George, Pvt.
 VANATER, Herbert S. Jr., Pvt.
 VARGO, Phillip W., PFC
 VARNER, Lester B., Pvt.
 VIOLA, Nicola, Pvt.
 WAGNER, Robert J., Corp.
 WELCH, Bernard J., Corp.
 WHEELAND, George H., Corp.
 WHITE, Charles E., Pvt.
 WHITE, Robert L., PFC
 WILLIAMS, William L., Jr., PFC
 WOOLER, Norman, Jr., PFC

RHODE ISLAND

AIKENS, Robert F., PFC
 BUCKLEY, Ernest L. Jr., PFC
 DAY, Arthur C., 2nd Lt.
 LORDEN, Francis P., PFC
 ST. LAURENT, Charles J. Jr., TSgt.
 SKONE, Victor J., PFC
 SWEENEY, Bernard J., PFC
 TETREAULT, Marcel G., Pvt.
 UPTON, Charles H., PFC

SOUTH CAROLINA

BLECKLEY, William E., PFC
 ELLIOTT, Edwin, Pvt.
 HIX, Lawrence A., Pvt.
 JOHNSON, John A., Pvt.
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RANKIN, John O., III, QMSgt.
SHERIFF, Carl G., Pvt.
SIMS, Hazel, PFC
WHETZEL, Russel F., PFC

SOUTH DAKOTA

BUSHBY, Harlan L., Sgt.
GARDNER, Richard R., PFC
HICKMAN, Marion O., Pvt.
HILL, Gerald S., Pvt.
HINK, Wilfred K., Sgt.
HOUSE, Donald J., Pvt.
PEARSON, Donald L., PFC
ROUNDS, Marion M., Jr., Pvt.
TELLINGHUISEN, Gerald A., Corp.

TENNESSEE

BIRKS, Vernon L., PFC
BRADFORD, William R., PFC
CHASE, James L., Pvt.
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HUBBERT, Milton N., Pvt.
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JACOBI, Ernest A., Corp.
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JONES, Jessie V., PFC
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NOWASKI, Marion W., PFC
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TERRITORY OF HAWAII
HUSSEY, Herbert L., Pvt.

MISSING

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EVERHART, Wade, Sr., PFC
MCKAY, T. H. Jr., 2nd Lt.

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JOHNSON, Frederick K., SSgt.
KILLOUGH, Lowell M., PFC
LYONS, Wayne L., Pvt.
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MITCHELL, Samuel A. Jr., Pvt.

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HOOVER, Roy C., Sgt.

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ROGERS, George A., Pvt.

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HOMRICH, Peter N., 2nd Lt.
PARMENTER, Walter K., 1st Lt.
PUSHMAN, Richard J., PFC
SPEER, Verl W., PFC

MINNESOTA
BAIRD, Owen R., 2nd Lt.
SMITH, Samuel S., 1st Lt.

MISSOURI
BRADLEY, Rolla C., PFC
STALCUP, Raymond L., PFC

NEW JERSEY
ALLCROFT, Roger D., 1st Lt.
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THOMAS, Edward J., SSGt.

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BENZ, Arthur D., Corp.
TEMPLE, Eugene C., PFC

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CHAPMAN, Harry L., 2nd Lt.

OHIO
CASE, Charles V., PFC
MOCIC, George, PFC
SAMIS, Clyde W. Jr., SSGt.
WHISENAND, Owen D., PFC

OKLAHOMA
LAWLESS, Nathan H., 1st Lt.

OREGON
BROOKS, Olon E. Jr., PFC
EVERETT, William V., 1st Lt.

PENNSYLVANIA
BIBEN, Andrew C., TSGt.
GAYDOS, Michel, 2nd Lt.
POLINSKY, Peter, Pvt.
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SOUTH DAKOTA
BERG, Lyman W., 2nd Lt.

TEXAS
HARBER, Rexford G., Pvt.
LAWRENCE, Chester, TSGt.
SMITH, Francis B. Jr., 2nd Lt.

VIRGINIA
HAWKINS, Harry D., Pvt.

WASHINGTON
CARTER, Robert E., 2nd Lt.
LAGROW, Merle D. Jr., 1st Lt.
SIMONSON, Sigurd J., 1st Lt.

WEST VIRGINIA
BROWNING, Donald W., PFC

WYOMING
SKINNER, Boyd F., Sgt.

The casualties listed above bring the grand total reported to next of kin from 7 December 1941, through 10 August 1945, to 77,868, which breaks down by classification as follows:

Dead	19,562
Wounded	55,726
Missing	891
Prisoners of War ..	1689

Total 77,868

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The Editor's Report

THIS is by way of being a memo to Tin Pan Alley. In case there's a shortage of good lyric writers around Manhattan these days, it wouldn't be a bad idea to send a few scouts from the music publishing firms aboard Marine transports headed into an operation. Because that's where a lot of our good lyric writers seem to be hiding these days.

It must be so because in some mysterious manner known to no one, parades of popular songs inevitably turn up aboard a D day-bound ship full of Marines. The composers remain modestly anonymous, which has led one school of thought to claim that Umbriago is in the Corps and that this is all his work. But that's unconfirmed.

Whether these operational lyrics started 'way back at Guadalcanal, no one yet knows, although our Editor-In-Charge-Of-Operational-Lyrics is going over the situation with a fine tooth comb (a gizmo which now comes, by the way, as part of all standard 782 gear).

A lot of these lyrics, of course, aren't exactly printable (the best ones, naturally). A few can just about get by in polite drawing room circles by inserting a blank in place of an occasional line you'll have to guess at.

First we go back to historic Tarawa — that's the earliest operational lyric we've been able to pick up so far. Somewhere, somehow, on the way to that invasion some Marine picked out an old tune called "Exactly Like You" and penned a parody which has survived the test of time. A certain amount of poetic license was taken by the composer of this ditty — the letter "r" is pronounced with a Boston accent, like "ah." Bear that in mind. The song goes:

"I know why my DI
Taught the BAR,
He meant me for someplace
Just like Tarawa.
He said, "You're an Eightball,
And you won't go far."
Boy! Was that a snowjob!
Hello, Tarawa.
I'd love to hit that beach,
On D plus 25 or so,
But my CO's a Joe
Who's wise to every scheme I'm
scheming, dream I'm dreaming.
So I'll be there D day
With my BAR,
I'm a volunteer, mate,
For old Tarawa."

★ ★ ★

SO MUCH for Tarawa. The next record we have of an operational lyric is at Guam. Headed for what is now the well-secured springboard of the Pacific, was one bunch of troops on a baby flattop. This flattop moved out to sea alone, except for a lone blimp flying overhead. The blimp gave the troops a nice feeling of security.

Suddenly one morning, they woke up to find that the blimp had disappeared during the night. Now they were on their own. And from this experience popped a song from nowhere which has passed by word of mouth and which is still sung now and then by the barber shop quartets which sometime gather on Pacific islands for a session. This one is sung to the tune of the then-current "No Love, No Nothin'." It goes:

"No blimp, no nothin'.
The blimp took off in the night.
No blimp, no nothin',
There's no protection in sight.
The crew is doping off — but good!
The gunner's green as grass,"

And Kaiser's seams are splitting in the middle,
(Censored line)

*"No blimp, no nothin',
The Nips are out for a prize.
So what? We'll fool 'em,
We'll up and capsized.
The ship's topheavy,
The flight deck's full,
The hangar deck is jammed,*
(Censored line)

And so we take our leave of dear old Guam. Peleliu no doubt was immortalized in lyrics, too, but we haven't caught up with them yet. Our research brings us next to Iwo Jima.

Going into Iwo, this one (swung to the tune of "California Here I Come") gained considerable local popularity and is far from dead. In fact it, too, is making its bid to become one of the hardy perennials of the Pacific. It goes:

*"Iwo Jima, here we come,
We are tough but we are dumb,
We're eager, we're beavers,
Yes, we're volunteers.
We're rugged, we're salty
GI buccaneers.
Are you listenin' Tokyo Rose?
We are strictly BTO's.
The China Coast is our next goal,
(Censored line)
(MacArthur wants it)
So we'll take Brooklyn instead."*

★ ★ ★

ALL of which brings us up to date with the piece de resistance: Okinawa.

There was a full Hit Parade of Okinawa lyrics but most of them fell into the unprintable class or else they lacked the classic stature and died early deaths. One which looks as though it will really keep up the tradition is sung to "Hold Tight" and begins, this time, with the introductory verse instead of the chorus. This, as they used to say, is it:

VERSE:

*"Goodbye Ulithi,
PHOO! Marianas,
We're not headed for the Solomons.
It's a long rat race,
To a brand new, (censored) place:*

CHORUS:

*Ryukyu, Ryukyu,
Ryukyu, Ryukyu, Japanese spaghetti,
Sake and rice, oh that's very nice.
Ryukyu, Ryukyu,
Ryukyu, Ryukyu, Japanese pastrami,
Sake and rice, oh I'll take that twice.
"We like short girls, nice and brown,
Glamor dollies of the Rising Sun,
Geisha Mamas furnish one
Plenty of Japanese fun — Yo!
Ryukyu, Ryukyu,
Ryukyu, Ryukyu, Japanese bologna,
Sake and rice, oh, oh, oh that's very nice."*

So there they are, from the Cole Porters of the Pacific, from the Hit Parades of '44 and '45. And the moral to all this, if you insist upon a moral, can be summed up in the succinct words of a certain PFC who was heard recently singing one of the operation opuses of his division as his ship sailed serenely into San Francisco harbor. Told to knock it off, that he was home at last with 30 days' leave staring him in the face, he replied with these immortal words:

"Leave me have my memories, Mac. The mortars may be ended but the lyrics linger on."

★ ★ ★

It may be the stimulating influence the Seabees have on the Marines. At any rate, during a recent afternoon at a beach in the Pacific where a group of Marines were swimming, the following examples of ingenuity of Marines on liberty, were observed:

1 — Marine with a mattress cover which he had filled with air, then tied securely at the end. Flopped in the middle of his contraption, which resembled a pair of giant water wings, he floated serenely along the shore.

2 — Marine using a gas mask as a diver's helmet. He was under water, holding the top of the tube above the water like a periscope on a submarine. With this lashup, he remained submerged about 15 minutes, hunting for seashells.

END

BACK OF THE BOOK

MYERS



Sergeant Ralph W. Myers of Houston, Tex., whose story, "King's Men," appears on Page 33, is a veteran newsman. Before joining the Corps in '42, he had 12 years' experience on papers in Cleveland, Akron, Toledo, Houston and other cities. Myers used to write a daily column for the Houston Press. He served in the San Antonio and Santa Fe recruiting offices for more than a year and then went overseas to continue public relations' work, later being transferred to The Leatherneck staff. He is 33 years old and has a wife and child who make their home in Houston.

BREARD



Staff Sergeant Harold A. Breard, 42, is serving with the Third Marine Division overseas as a combat correspondent, having seen action on Guam and Iwo Jima.

Breard is the author of "The Dude," the story of a Marine tank retriever on Page 38. A native of Monroe, La., Breard worked on the Monroe World and News-Star and was a correspondent for New Orleans and Memphis newspapers before entering the Corps in 1942. He is a graduate of the University of North Carolina, spent two years studying law and another two years teaching school. Breard served at the Naval Air Station at Pensacola and at Camp LeJeune, N. C., before becoming a combat correspondent. He is married and has two children.

SCOTT



Navy Lieutenant J. Davis Scott, is probably the only naval intelligence officer to have served with Marine aviation during the Pacific war. His contribution to this issue, "Strike One," will be found on Page 43. Before entering the service, he was on the staff of the Allentown, Pa., Morning Call. While working there, he received the Pennsylvania State College award for the best feature story of the year in that state. He broke into the newspaper business by working nights while attending Lehigh University at Bethlehem, Pa., and later was employed by papers in that region. Upon entering the service he did special work for the government, which he hopes to write about.

★ ★ ★

Picture Credits

Sgt. John Jolokai, pp. 10, 11, 33, 34, 35.

Sgt. Robert Wilton, pp. 15, 16, 17.

Official USMC, pp. 20, 22, 30, 31, 32, 39.

Corp. Arthur Kiely, p. 23.

Corp. Irving Deutch, pp. 33, 34, 35.

Sgt. Stanley Tretick, p. 48.

★ ★ ★

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